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Edited by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

The Saturday Review

of LITERATURE

Fall Book Number

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THE MIDDLETOWN MURDER - *By* ROBERT FROST

MASKS IN A PAGEANT *Reviewed by* CLAUDE BOWERS

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THE CURTAIN *By* CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

BOOKS OF THE FALL *By* AMY LOVEMAN

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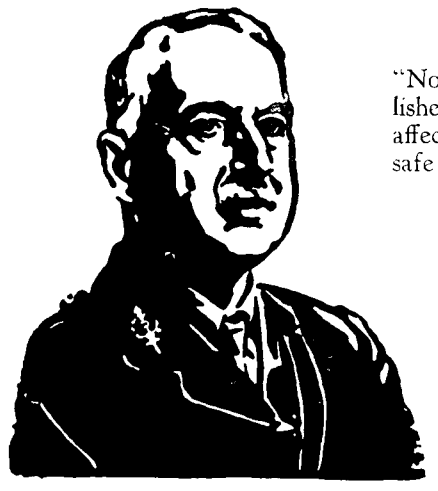

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The Last Question of All, by C. E. Montague, on page 218

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME V — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1928 — NUMBER 12

The Decay of Rhythm

WE are forgetting how to read poetry. If four or five in a casual group are asked to read poems—even well-known poems—aloud, the results will strike the least observant ear. One reader will beat it out on a metronome, coming down heavily on all the accented (and some unaccented) syllables. Another will sing-song in a voice that tries not to seem affected. The rest will probably do their best to reduce good poetry to bad prose, like actors who have to recite blank verse.

Something has happened to our sense of rhythm. Perhaps the anthropologists are right, and rhythm is one of the primitive instincts which civilization overlays and weakens. It may be like sight or hearing or smell or the sense of physical danger which are notoriously keener in primitive man.

But this explanation is too simple. Our loss of gusto for rhythm in poetry is evident; it has been recognized by poets who have taken over increasingly into modern verse the irregular rhythms of prose. Poetical rhythmic prose, such as Ruskin wrote, has almost disappeared, or survives only in degenerate examples, where writers for the magazines try to strike the "human note," or where sentimental novelists throw their "great scene" into bastard hexameters. Our standard prose in newspapers, magazine articles, advertisements, and most books, and in the best speaking and writing, is apparently unrhythmic, though actually with its own rhythmus, but certainly with these rhythms as little stressed as may be. Compare

> O my son Absolom, my son, my son Absolom! Would God I had died for thee, O Absolom, my son, my son!

with a sentence from any modern account of a murder trial. And a vast amount of poetry tends to plane itself down to these unstressed measures, capturing the mind by beauty of image or of word rather than by rhythmic phrase.

Yet at the very moment when all this is happening, rhythm—stressed emphatic rhythm, rhythm that pounds like Byron's

> The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold—

has swept through the ears of civilization like a popular song in the 'nineties or an epidemic of influenza. As poetry has lost its emphasis music has taken it on. Music in its more elementary forms, especially dance music, has become popular, and it is a jazz music of pounded rhythm (sometimes only pound and no music at all) that carries rhythm back into life over a million radios from a hundred thousand singers and plays.

It is difficult on a summer's day, with the windows open, to escape from an insistent rhythm anywhere short of a mountain peak or a row boat in mid-ocean. Life moves to a syncopated beat, and if it were not for the deadly flatness of the announcers' voices on the radio, you might believe that jazz staccato must inevitably creep in, even into our talk. But as a life in the midst of rhythm affects them so little, probably this fear is not justified.

It seems, then, that our sense of rhythm has been weakened to the point where it takes a stronger stimulus than poetry to make it respond. This rhythmic response is like a muscle. It has to be exercised or the human suffers. If it is not Shakespeare or Beethoven that awakes it, then it will be a jazz orchestra, or, failing anything else, a spoon tapping on a table or the delectable rattle of a stick on a picket fence. There is a picket fence nearly a mile long near Branford, Connecticut, the esthetic possibilities of which are simply inestimable.

We are, in fact, drugging our rhythmic faculties with the strong beats of syncopated music. That is why young people are not reading poetry. They dance too much. One doubts whether it is possible to dance six nights to jazz music and be able to read good poetry with rhythmic comprehension for some

(*Continued on next page*)

Try Tropic for Your Balm

(On the Properties of Nature for Healing an Illness)

By GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

TRY tropic for your balm,
Try storm,
And after storm, calm.
Try snow of heaven, heavy, soft, and slow,
Brilliant and warm.
Nothing will help, and nothing do much harm.

Drink iron from rare springs; follow the sun;
Go far
To get the beam of some medicinal star;
Or in your anguish run
The gauntlet of all zones to an ultimate one.
Fever and chill
Punish you still,
Earth has no zone to work against your will.

Burn in the jewelled desert with the toad.
Catch lace
In evening mist across your haunted face;
Or walk in upper air the slanted road.
It will not lift that load;
Nor will large seas undo your subtle ill.

Nothing can cure and nothing kill
What ails your eyes, what cuts your pulse in two,
And not kill you.

This Week

"The Buck in the Snow."
Reviewed by *Louis Untermeyer.*
"The Brain from Ape to Man."
Reviewed by *Robert M. Yerkes.*
"Point Counter Point."
Reviewed by *Richard Curle.*
"Costumes of Eros."
Reviewed by *R. N. Linscott.*
"Reginald, and Reginald in Russia."
Reviewed by *Elmer Davis.*
"The Drafting of the Covenant."
Reviewed by *Charles Seymour.*
"Politicians and the War."
Reviewed by *J. W. T. Mason.*
"New Songs for New Voices."
Reviewed by *Deems Taylor.*

Next Week, or Later

Dickens.
By *J. Ranken Towse.*

Boswell to Presidents*

By CLAUDE G. BOWERS

IN "Masks in a Pagent," William Allen White has painted some extraordinarily fine portraits, and through the careful selection of his subjects has managed to make his book very like a consecutive story of the political life of the country in the last half century. It is impossible for any one to acquiesce in all his conclusions, but just as impossible to question his intention to be just. Most of these portraits are painted from life, the sitters having been in intimate contact with the painter in his work as a journalist. In these the coloring is vivid. The figures actually quiver on the canvas.

There are a few, that are notably fine, such as the painting of Harrison, which denotes no little meticulous research; and yet, such is the art of the writer here displayed, that each study conveys the impression of an intimate association. The author seems a Boswell to them all. His style, while sprightly and colorful, is singularly free from that cheap flippancy through which so many sensationalists who are flooding the book shops with biographical matter seek to gloss over the superficiality of their work. In short, these are brilliant essays, written in most respects with fidelity to the facts, and because the author writes in several cases from a personal acquaintance, and describes graphically so many historic scenes he personally witnessed, this book is, we believe, destined to have a permanent value.

* * *

It is a courageous book, too, and some will think it iconoclastic. It is merely honest and courageous. There is no attempt to push anyone from a pedestal. Happily no attempt to make a hero out of a Stuffed Shirt. Even the respectable mediocrities with whom the author deals are touched up sympathetically on their human side. And historically it is the work of a realist. The author has no illusions as to the age in which we live. He makes it clear that we are living now under a Hamiltonian plutocracy. That is true, of course, but hard to say. It may even send some political clubs down to Trinity churchyard again with wreaths for the grave of Hamilton and some ladies of literary societies may protest against the denial of the importance of the part played by him in the establishment of the government. Of course there is no such denial; merely an honest definition of plutocracy as Hamiltonian. Hamilton believed honestly in the rule of money, and made no bones about it; his followers, with less guts and red blood, believe as he believed but slather it over with hypocrisy.

These characters are treated in groups. There are the Old Kings—the bosses, Croker and Platt; and the Warwicks, Bryan and Hanna; and the princes of the urban democracy, Smith and Thompson. These out, there is a consecutive story of the swaying fortunes of the fight between democracy and plutocracy. This is treated under three significant heads—The Early Stuarts, Harrison and McKinley; the Great Rebellion, Roosevelt, Wilson and Taft; and the Restoration, Harding and Coolidge. Under the Early Stuarts money, as such, ruled without ostentation and with some circumspection; during the Great Rebellion the rights of men to the domination of government in the cause of man were uppermost; and since the Restoration

* MASKS IN A PAGEANT. By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1928. $5.

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the rule of money is not only open but blatant. All this is unquestionably true, but is it wise to set it forth? We are afraid it may make the judicious grieve. Even so we rejoice that it has been done and so graphically. People who cannot see a picture through the printed page can see it on the canvas.

It is a tribute not only to the art but to the literary integrity of the author that there is nothing of caricature in the portraits of Croker and Tom Platt. Of the two as here painted we much prefer the former to the latter, because he is infinitely more human. One was something of a bully and the other everything of a sneak; and if both used the instrumentalities of government to fleece the public, Croker gave a share of his profits to the poor, while Platt robbed to increase the profits of the rich. In view of Mr. White's prejudices against Tammany it seems incredible that he intended to make an attractive figure out of a Tammany boss, but that is precisely what he has done.

To me the most startling portrait in the book is that of Harrison; not that it presents any new phase to one who, as a child, sat once or twice in the old patrician's parlor and looked with some awe upon the cold, leathery, wrinkled face, but because it does justice to him. That has not been fashionable. The average man imagines that he was a very ordinary man. He was, in truth, one of the most intellectual men ever elected to the Presidency, and a fine gentleman, a little too class conscious to be sure, but ever above stooping to petty things. We doubt whether he had any inferiority complex on account of his height. It would have been just like him to have been a bit proud because he was no shorter than Napoleon. But on the whole the Harrison here painted is our conception of the man. We hear of this man's literary style and that one's but never these days of Harrison's. The author reminds us that he was notable for the dignity, simplicity, and rugged strength of the spoken word.

Quite as unfashionable is the penetrating, almost devastating portrait of Cleveland whose moral and political stature has been much exaggerated ever since he went over to the rule-of-money men in the last Administration. He who emerges from the strokes of Mr. White's brush is not awe inspiring. A rather dull, heavy, unresponsive, commonplace man in whose biography the author thinks neither Plutarch nor Boswell would delight. And yet all his virtues are painted in with his supreme selfishness —his industry, his courage, his simplicity. Ultimately we are convinced that this picture will be that which posterity will accept. The record of his actual achievements is not impressive as here set down. He was not concerned much with the crusading spirit. He was a lawyer guarding an estate.

* * *

The portraits of McKinley and Mark Hanna should have gone together, for one was the product of the other, and the two ushered in a rather brazen plutocracy according to the showing here made. It is clear that Mr. White prefers the unmoral pirate to the more circumspect receiver of the goods. In truth we had never thought to have such a sneaking respect for the old pirate as this book has given us. The painter has touched up the boisterous, blundering, bull-dozing, old political reprobate with something of a loving hand, and we can understand why he did it. The very audacity of the man invites color. He believed as firmly in the divine right of money to rule as the Stuarts did in the divine right of kings. One can admire and even respect him, just as one must admire and respect old Thad Stevens or the Captain Kidd of our childhood imagining. Beneath his rough exterior there was a fine vein of sentiment. This portrait is a real creation.

We are given another pleasant shock in the portrait of Bryan. Now, because he made a fool of himself on religion and prohibition, the average liberal finds it proper to deny him any strength or virtue. Mr. White thinks of him as one who contributed more to the cause of liberalism than this generation realizes. Great heart, great courage, great crusading genius, but without the constructive faculty or enough of the background of learning—there is the Bryan of this study. But how perfectly silly for intelligent people to deny him credit for arousing the nation to the need of radical reforms. At first his was a voice crying in the wilderness and everyone qualified for membership in our best clubs by hurling stones at him; and the rattle of the stones only helped him awaken the conscience of the masses. Had there been no Bryan there would have been no Wilson and no Roosevelt; for these took the harvest after Bryan had cleared the field and dropped the seed, and in the heat of a deadly sun, tended it to fruition. After all, the jobs in the offices depend upon the success of the drummer on the road. "He was right fundamentally," says Mr. White, "as often as any statesman of his time." Which may, or may not mean that he had "a stunted mind."

The Harding who looks out upon us from this canvas is the well-groomed, handsome weakling that the country now knows too well perhaps. A good-natured man of no learning but with a glib tongue and a musical voice and graceful manner, who lived with "the boys," and took himself none too seriously; a part of a machine that moved with the rest of the machinery when some one pushed the button. There is something ineffably appealing in this portrait, and we pass on to the next without admiration but with a genuine sympathy and a wish that destiny had not touched him with its wand.

Of course Mr. Harding was the first in the line of the Restoration, which in its subserviency to money in government goes far beyond the dynasty that preceded the Great Rebellion. Mr. Coolidge is here shown to hold even more Hamiltonian views without possessing the human charm of his predecessor. "No qualities of leadership . . . always undramatic, unimaginative . . . deadly careful,"—a man who "would prefer to get the day's work done as duly and easily as possible." Moreover he soon "made it clear that he was heartily with the tendency toward our Hamiltonian plutocracy." Thus "the Liberal movement which came to rest in 1917 had no resurrection under Coolidge." Perhaps this will suffice. It is the portrait by a realist, and not a propagandist.

The two most thrilling studies are those of Wilson and Roosevelt, both painted as progressives. One can imagine just the shadow of a leer or sneer on the artist's face as he paints Wilson, his face beaming boy-wise as a worshiping child in the presence of Babe Ruth as he paints Roosevelt. It would be just the other way around, we suspect, had we done the painting, but there is no use quarreling with a feeling. One made more noise, and the other did more great progressive and constructive things. It does seem a pity, however, that we again have the thoroughly exploded story that Wilson refused a commission to Roosevelt on personal grounds and kept Gen. Wood from France in spite. Gen. Pershing knows better. The absurdity of the charge that Wilson played politics with the war is the fact that Hoover is a Republican nominee for President, because Wilson made him, and Pershing is an asset on the stump for Hoover, because Wilson made him too.

The portrait of Smith will attract attention because of Mr. White's hostility to his candidacy. Aside from an undue accentuation of the tragedy that befell Smith in being born in a city, it is a square attempt to be square. As the author concedes it is no worse to be born in "a back alley"—which is exaggerated by the way, than to be born in a backwoods like Jackson and Lincoln.

The Decay of Rhythm

(*Continued from preceding page*)

days or weeks afterward. Our instinct for rhythm has got back to the tom-tom stage when only a loud beating noise can awake it. Perhaps it was dying before. Perhaps the insistent trickeries of Longfellow and the smooth sinuosities of wave capping wave of Swinburne were decadences indicating its approaching descent into flat newspaper prose. Perhaps this savage dum-dum of jazz is a heroic recharging of the battery, until we shall be capable again not only of the subtle rhythms of finer music, but the lovely wedding of harmonious sound to sense which is the best in poetry—able to appreciate the refinements of writers who would shade their style by gradations all the way from a blank verse lifted just above prose to the intricate beauty of lines as rich as phrases from Stravinsky.

Just at the moment, however, it seems that radio jazz is the same kind of substitute for the rhythm of poetry as back-yard grape fortified by industrial alcohol for Château Neuf des Papes. Soon we shall be asking for poetry with the punch of a soda water bottle. A really good anthology—such as The Golden Treasury, or The Oxford Book of English Verse, is recommended for this disease of the rhythmic centres—to be read each night slowly, for sound as well as sense.

The Logic of Childhood

JUDGMENT AND REASONING IN THE CHILD. By JEAN PIAGET. New York: Harcourt Brace & Co. 1928.

Reviewed by ARNOLD GESELL
Yale University

PROFESSOR PIAGET has provided us with a valuable sequel to his earlier volume entitled "Language and Thought of the Child" (reviewed in the August 25, 1928, number of this journal). Together these two volumes constitute what is in a sense the first systematic outline of the logic of childhood.

Dr. Piaget is Professor of the University of Geneva, and is Director of the Institut Rousseau, a center for research into problems of child development. The author approaches his subject in the spirit of a naturalist and of a clinical observer. The pages are crowded with dialogues and soliloquies, interspersed with statistics and specimens of childish conversation elicited under both spontaneous and experimental conditions. Eight children from three to seven years of age furnished 10,000 recorded remarks for analytic study. Scores of children from four to twelve years were individually examined with numerous questions and test situations, to determine their ability to distinguish between right and left, to detect absurdities and contradictions, to introspect, to define, to judge and reason about simple mechanical and physical problems.

The result of these patient studies is a mass of verbatim data which wears a superficial guise of familiarity and even of triviality. But Piaget comments on this "obvious" material with such penetrating analysis that we are afforded definitely new glimpses into the dynamics of the child's reasoning.

The very intimacy of our ordinary acquaintance with children tends to blur perception of their true nature. There is an inveterate tendency to regard the child as a miniature adult, merely reduced in dimensions but identical in organization. It is the business of genetic psychology to dispel this error. We place such naive interpretation on the language and thought of the child that systematic study of their peculiar mechanism is a scientific, and ultimately, a practical necessity. For one thing we shall not understand much of the "lying" of young children until we appreciate the frailties of early logic, which up to the age of eight years make the child's thought literally teem with contradictions. Piaget found an intelligent boy of seven and one-half years who said that boats float because they are light. In the next breath this same boy said that big boats float because forsooth they are big and heavy enough to support themselves. He was blissfully innocent of the incompatibility of his statements.

Logical reasoning proper is a fruit of long and slow growth. Although a child will sometimes use the conjunction "because" at the age of three years, a verbatim report of 10,000 spontaneous remarks of pre-school children failed to yield a single utterance that could be counted as a process of explicit reasoning. The plane of formal thought and logical assumptions is not reached till adolescence.

In discussing the stages of development of reasoning the author utilizes psychoanalytic concepts, and perhaps places undue explanatory stress upon the egocentrism of the child. He holds that this egocentrism is responsible for the difficulty with which children handle relative notions, to say nothing of conjunctions of causality and of discordance. Egocentrism is the twilight zone between the pure pleasure seeking autism of infancy and the socialized thought of the adult. The child is a realist but he moulds the world with reference to his immediate personal point of view; he has little capacity for objective observation; he confuses words and things; thought and the object of thought; his judgments are of an irreversible sort; he has scant synthetic capacity. "In a word, he is conscious of nothing but his own subjectivity."

Although the text requires close reading it is far from dull and is so contributive both in content and suggestion, that it will have a stimulating effect on many students. The author warns against hasty application of his conclusion to other fields; but he would not deny that the laws of child logic have pertinence for related problems in comparative and abnormal psychology. A comprehension of the slow and halting growth of reasoning in the child will assist in the interpretation of primitive mentality, autistic and symbolic thinking and infantile characteristics in adult thought.

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Song from Thistles

THE BUCK IN THE SNOW AND OTHER POEMS. By Edna St. Vincent Millay. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by Louis Untermeyer

THIS, Miss Millay's first collection of poems in five years, is her thinnest volume physically and, alas, poetically. Not that her technique fails—Miss Millay does not know how to write a bad poem—but there is a change in pitch that may be ascribed to a tenuousness of mood or a thinning of timbre. The rich sonority of "Renascence" and "Second April," that warm vibration which stirred the air with the first syllables of the unnamed sonnets, has dwindled to a music that no longer celebrates eager dawn or headlong day but is tuned, with wry resignation, to the beginning of evening. The key, for the most part, is minor; the lines pronounce it over and over. "Gone, gone again is Summer the lovely." "We have forgotten where we are." "Only the bobolink . . . knows my heart, for whom adversity has not a word to say that can be heard above the din. . . . The rain has taught us nothing." "Now goes under, and I watch it go under, the sun that will not rise again." "Here where the rain has darkened and the sun has dried so many times." "Forever over now, forever, forever gone. . . ." Never has Miss Millay plucked so insistently on the autumnal string; never has she been so preoccupied with the water darkening, with the ceaseless "action of waves and the action of sorrow," with the lonely self and "the wind at the flue."

This is also the most uneven of the poet's volumes. I have said that Miss Millay could not write a bad poem, but here once in a while (as in the third-rate Housman "The Road to Avrillé) she almost succeeds. "The Buck in the Snow" shows evidences of a not too critical inclusiveness, even of a repetition of effects as well as material. "Mist in the Valley" is a throw-back; with "These hills to hurt me more that am hurt already enough" the singer attempts to summon the same poignance of "God's World" in which the hurt of beauty was exceeded only by its overpowering radiance.

But, apart from determining worst and best, there is something here that will surprise Miss Millay's admirers and interest her fellow-craftsmen. And that is Miss Millay's experiments in a (for her) new technique. The most obvious of these is the lengthening and increased flexibility of her line. No longer confined to tight couplets and casual quatrains, the lyricist has achieved an unusual set of suspensions and cadences by combining free verse and, occasionally, prose rhythms with balanced measures. Rhyme is dropped into these passages like an unexpected largesse. The result is a delightful—and definite—accomplishment. Merely as an example, the title-poem proves this:

White sky, over the hemlocks bowed with snow,
Saw you not at the beginning of evening the antlered buck and his doe
Standing in the apple-orchard? I saw them. I saw them suddenly go,
Tails up, with long leaps, lovely and slow,
Over the stone wall into the wood of hemlocks bowed with snow.

Now he lies here, his wild blood scalding the snow.

How strange a thing is death, bringing to his knees, bringing to his antlers
The buck in the snow.
How strange a thing,—a mile away by now, it may be,
Under the heavy hemlocks that as the moments pass
Shift their load a little, letting fall a feather of snow—
Life, looking out attentive from the eyes of the doe.

Less noticeable but no less worthy of notice is the way the poet repeats, twists, and half turns the same phrase so that the words (as in Mac Leish's later poems and in the longer ones of Eliot) add to their literal quality a bell-like insistence. "Dirge without Music" and "The Cameo" are particularly skilful in their distribution and shifting of emphasis. Lastly—still speaking from the narrow technical angle—there is the broadening of this poet's musical gamut. She has begun to sound the possibilities of assonance and "slant" rhymes. In the quaint "Counting-Out Rhyme" the triplets revolve about "sallow-yellow-willow," "maple-apple-popple," "moonbeam-barnbeam-hornbeam." The last two verses of "The Hardy Garden" felicitously mingle dissonance and a final full rhyme:

Set here the phlox and the iris, and establish
Pink and valerian, and the great and lesser bells;
But suffer not the sisters of the year to publish
That frost prevails.

How far from home in a world of mortal burdens
Is love that may not die and is forever young!
Set roses here: surround her only with such maidens
As speak her tongue.

If I imply that Miss Millay has grown detached, it is not to suggest that her ecstasy is abstract in the essential way that Léonie Adams's is abstract. Miss Millay's metaphysics remain personal; she is still too much in love with lost love and the frail hawkweed, with the shards of a broken pot, the memory of dusty almonds and a world forgotten, the trodden grape and the minutiæ of the unrelinquishing mortal mind. Even so "general" a poem on death as the lengthy "Morituris" proceeds from a sense of personal struggle. A concluding segment is indicative of the mood:

Withstanding death
Till life be gone,
I shall treasure my breath,
I shall linger on.

I shall bolt my door
With a bolt and cable;
I shall block my door
With bureau and table;

ROOSEVELT SKETCHED BY CESARE

From "Masks in a Pageant."

With all my might
My door shall be barred.
I shall put up a fight,
I shall take it hard.

With his hand on my mouth
He shall drag me forth,
Shrieking to the south
And clutching at the north.

But exception must be made in the case of a small portion of the volume, especially the group which brings the book to its ascending close. These seven sonnets justify all that has gone before; a reputation might be built on "The Pioneer," the powerful and ironic "Sonnet to Gath," the moving "Grow not too high, grow not too far from home," and the magnificent "On Hearing a Symphony of Beethoven." In the last, Miss Millay has done the impossible: she has not only written that rarest of things, a successful poem on a symphony, she has held, in fourteen lines, the music, the orchestra, the audience, and the triumphant catharsis which is Beethoven. I quote it as climax:

Sweet sounds, oh, beautiful music, do not cease!
Reject me not into the world again.
With you alone is excellence and peace,
Mankind made plausible, his purpose plain.
Enchanted in your air benign and shrewd,
With limbs a-sprawl and empty faces pale,
The spiteful and the stingy and the rude
Sleep like the scullions in the fairy-tale.
This moment is the best the world can give:
The tranquil blossom on the tortured stem.
Reject me not, sweet sounds! oh, let me live,
Till Doom espy my towers and scatter them,
A city spell-bound under the aging sun,
Music my rampart, and my only one.

This is a double victory. Here the poet fixes and subjugates her evanescent material—and overcomes her own limitations. The triumph is complete in every way: the sonnet rises above its almost fatal first line, its inversions, its generalities. Even its rhetoric, instead of a handicap, becomes an integrating tone in the composition.

It is such authority of idea and utterance that makes one forget the too easily accomplished verse-making, the only half-illuminated concepts. It is the complete realization of something beyond the shaping of words that puts permanence into at least a score of Edna St. Vincent Millay's best. Had she written nothing but "Renascence" and "God's World," with which she made her startling debut, the "Elegy" of her college period, the somewhat later "Wild Swans" and "The Poet to his Book," three or four of the Shakespearian sonnets (among which the Beethoven would stand second) and the comparatively little known "Aria da Capo," she would be sure of her distinguished (and much worshipped) niche not only in America but in English letters. Such poetry reflects the paradox of its being: it is immediate and it is immutable.

Mr. Belloc's History

HISTORY OF ENGLAND. Vols. II and III. By Hilaire Belloc. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1927, 1928.

Reviewed by Walter S. Hayward

HILAIRE BELLOC is a man of ideas with a singularly vivid command of the English language and a firm abiding faith in Catholicism. The pages of his history convey an infinite sympathy and nostalgia for the past, and especially for the Middle Ages. The spirit of his history is set forth in the following eulogium of the men of the Middle Ages. "Look at the faces which they carved out of stone; read the words which they wrote; contemplate their actions of aggression and of resistance; their contempt of gain; their intense passions—and you will say that compared with them we have gone to sleep. . . . Above all they had Vision; which some also call Illusion."

In lucid and persuasive style Mr. Belloc's peculi. "Illusion" of English history is set forth. "I have, of course," he confesses candidly, in the preface to his third volume, "maintained an attitude hostile to the old official Whig caricature of the past, wherein any revolt of wealthy men against the Crown is praised, and all efforts at strengthening Popular Monarchy against such wealthy men is blamed." The Catholic historian Lingard is held forth as the founder of all English history, and the man to whom all English historians of the past hundred years have turned for their references. For Bishop Stubbs, who attempted to prove the Germanic origins of English institutions, he has nothing but disdain. His own thesis is that the main institutions in England were Continental and Gallic in origin, and this he attempts to prove by what he calls the three bases of history—monument, document, and tradition.

These two volumes take the history of England from the Norman Conquest down to the union of Anne Boleyn with Henry VIII. in 1525. His choice of the latter date for the beginning of the Reformation is characteristic, because he visits on Henry VIII. the vast blame for the separation of England from the true church, and this aberration on Henry's part he ascribes mainly to the influence of Anne Boleyn.

His pages are full of personal opinions, which some might call prejudices. He says in nothing does the Catholic temper more contrast with its opponents than in its quality of hope. "Our modern society, in so far as it has lost its religion, has despaired: and despair is even now destroying it. . . . The final disaster of the Reformation was due in nothing to necessity, but . . . to the perverted wills and cumulative sins of men." He has nothing but contempt for the Puritan, "destroying joy in life, and falling through excess into the most degraded vices." He considers the habit of despising the evidence of contemporaries as silly. The characterization of contemporary judgment as "medieval" and "uncritical" he regards as words used to conceal contempt for a civilization of Catholic culture. The parading of his Catholicity seems occasionally like defiance.

Vivid descriptions of battles and keen biographical sketches of important characters lend an unfailing interest to both volumes. Partisan as the work undoubtedly is, one does not have to agree in order to admire.

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University Life

UNDERGRADUATES: A Study of Morale in Twenty-three American Colleges and Universities. By R. H. EDWARDS, J. M. ARTMAN, AND GALEN M. FISHER. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1928. $4.

Reviewed by HENRY NOBLE MACCRACKEN
Vassar College

I HAVE been reading "Undergraduates," advertised on its cover as "absolutely unique and of the utmost importance." I feel as though I had been an unbidden and unseen guest at some college commons, overhearing talk now at a faculty table, now at a student one. A scarcely discriminated mass of gossip and half-cock opinion has been edited by a group of inquirers with a bias toward the sensational and the result is offered as a picture of undergraduate life. In the judgment of the reviewer, no more unsafe method could have been devised; and the result pictured seems indicative rather of the evils of the method chosen than of the field surveyed. It is not a true perspective of an American college.

The preface gives a most imposing list of sponsors, but fails to make clear the scientific formulation of the given problem. This same vagueness haunts the reader through the book wherever the opinions of the authors are given. No attempt at statistical accuracy is made. Everything is "impression."

For it is with the "constructive" elements of the book that the reviewer finds most to quarrel. This inquiry, selecting only a few of the many phases of university life, by a method the most questionable known to science, that of the irresponsible and anonymous questionnaire, proposes at the conclusion of each chapter on environment, fraternities, athletics, morals, and religion, a program of reform based upon a sociological standard which is not disclosed. Much of the program is excellent and is the commonplace of current educational theory. It has not sprung from the testimony here adduced, nor is credit given where it is due.

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In a study of what the authors call "morale," it is amazing that the fundamental subject of health should be entirely ignored. One brief paragraph in a fifty-page chapter devoted to athletics is all that is given. As the book lacks an index, the reviewer is unable to verify his impression that the whole field of psychiatry receives no mention. Neither does the question of failure in academic subjects receive any attention, yet the reviewer considers that the methods of enforcing academic standards and the methods of dealing with psychoneurosis are probably the most influential factors in morale at college.

Although the writers claim fairmindedness in the treatment of questions, the impression left on a reader is distinctly adverse. Taken as a whole, the volume remains in the memory as one that should be classified with works on social pathology. The question of smoking by women, for example, is discussed under the chapter on the relations of men and women. College regulations regarding it are not quoted, and the opinions cited relate only to alleged violations. As to the other "sex" relations, also, the good taste involved in the editing of such a book may be questioned. Of what possible advantage is it to secure from "a woman student at a state university" the opinion, "some fraternities won't pledge a man unless he carries a flask"? "Of another state university, it was said by a fraternity member: 'there is a lot of petty gambling, penny ante, etc.'" "A fraternity senior in a coeducational endowed university said: 'smut is very flagrant in fraternities.'"

* * *

"The constructive suggestions" covering reform in fraternities, by the way, are described as covering "the outside limits" to which undergraduates "would be willing to go." This tone of timid expediency recurs through the volume. It is prominent in the section dealing with religion and religious agencies, which form apparently the central theme of the inquiry. The issue of compulsory or voluntary chapel, for example, is completely evaded in the program. Similar evasion is found in dealing with the question of self-government by students, and law enforcement.

In spite of the statement on the cover, this volume is unfortunately not "absolutely unique" in its revelation of a generally low state of manners in American life. The encouragement of such whispering questionnaires among young people is a symptom of that national need of decent self-restraint and reticence, so indispensable to a sound social code. The inaccuracy of the sociological method employed is commended to sociologists for review. To one reader, at least, the volume represents an unfortunate waste of time and skill, and exhibits results which could have been duplicated more easily, were they needed, in the reading of current college fiction or undergraduate journalism. A thousand unsupported judgments are a thousand unsupported judgments, no more. There is no validity in numbers. I had rather have a wise interpretation of one instance, fully and objectively considered.

The Human Brain

THE BRAIN FROM APE TO MAN: A Contribution to the study of the evolution and development of the human brain. By FREDERICK TILNEY, with chapters by HENRY ALSOP RILEY and Foreword by HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN. New York: Paul Hoeber, Inc. 1928. 2 vols. $25.

Reviewed by ROBERT M. YERKES
Yale University

WHAT may and should be said to the advantage of the lay reader about this imposing publication? Those who share Professor Tilney's professional interest and equipment will read the book: this review is not for them. Voluminous, yes; technical also, but not so difficult to read and understand as one might fear. The style is direct, lucid, earnest; the illustrations are abundant and in the main excellent, and there are many question- and thought-provoking statements, suggestions, surmises. What, in these two large volumes, the general reader needs, can appreciate, and forthwith use in his business of living, might readily be put into one small volume. Pity it will be if it is not done.

Seriously, we contemplate and attempt to describe and evaluate a major portion of the life work of a highly trained, experienced, able, and devoted professional man. Years ago Tilney dedicated his energies to investigation of the form and uses of the nervous system and to the illumination and alleviation of its disorders. "The Brain from Ape to Man" is presented as the first of three publications in which the author plans to exhibit the development and evolution of the brain of vertebrate animals. Succeeding parts of the work are to describe "Brain Evolution from Mammals to Man" and "The Brain from Fish to Man."

A book with a purpose. Thus the publishers might announce the work in point. For unlike most accounts of the brain it is not an inclusive atlas or a catalogue of functions, but instead a determined attempt to discover and exhibit the developmental history of the human brain and to tell a significant part of the story of its evolution.

* * *

Man is a vertebrate, so also is the fish; he is a mammal, but so is the dog; he is a primate, and so is the chimpanzee. Vertebrate, mammal, primate, are biological categories of diminishing inclusiveness and diversity. Resemblances are most numerous and obvious among the primates, yet even there appears pronounced diversity of form. Professor Tilney has chosen to attack his difficult task of discovering the history and genetic relations of the human brain by carefully examining the organ in several types of primate and by comparing the results. In order of increasing neural resemblance to man the types used are: Lemur, Tarsius, Marmoset, Howling Monkey, Baboon, Macacus Monkey, Gibbon, Orang-outan, Chimpanzee, Gorilla, (and Man). Lemur, Tarsius, and their kind, appear to the layman more like squirrels than like monkeys or men. The next four types popularly qualify as monkeys. They differ extremely in size, for the Marmoset is diminutive and the Baboon relatively very large; all are caricatures of man, yet they are notably less "humanoid" in form, behavior, and presumably also in mentality, than are the three manlike apes, the Orang-outan, Chimpanzee, and Gorilla.

For each of the eleven types of primate which he selected for intensive comparative study the author presents brief but excellent general description of appearance, distribution, mode of life, and behavior. And with this general information as background he proceeds to describe and discuss those features of the brain which because either of exceptional constancy and stability or variability and change from type to type appear to be peculiarly significant indicators of genetic relations.

Likenesses and differences in surface appearance and internal structure of the brain are indicated by verbal description, drawings, and photographs. But the notably original, novel, and important basis of comparison is furnished by measurements of the magnitude of certain brain structures. From these measurements were calculated, for each type of brain, coefficients of size or degree of development. Thus comparison of neural conditions in the different primates was facilitated and, assuming the reliability of the measurements, rendered more accurate.

* * *

An important result of this laborious observation, comparison, and description of features of the brain in diverse primates from Lemur to Man is the discovery of an order of increasing similarity to Man. The facts are believed to justify the inference that from a tarsius-like brain eons ago evolved the monkey brain; from that, in the course of ages, the anthropoid brain, and from it, finally, that of man.

The structural facts—conditions, resemblances, variations—are indisputable: their interpretation in terms of genetic relation is a product of logical inference. The author reads from the primate brain a chapter of the story of human evolution.

In sum total, the evidence afforded by the external appearance of the brain in primates, and by its internal structure, points conclusively to an evolutional process which has run parallel with corresponding expansions in behavioral development. This evolutional progress, both in structure and in function, has made itself apparent most particularly in the accessions to the sphere of *neokinesis*, which new type of motor expression has been the distinguishing contribution of the mammals. It was, in this respect, as though their arrival had at once opened a new trail which led into realms of more highly specialized behavioral development.

"The Brain from Ape to Man" comprises five parts. Of these the first three present respectively the facts relative to the lower primates, the intermediate primates, and the higher anthropoids, on which the author bases his deduction that the human brain evolved from and through that of other primate types. The remaining parts of the volume, four and five, are of surpassing interest and value to the lay reader, for they present an account of the brain from primitive to modern man and a summary statement of the evolutional modifications of the primate cerebrum which culminate in the human brain.

* * *

Because of their fragmentariness it usually is difficult to evaluate additions to knowledge. Searchers for truth are engaged in constructing, or again in reconstructing, a complex mosaic. Rarely does an individual do more than contribute a few facts or suggest changes in the pattern. By reason of Tilney's work we know decidedly more than formerly about the structure of the brain of primates and the probable genetic relations of the human brain, but completeness and accuracy, precision and adequacy of knowledge and understanding are yet remote. The contribution of these volumes is extraordinarily important and deserving therefore of wide, thoughtful, critical attention. Anatomists, physiologists, psychologists will discover many defects, as they might also in works attributed to the Creator! Doubtless Professor Tilney has done his best to see clearly, to describe accurately, and to interpret with insight, honestly and without prejudice. There is abundant reason to be grateful for his service. It is such as cannot be purchased; although it prepares the way for new advances in human welfare, understanding, wisdom.

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Mr. Huxley Looks at Life

POINT COUNTER POINT. By ALDOUS HUXLEY. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1928. $2.50 .

Reviewed by RICHARD CURLE

THE general effect on the reader left by this enormous book is that of a savage and almost spiteful satire on the utter pettiness and futility of life. The boredom which was so noticeable in "Antic Hay" has deepened into disgust: existence, as pictured by Mr. Huxley in "Point Counter Point," is a meaningless tangle of low passions, brutal cruelties, and inane strivings after nothing. It is a depressing but immensely clever novel, now witty, now gruesome, always brilliantly written and full of psychological subtlety. In the nature of things satire exaggerates, and though Mr. Huxley's characterization is very acute and his people live as individuals and not merely as types or as pegs for their creator's ideas, nevertheless there is a good deal that verges on caricature. It is a weakness inherent in the method of approach and one sometimes feels that Mr. Huxley is wasting his rare abilities on a form of realism which, driven on by his pessimistic contempt, he makes, as it were, too realistic.

The sexual adventures of his figures is a case in point. Practically everybody in the book behaves habitually with a kind of cold and calculating impropriety—the few who are genuinely in love are drawn to look more ridiculous than the abandoned sensualists—and Mr. Huxley seems to be obsessed by a theory that mankind is endlessly trying to escape from stifling boredom and weariness by indulgence in illicit and dreary amours. A group of monkeys could scarcely be more promiscuous than the people of whom Mr. Huxley writes, and though this leads to some maliciously amusing incidents, it is not only rather nauseating in the long run but rather unconvincing. The danger of satire, however memorable, is that it often leads to a revulsion. It is a double-edged weapon.

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Mr. Huxley is, of course, an anti-romantic. His view of society, his presentation of character, his very plots, formless as the delta of a river, point to a revolt against the whole attitude and art of such a recent master as, let us say, Joseph Conrad. There is room for both schools, but it is curious to notice how, when Mr. Huxley comes to describe a really horrible person, the Spandrell of this novel, who, with his other vile traits, is a pitiless murderer, he makes us see that he has sunk to all this against his instincts and is still at heart the victim of a romantic illusion. And one begins to wonder whether Mr. Huxley himself has not had to fight against a different conception of the novel and whether his frequent extravagances are not the result of an internal conflict.

He is perhaps the most richly endowed of all the younger novelists, a writer of undoubted genius, and it seems to one critic at least an infinite pity that a novel like "Point Counter Point," with its wonderful gallery of portraits and its high distinction of manner, just misses being great by a sort of preposterousness that is always peeping out and would appear to be quite avoidable.

For there is practically nothing that Mr. Huxley cannot do when he sets himself to it. There are people in this book, such as Lord Edward Tantamount and his daughter, John Bidlake, Rampion, and Illidge, who are unforgettable even if not quite believable; and there are passages as noble in their harmony as in the music of Beethoven, the effect of which Mr. Huxley describes here in a long paragraph of sheer beauty. And what a sense of movement, what a power to evoke an image, or to catch a tenuous emotion!

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Yes, it is a most remarkable novel, at once enthralling and irritating, amusing and terrible, exquisite and repulsive, and yet somehow its total effect is unsatisfying. And with Mr. Huxley's outstanding talent one feels that that ought not to be so. It is not so much that its structure is inchoate, with a dozen different stories mixed together by the slenderest of threads and a tendency to leave things unfinished—that might well be called a just vision of ordinary existence—but that there is this constant and destructive air of exaggeration. At times, indeed, it degenerates into farce. For example, Mr. Quarles's episode with his stenographer is excruciatingly funny, but it is only possible to believe in Mr. Quarles by a stretch of the imagination which takes us out of reality. And that, after all, is but an extreme instance: Mr. Huxley is too fond of stretching our credulity to a dangerous degree.

And yet, on the other hand, he has a powerful grip of the tragic and the macabre. The murder of Webley, the death of Little Phil—they are as ghastly as they are moving. And what could be more mordantly dreadful than Burlap's smug satisfaction at getting rid of the tiresome Miss Cobbett by a letter which causes her to commit suicide.

In short, however much one may criticize Mr. Huxley, one must be thankful for him. If he is resolved to blight mankind with his irony and to demonstrate the hateful stupidity of our cherished beliefs, yet he brings to his task such creative energy and such a wealth of ideas that he attracts even when he repels and interests even when he antagonizes.

Cover design of one of Mr. Huxley's earlier books

See Phoenix Nest, page 262

A Burlesque

SAMSON. By ROBERT COLLYER WASHBURN. New York: J. H. Sears & Co. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by ROBERT NATHAN

MR. WASHBURN has cooked a savory stew. Like all stews, it is composed of ingredients whose taste is often familiar even while the form is strange. Large chunks of bible-meat swim about gravely in a sauce in which one recognizes the spirit of Cabell, the manner of Erskine, and the burlesque attitudes of Donald Stewart. It is clever of him; he has written a book which is sometimes indelicate, often intelligent, and always impudent. It is sly; but it is crude. One imagines Mr. Washburn saying to himself, "Now I am being very vigorous." But he is never vigorous. He is vulgar; and he is amusing. He is witty; but he is careless.

The book is not exegesis in any sense. It is not a recreation of old times and old peoples, in order to show how much we are like them. It is not a moral explanation of a myth. It is neither theological nor historical criticism. Yet it is obvious that Mr. Washburn is not without scholarship; he has read about the Jews, even if he has not thought very much about them. And it is true that for the purposes of this book it was unnecessary to think about them.

He gives us Samson as a man overwhelmed by his own myth: that is to say, by what people demand of him. He follows the Bible story closely; when it suits him, he even takes whole pages from the Old Testament. Thus, on one page you will find a famous psalm, word for word; and on the next a phrase such as "Words are bunk," or such a gallicism as "Ours at best will be an *amour à quérelles*." For Mr. Washburn the old Jews talk French when it suits them.

However, one cannot quarrel with a burlesque. Here is a description from page 53.

Before the massive platform of the judges a cheering throng had gathered. The contest was under way for the coveted title of Miss Timnath. Ranged a little nervously, like a gallery of Old Masters . . . stood the youthful aspirants. One by one the girls filed by, amid the applause of fathers, mothers, lesser kin, partisans, and those quite indifferent. It was explained to Samson that the winner would later be granted the opportunity of contesting with the other victors of the littoral the still more coveted designation of Miss Palestine.

This is simply good fun. And Samson's chagrin and amazement on two other important though more private occasions is also good fun, not unmixed with wisdom. But I cannot help feeling a regret for the beauty and the passion of the old story, here lost in laughter—for the tragedy lost in burlesque. Let us take the old as we please, to make beauty, to make wisdom, to throw light on our ways; but let us not be too light-fingered about it. The songs which swept our fathers to battle, or bent them to their knees, sound better in the temple; if we take them out, let us at least keep them from the halls.

A Realist Grows Up

BRIGHT METAL. By T. S. STRIBLING. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by MARISTAN CHAPMAN

Author of "The Happy Mountain"

IN his earlier work Mr. Stribling was satisfied to call a spade a spade; he now begins to talk of things more significant than spades without abating his clarity of utterance. When a realist learns that the worth-while values of life are as real as its sordid aspects, we expect satisfying work from his pen. "Bright Metal" does not disappoint the expectation, for Mr. Stribling has acute perception and a gift of keen, cold writing. He is never muzzy or uncertain; his joy shines hard and bright, and his sorrow has a smooth metallic taste.

The story is written upon the theme of a cultured young woman from New York marrying outside her caste. It deals with the struggles of Agatha Pomeroy to adapt herself to the strange life of her husband's family and their neighbors in a backward county of East Tennessee. The author's intensity warps his perspective somewhat and upsets his sense of proportion, because his own strong feeling is allowed to interrupt the story. He uses his omniscience to inform the reader, and because of his eagerness to catalogue the well-known tribulations of Tennessee he is compelled to press his main characters into service as mouthpieces; they are made to stop in their tracks while they tell the reader about some absurd law which is going to have a deleterious effect upon their lives. But to make up for this there are the minor people of the story. It is as if Mr. Stribling had forgotten them and they had brought themselves up successfully, while the hero and heroine, with the author's keen eye upon them, were forced to mind their manners. The unreality of the heroine is particularly noticeable. It would be unfair to call her a lay figure; she can most nearly be defined as "she who reacts." The reader is never allowed to lose sight of Shakesperian analogy from which the title is drawn. Agatha Pomeroy reacts throughout the book and never attains independent existence. In the midst of the agonies of child-birth she remembers to be shocked by the fact that the old country doctor is washing the obstetrical instruments in warm water, and asks him to use boiling water. The impression is that sterilization is not yet known to the medical fraternity of Tennessee. While we admire Agatha's presence of mind under such trying circumstances, we would have greater sympathy with her if she were merely engaged in the birth of her son.

Despite these mechanical drawbacks, "Bright Metal" is a valuable contribution to native literature. It tempts the reviewer to quote—a sure sign of readability. With the exception of Agatha herself, the characters in "Bright Metal" are refreshingly virile compared with the mass of modern fiction people among whom the torpidly living are hardly to be distinguished from the complacently dead. It is only when Mr. Stribling's characters become the victim of his absorbing theme that we wish he wouldn't.

"Bright Metal," like Mr. Stribling's other novels, is of the "Main Street" school, which deals with complaint without suggestion of remedy, but in craftsmanship it shows great advance. His realism is applied more generously, his strokes are firmer and more telling; there is greater deftness of phrase and a sharper sense of humor in description than he has permitted himself in former novels. The author immolates art upon the altar of intensity, but

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the power that can gather up modern data and exhibit it in terms of finished art has yet to appear among our novelists. The material defies the tools, and all work dealing with vexed contemporary questions is bound to carry a trace of propaganda. So long as opinions are new and emotions alive we must be content to regard Mr. Stribling from a tauromachic rather than from a belletristic standpoint.

In this latest novel we have Mr. Stribling's lancet-like realism applied not only to the ignorance and intolerance and bigotry of the isolated Tennesseans, but to their honesty, courage of opinion, and very human heart-burnings. As a consequence "Bright Metal" approaches the universal and will be read with understanding and appreciation for its human values as well as for its picture of folkways.

Conrad in Quest of Reality

COSTUMES BY EROS. By CONRAD AIKEN. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by R. N. LINSCOTT

PICKING up Mr. Aiken's new book, letting one's thoughts drift down through the pages of its fourteen predecessors, one speculates upon the mind of their creator. It is, one feels, amazingly perceptive, "all tremulous awareness," as he himself says of one of his characters, a speculative mind preoccupied with the problems of consciousness; a susceptible and dissatisfied mind continually shifting its point of attack, forever adapting novel forms in its search for a style appropriate to each new theme.

Meditating upon this susceptibility, one opens Mr. Aiken's new book with a question. Has he succumbed to the clipped and stripped style of the younger story-tellers? And sure enough, one finds half way through the volume a perfect example of the new method. "Farewell! Farewell! Farewell!" is the story of an Irish servant girl who falls in love on a transatlantic liner. It is competently done, and completely in character. It is solid, simple, sharply objective; everything, in short, that a story of this kind should be. In a way one welcomes it as evidence that the author, if he chooses, can pass beyond the orbit of his own consciousness and fully explore an alien mind. And yet, at the same time, one feels certain that Mr. Aiken has taken the wrong path, that he has turned his back upon the enchanted forest where he is at home. For he is still a poet, and most happy in those themes that allow for the free play of the imagination and that are better expressed by lingering and involute cadences than by the abrupt rhythms of the new prose.

* * *

In "Your Obituary, Well Written," he has found such a theme and has made from it a story of poignant and delicate beauty. Its "plot" is of the slightest. Starting from the thesis that the most illuminating record of a life would be the relation of one single central episode "in whose small prism all the colors and lights of one's soul might be seen," the narrator looks back over his own life and selects as such an episode his meeting with a woman novelist whom he enormously admired. The novelist is young, beautiful, unhappily married and condemned by a fragile heart to imminent death. Their meeting is brief, they have little to say; yet in those few words the author somehow breaks through the boundaries of the solid world and gives one a fourth-dimensional glimpse of the human soul.

> It was strange, at that moment, how everything seemed to be conspiring to make this mutual recognition complete: the long room lined with book cases; the high mantel of cream-colored wood and the pale Dutch tiles which surrounded the fireplace; the worn Khelim rug which stretched between us, and the open window, which it seemed not improbable that the thorn-tree itself had opened, in order that its fragrance and the London spring might come in to us—all these details were vividly and conspiratorially present to me, as if they were indeed a part of the exquisite mingling of our personalities at that poised instant of time. . . . Destiny was in this; æons of patient evolution and change, wars and disasters and ages of darkness, the sandlike siftings of laws and stars, had all worked for the fulfilment of this intimate minute, this perfect flowering of two meeting minds.

It is this capture of the "ultimate minute" so perfectly achieved in "Your Obituary, Well Written" that furnishes the touchstone with which to measure the success of Mr. Aiken's other stories. "In "Spider, Spider," he describes a woman's attempt to seduce a man who loves another, reaching a perfection almost as complete, but on a lower level, for the theme does not permit the same magic sense of ecstasy. "State of Mind," "The Moment," and "Field of Flowers" are slighter, but equally flawless exercises in virtuosity. Two of the stories—"The Necktie" and "The Woman-Hater"—are comparative failures, the first because it is an expanded anecdote, the second because the device of an overhard conversation cramps the development of the theme.

Throughout the book, as might be inferred from the title, love is the dominant theme. Each story presents a different aspect of the relation of the sexes and taken together, they make a formidable case against the blind god. As in his novel, "Blue Voyage," Mr. Aiken has depended largely upon the stream of consciousness method and has scrupulously avoided the use of plot, relying for interest upon the skill with which he lays bare the subtlest emotions, the most delicate nuances of feeling.

As a whole the new volume is more competent in treatment than "Bring, Bring" (Mr. Aiken's previous collection), but slightly less exciting in content. One feels that the author is gradually deserting fantasy for realism; moving down on the scale from Dostoievsky toward Chekov. It is this unquenched zest for experiment that makes Mr. Aiken one of the major figures in the literary scene; this together with a comprehension of the finer shades of character worthy of Henry James; an ability to communicate emotion, particularly the keen and narrow emotion of spiritual ecstasy and pain, comparable with that of Katherine Mansfield, and a style that is a perfect instrument both of beauty and of precision, and a perpetual reminder that Mr. Aiken is first of all a poet.

Sketches by "Saki"

REGINALD, AND REGINALD IN RUSSIA. By "SAKI" (H. H. MUNRO). With an Introduction by HUGH WALPOLE. New York: Viking Press. 1928. $1.75.

Reviewed by ELMER DAVIS

EVEN in his lifetime H. H. Munro's public was small; but its size was compensated for by its high quality and its intensity of enthusiasm. Now that "Saki" has been dead a dozen years (he was killed in the war) that enthusiasm persists; people tell you about him with that hushed eagerness that they used to employ, in that early day before you could Get It Anywhere, in announcing the discovery of that little place in the West Twenties where all the stuff comes direct from the French Line boats. So now "Saki's" complete works have been reissued, in England and America. The collections entitled "Reginald" and "Reginald in Russia" were the first to be written, and are the last to be republished, for tolerably obvious reasons; "Reginald" is, as Mr. Walpole concedes in his introduction, "the simplest, lightest, and most frivolous" of all "Saki's" works. Even in these early sketches every page is brightened with epigrams which (to quote Mr. Walpole again) "give no sense of effort, the deadly weakness of most epigram makers." But also every page has its contemporary allusion to the Boer War, or the Young Turkish revolution, or to motoring in its rudimentary days; or to bridge of that remote period when one actually bridged, and said "Shall we play to diamonds, partner?" and never played to spades. The reader of 1928 may know what all this is about, but he will probably be ashamed to admit it in the presence of young people.

Yet three or four of these thirty sketches are "Saki" very nearly at his best. "The Reticence of Lady Anne" has possibly been overpraised; the snap in the last line, effective as it is, lacks the relevance to the rest of the story that Maupassant would have given it; but "The Mouse" and "The Lost Sanjak" have a snap finish in a manner that is peculiarly "Saki's" own. This reviewer cannot share Mr. Walpole's enthusiasm for "Gabriel-Ernest"; but "The Strategist" is certainly one of the most remarkable of English short stories, and is particularly a measure of "Saki's" potential quality if you compare it with Kipling's treatment of a similar theme. Mr. Walpole (whose introductory remarks, with a slight discount for the introducer's enthusiasm, would serve very fairly as a review of the book, and indeed have almost done so) does not exaggerate when he observes, "It is sad to consider how triumphantly in these recent years, had he lived, he would have led the way" (among English short story writers) "and that without being a pale imitation of Chekov, without being the slightest imitation of anybody."

"Other Americans"

THE CENTRAL AMERICANS. By ARTHUR RUHL. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1928. $3.

Reviewed by WALTER MILLIS

MR. RUHL has here laid a 275-page labor of sympathetic observation upon the altar of our better understanding of the Central American isthmus. Perhaps it was necessary. That thousand-mile chain of exotic mountain-tops—combining the diverse fascinations of tropical romance, arresting scenery, and imperial adventure with all the social and economic problems of modern commercial penetration in "backward" regions—has seldom seemed quite real to American publics. Kipling is no longer in fashion, but the Kiplingesque air seems somehow to linger over those ancient capitals, those lofty coffee *fincas*, those steaming banana developments, and those disembarking marines. There is still a confusing impression of Richard Harding Davis mixed up with the bitterer anti-imperialist editorials of the liberal weeklies. Central Americ is at the moment one of the most important fields for our diplomacy as well as a kind of laboratory experiment in the world's wider problems of industrial expansion. And yet, until one has been there, one never quite recovers from the haunting feeling that it does not really exist.

For this consequence of popular fiction Mr. Ruhl supplies an admirable corrective. He is sensitive to the romantic history, the scenic splendors, the charms of ancient cultures, old buildings, and exotic vegetation which have been the making of the tropical novelist. But he notes them with an affectionate matter-of-factness and simplicity, and he never loses sight of the fact that he is after all writing about actual country, however volcanic, inhabited by human beings, however picturesque and "Latin," who are very much like ourselves.

* * *

They are human beings whom one sees through Mr. Ruhl's own sharp, but entirely Anglo-Saxon eyes. His title might, in fact, have been a shade more accurate had he dropped "n" from the final word; he does not attempt spiritual interpretation of the fascinating peoples—the Latins, the Indians, the mixtures, and the migrants from the north—but sets forth rather a picture of the Central Americas as places that he has visited and been interested in. He remains the traveler and the reporter; and although as such he reports many conversations, something of the literature, of the journalism, the politics, the ideas, the lives and hopes of the Central Americans, his book is no more than its title suggests—a record of adventures and impressions. His accurate eye for details makes the impressions of value; but he leaves the interpretation to the reader. He gives you the country as you would see it— were you equipped with an understanding mind, a steamer ticket, and an ability to meet other people's customs halfway.

An interesting aspect of the book lies in the fact that it is a record of two different visits — one in 1913, and a second thirteen years later when much had already changed, and the greater changes that are to come were already clear in outline. In all these changes—in the new roads; the electric light plants, the fading habit of revolution, the rising standards of demand, the invasion of manners and customs and products and of the cigarettes which "están tostados, protegen su garganta"—the United States, of course, plays a commanding part and is likely to discover some of its most interesting and delicate problems. In other matters, like the problem of the forced labor of the Guatemalan Indians upon the upland coffee plantations, there are arresting issues significant of the whole trend of modern life. Nothing of these things can we understand unless the isthmian republics are brought out of a musical comedy setting and made real to us. It is reality which Mr. Ruhl supplies, in a vivid, engaging, and pleasantly conversational manner.

His criticism of our Caribbean policy lies mainly in a dislike for legation secretaries, who are too much "career" diplomats, and a belief (in which he follows nearly all other informed opinion) that such sins as we have committed have been those of bungling and blindness. His moral is that we must, and can be if we try, "simpatico." And his book makes it quite evident that Central America will repay the interest of those who prove themselves "simpatico."

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Organizing the Nations

THE DRAFTING OF THE COVENANT. By DAVID HUNTER MILLER. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1928. 2 vols.

Reviewed by CHARLES SEYMOUR
Editor, "Intimate Papers of Colonel House"

THE importance of Mr. Miller's two volumes to students of international relations can hardly be overstated. Opponents as well as adherents of the League recognize the grandeur of the attempt that was made in 1919 to develop a system of international organization; whether or not the attempt was wise or will prove successful in its existing form, the history of the drafting of the League Covenant will be studied and restudied by statesmen and political scientists. Of all those intimately concerned with the preparation of the Covenant, no one is better equipped then Mr. Miller to write its history. He worked at Magnolia with Colonel House in June 1918, when President Wilson asked his chief adviser on foreign affairs to draft a "constitution" for a League, the document to which House gave the title, presumably for the first time, of "covenant." Attached to Colonel House's staff in Paris at the time of the Armistice and after, during the Colonel's illness he took his place in the preliminary discussions with the British, and came to be regarded as the principal American expert on all matters connected with the League. He was selected to draft with Mr. (now Sir Cecil) Hurst the joint Anglo-American plan which, under the name of the Hurst-Miller draft, was used as the basis for the discussions of the League of Nations Commission of the Peace Conference. Mr. Miller attended all the meetings of this Commission, entered into most of the important informal conferences with the British, French, and Italians responsible for League questions, served at times upon the final drafting committee as substitute for House, and with M. Larnaude was selected to write the French text of the Covenant. It is certain that his comment and criticism carried great weight with President Wilson and that his influence upon the language of the Covenant was notable and continuous.

Mr. Miller is qualified not merely by the important rôle which he played, but because of an unflagging industry in collecting and preserving all documents related in any way to his subject. The interest and value of his work are enhanced by the private papers with which he supplements the official documents, thus clarifying and at times altering their sense. Such personal documents in the hands of an irresponsible or careless writer might easily prove a source of danger. But Mr. Miller has used them discreetly and objectively to construct a scientific narrative from which every trace of emotion and partisanship has been banished. He reviews dispassionately the mistakes of those whom he obviously admires, and gives full value to the exposition of the arguments with which he disagrees. His poise and calmness in the discussion of extremely controversial points enhance the cogency of his own arguments, the force of which is never marred by any indirection.

The author's purpose in this book has been to study the historical origins of the language of the Covenant and its development, and not the political factors and negotiations resulting in the creation of the League of Nations. In only a few instances, as in the case of the proposed Anglo-American naval agreement, has he exceeded the limits set by himself. The restricted scope of the work has enabled him to make it as complete in its own sphere as it is authoritative. He begins with the various plans of an official or semi-official nature that were drafted in 1918: the report of the Phillimore Committee, Wilson's first rewriting of the House draft, Smuts's pamphlet. The scene then shifts to Paris where, in January, Wilson wrote his second draft, received the comments of Lansing, Bliss, Miller, and others, and completed his third draft on January 20. In the meantime Cecil had composed a draft convention which was sent to Wilson and House; it was agreed that Miller and Hurst, representing the United States and Great Britain, should prepare a joint draft combining the essential features of the British and American plans, and referring to House and Cecil any questions which they might find themselves unable to adjust. The President was not satisfied with this Hurst-Miller draft and at the last moment prepared a fourth draft of his own; but the natural objections of the British to this change of programme led him to withdraw it and agree that the Hurst-Miller draft should form the basis of the Commission's discussion. In the meantime it had been decided that the Covenant of the League should become an integral part of the general treaty of peace, that it should be drafted by a special commission, and that the principle of the mandate system as outlined by General Smuts should be approved.

The major portion of the first volume is composed of Mr. Miller's narrative covering the fifteen meetings of the League of Nations Commission, with an analysis of the criticisms that were brought to the Commission and the consequent changes made in the text of the Covenant. On February 14, following ten meetings of the Commission, the Covenant was presented to the Peace Conference; and upon the President's return from the United States in March, five more meetings were held at which criticisms and suggestions were received and numerous alterations in the text were made. On April 28, 1919, the revised Covenant was given the unanimous approval of the Peace Conference.

His Grace the Duke of Tammany: Richard Croker, whom Mr. Bowers describes as one of the Old Kings.
From "Tammany Hall," by Morris R. Werner (Doubleday, Doran).

The narrative of the Commission meetings is of the first importance, not merely because for the first time we have published a detailed analysis of the give and take of debate that resulted in the language of the Covenant, but because by the use of his own notes Mr. Miller has given life and meaning to the official *procès-verbaux*. He is able to correct false impressions given by the minutes and to reproduce the very atmosphere of the discussions. An admirable instance occurs in the case of a proposal brought forward at a plenary session by M. Pichon: "Clemenceau seemed surprised. Pichon turned and said deferentially: 'I only make the proposal if nobody objects.' Clemenceau rather brutally answered, 'You know that everybody objects.' This appears in the Protocol as 'un échange de vues entre M. Pichon et le Président.'" Mr. Miller's second volume, running to over eight hundred pages, is made up of the text of forty documents, many of them now published for the first time, such as Wilson's fourth draft of the Covenant, of the existence of which Mr. R. S. Baker in his three-volume work was apparently not aware, as well as the text of the Commission Minutes in English and in French. It forms an invaluable volume of reference.

The wealth of information in these volumes, not merely on the Covenant, but on the processes of the Peace Conference, is so great that it is difficult for the student to isolate the points of chief importance. Mr. Miller shows beyond any doubt the degree of careful thought given to the Covenant by the members of the Commission that created it, as well as the consideration of the multitude of criticisms passed upon the first Covenant of February 14. This was no slapdash affair. "I doubt if even its authors," says Mr. Miller, "if they were all here and could turn the clock back, would change it much from what was then written." He also performs a notable historical service in puncturing various legends regarding the workings of the Peace Conference which have been retailed by American writers on the basis of quite inadequate evidence. Of these the most notable is that which pictures the European powers as intriguing against President Wilson's plan to include the Covenant as an integral part of the Treaty, and taking advantage of his absence from Paris in February to undermine his policy. Of this story Mr. Miller writes, "The effort to prove a plot where none existed could not well go further." He adds: "Those who believe that the only explanation of any event at the Peace Conference is to be found in a sort of Sherlock Holmes discovery of the tangles of mysterious plots and counter plots will of course not accept my conclusion." On the other hand it is likely that historically minded readers, after studying Mr. Miller's careful analysis of available evidence, will agree that whatever differences of opinion arose at the Peace Conference the final decisions were reached as a result of honest give and take in frank discussion and not as the result of "intrigue." Mr. Miller's book also brings out the fact that the achievement of writing the Covenant into the Treaties of Peace was made possible by the activities of a small group of individuals, without whose constant efforts the public opinion of the outside world would have availed little. The reader will note the constant recurrence of the name of Colonel House who, silent as he was at the Commission meetings, evidently played a major rôle in the informal discussions and negotiations that made decisions possible. As to the Covenant itself, the influence of the leading British advocates is apparent at every turn. "That the Covenant took account of realities," writes Mr. Miller, "and dealt with them as facts to be faced and not ignored, is shown by its working through the troublous times of the past years; and anyone who has read what I have written will know that this quality of the document was in large part due to the sagacity of Viscount Cecil." Finally it is apparent that only through the determined leadership of President Wilson could the writers of the Covenant have triumphed over the innumerable difficulties of detail which they faced at Paris. It is his leadership which permits Mr. Miller to speak of the foundations of the League as having been "laid by Woodrow Wilson."

In connection with this article see review on p. 266.

Portraits of the Great

POLITICIANS AND THE WAR 1914-1916. By the RT. HON. LORD BEAVERBROOK. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1928. $5.

Reviewed by J. W. T. MASON

LORD BEAVERBROOK is the first unofficial observer behind the scenes to report to Democracy how the agents in power directed the world war in its political aspects. Since the peace of the mighty which was negotiated at Versailles there have been many books written by politicians explaining their own and their colleagues' activities as war makers. It has remained for Lord Beaverbrook to become the impersonal critic, under no compulsion to defend either policies or personalities. During and after the war he occupied a unique position for this difficult task. For a short time he was Minister of Information—essentially a non-political post—but most of the while he acted as friend and adviser, without holding ministerial office, to those of the mystic and exclusive inner circle in London who so effectively guide the destinies of the British Empire.

His was the culminating influence that made Lloyd George Prime Minister during the war and the late Bonar Law Prime Minister after the war. The son of a Scotch Presbyterian clergyman in New Brunswick, he inherited from his father a strong spiritual side to his personality—which he conceals from all but a few intimate friends—and he possesses utilitarian genius which has made him one of the wealthiest men in Great Britain and gives him a capacity for instant, practical judgments. In addition he has an impersonal analytical mind and he mingles the spirit of political Democracy of Great Britain with the spirit of economic Democracy of North America, the continent of his birth. No other Briton could have written this book for no other possesses his special qualifications. It is necessary to understand a little about Lord Beaverbrook as a representative of modern Democracy in order to appreciate the value of his findings, for which reason doubtless the publishers have included a brief

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sketch of his career as a foreword. "Politicians and the War" should be read as a text-book by students of politics for its exceptional competence in revealing the mentalities of politicians. It should be pondered by statesmen for the efficiencies and defects it points out in their methods. The general reader will find in it fascinating character studies, illustrated by lively accounts of incidents from the inside which show in practical fashion how Democracy carries on in a world crisis.

"Democracy depends today for its successful practice," writes Lord Beaverbrook, "on the judgment and knowledge of every citizen on the problems of government. If that judgment is to be in any way sound, it is of importance that people should have accessible some guide to the conduct of the war by their elected rulers. . . . Such an outline of history must either be given promptly or not at all. Nothing is so quick to fade as the immediate memory of public events."

* * *

Indeed, one may add, Democracy ought to have behind the scenes constant observers such as Lord Beaverbrook, to report at intervals to the public at large on the methods of their agents and their characters. After abolishing secret diplomacy Democracy some day will interest itself in the problem of secret statesmanship. Lord Beaverbrook's book is a pioneer step in this direction, though it must be added, as he explains, that "no conversation with me is retold in these pages save with the consent of the person concerned." It is a tribute to Democracy that the political leaders of Great Britain have not withheld their consent. That, too, is a pioneer step in the same direction. Lord Beaverbrook refers to "this dreadful age of mediocrities," but when mediocrity consents to being impersonally analyzed it is on the way to improvement.

Lord Beaverbrook shows that the British Democracy survived its war difficulties by compromise and the self-sacrificing spirit of a few among its leaders, notably Bonar Law, who, in his modesty, never realized his own political generosity toward those opponents with whom it was necessary to coöperate. It seems that coöperation among politicians is Democracy's most difficult problem in any crisis. The tragedy of Woodrow Wilson's end was the tragedy of Washington's failure to solve this problem. Yet, Lord Beaverbrook shows how a simple human touch can bring opponents together when acrimonious arguments but accentuate their differences.

* * *

With the world war at its beginning, civil war was threatened in the United Kingdom due to the Ulster Crisis over Irish Home Rule. Liberals and Conservatives were unable to sink their differences at home though German guns were almost heard thundering across the channel.

In the midst of this grave peril, Asquith, then Prime Minster, and Bonar Law, then Leader of the Opposition, met at Lord Beaverbrook's country house at Leatherhead, to try to reach a compromise. But, "Bonar Law was harsh and Asquith subsided into silence." Then, continues Lord Beaverbrook:

> It was at this moment that I had an inspiration. The *Daily Express* (of which Lord Beaverbrook later became proprietor) had just sent a special representative to Belfast to report on the threatened Ulster uprising. I was even then on very intimate terms with the Editor, whom we all know affectionately as "Blum" and I had received a note from him describing the fate of this correspondent. He had been suddenly recalled, on account of a misunderstanding, from a land of Covenanters singing eternally, "Oh, God, our help in ages past," and was kept waiting for an interview outside Blum's door for the whole afternoon while others passed in and out. At last he could stand the punishment no longer. He sent in a note by a messenger—
>
> Oh, God, our help in ages past,
> Our hope for years to come,
> Chuck out the dirty beatsts within
> And let me see my Blum.
>
> When I told this story to the Prime Minister and the Leader of the Opposition, humor came to the rescue and a contact of personality was instantly established.

The "Blum" of this narrative is R. D. Blumenfeld, still the Editor of the London *Daily Express*, who is at the present time (October and November) the Chairman of a delegation of British newspaper proprietors and editors touring the United States as the guests of the Carnegie Foundation for International Peace: the makers of public opinion of one Democracy studying the social, political, and economic conditions of another Democracy.

Lord Beaverbrook supplies the lesson of the value of personal, humanizing relations among politicians —and one may say, too, among nations—by his comment on the homely way Asquith and Bonar Law were persuaded to meet as men, not as House of Commons opponents and attempt to dispel the Ulster cloud of civil war:

> The leaders of parties live their lives among supporters, friends, and subordinates who share their views and intensify their natural bias. When they meet their opponents it is as open foes in debate. In the course of time they lose their sense of perspective and become harsh and unbending in their attitude towards the viewpoint of the other side. This is especially the case with serious and honest men, and the only method of relieving the tension between them when they meet personally is to introduce some touch of humor or interest which makes them feel that the stage enemy may after all be human. My own experience is that negotiations proceed better and national interests are more readily served when the negotiators on both sides are not too serious.

* * *

The publishers of the American edition of "Politicians and the War," have improved on the English edition by providing a modified "Who's Who" in the forepart of the book of eighty-five personages mentioned in the ensuing pages. Of these, Lloyd George stands forth more conspicuously than the others by reason of Lord Beaverbrook's analysis of his complex character:

> Singular as the fact is, Lloyd George (during the war) had a genius for strategy. . . . Somewhere in the recesses of Lloyd George's mind there moved a strange instinct, not always given to field-marshals, but to middle-aged civilians, like Cromwell, for knowing what was happening on the other side of the hill, or in this case, across the sea, and on the other side of Europe. As the compass turns to the north, so Lloyd George's instinct always turned in the direction of the menace. . . . His is, no doubt, the practical mind lacking the broad philosophic view which makes Lord Balfour tower above his contemporaries, or the power of lucid and ordered argument in which Churchill shines, and yet, taking it all in all, in the sum of its quality, its passions, its knowledge, its expression, its understanding of a whole nation, it is greater than Balfour's or than that of Winston Churchill, either. Perhaps his most valuable asset is the amazing charm of his personality. . . . In a word he understands how to deal with the personal factor. . . . Vices he has none unless ambition be a vice. . . . Nor has his career necessarily reached its zenith; there lies beyond it other heights which he has set himself to scale, and the record of his past and the still unabated fires of his late middle-age promise him the fulfilment of his further desires.

But, in the rôle of impersonal observer, Lord Beaverbrook asks 125 pages further along, "why did these perpetual stirrings of combat and distrust charge the whole atmosphere in which he moved?" He gives as a possible answer that Lloyd George was always "on the make." For: "What caste Lloyd George had lost with many Ministers while he was only one among equals he regained almost at a stroke the instant he became Prime Minister. In a word, his team play became perfect the moment he was made captain, and the original source of every disturbance, the target of every mistrust, became a unifying influence in the Cabinet and an object of unbounded confidence."

* * *

This observation throws a flood of light on Lloyd George's present political position out of office with its suggestion of the change in his temperament which may be expected if Lord Beaverbrook's prediction comes true and the Welshman without vices again is made "captain."

Personality after personality stalks through Lord Beaverbrook's volume in this living fashion. The root of Churchill's troubles at the Admiralty is found to have been his "failure to keep himself in touch with existing political opinion, owing to the immense energy he devoted to his immediate official duties." In this age of specialization, it would seem the politician should specialize in politics and let the admirals specialize in naval technique and strategy.

Lord Haldane is shown as the man who created the British Expeditionary Force which was the first to cross to France; and yet it was Haldane who "in practice was found to be voicing all the military doubts and arguments of those who were in favor of retaining the entire British army at home."

Lord Kitchener, the first soldier, who "as a soldier had ever sat in a Ministry since Monk and the Restoration," could never understand the politicians. "Something of the mystery and fatalism of the East was added to the hard practicality of his mind." Furthermore, "he added to the soldier's inability to explain that curse of nervousness which prevents a man speaking at the very moment when he should and must speak if he is to prevail in council."

Asquith, "the greatest member of the House of Commons of our time" was "perfection" in the management of Parliament, but "he was a failure because outside those limitations, and yet within his own range of time, lay a world of battle, murder, and sudden death—and that time called for men of a different range of genius. And more than most politicians of our period, Asquith looked often to the past, always to the present, and seldom to the future."

Fisher, who gave ultimatums—drew down the blinds—concerning conditions under which he would retain office, "was, of course, a great man, but he was nothing more, and therefore constitutional rules were not broken in his favor." Lord Beaverbrook makes the moral of Fisher's sorrowful retirement: "Don't draw down the blinds."

It is interesting to learn from Lord Beaverbrook's pages that Lord Balfour was fascinated by "the tales of the leaders in finance about the time that New York began to dominate the money-making markets of the world. The late E. H. Harriman was his hero." This is a striking example of a mind predominantly esthetic seeking vicariously a utilitarian balance.

"Bonar Law's sober-minded and middle-class placidity" is contrasted with the wise, unruffled, serene, and experienced—in 1914—Lord Lansdowne, "the man on whom he most depended." In the two succeeding volumes which Lord Beaverbrook promises, bringing his recital to our own times, there will doubtless be more about Bonar Law, "this sombre figure among these glittering Birds of Paradise." Unfortunately, the publishers have left out of the American edition Lord Beaverbrook's two photographs illustrating this saying: one exhibiting Churchill, Chamberlain, Lloyd George, and other ministers in brilliant uniforms splashed with shining decorations and the other showing Bonar Law, in a simple dark suit, sitting alone, a glow in his piercing eyes, but his features otherwise wistful and sad.

A reviewer might continue to cull these illuminating portraits of the great from Lord Beaverbrook's pages by the score. But, there are limitations to space. There will be no limitation of interest among the readers of this book. After they have finished it, they will wait impatiently for the new volumes to come.

Old Russia

INEXHAUSTIBLE CUP. By Ivan Shmelov. Translated from the Russian by Tatiana Dechteteva France. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by Arthur Ruhl

In exile, one thinks of that old and vanished Russia with a kind of sweet pain. One sees the wistful white birch trees against the black forest; little gilt, turnip-shaped church-domes shining in a sun which somehow seems warmer and more golden than other suns because winter is always waiting just round the corner and it must so soon fade; the blue mist of incense and candles lighting up the dull gold of altar and ikons and people crossing themselves and bowing low and kissing the stones. And one thinks of salvation through sinning, the strength of the weak, that strange democracy—all sinners alike and children of God—that underlay the old autocracy. As the autumn leaves come down in yellow showers in the Tiergarten or along the Seine, one is taken back with a sharp pang of nostalgia to Moscow or to the "park" of one of those old estates. The leaves are falling there, too, and the white swans float like pictures on the cold pond, and the air smells of dampness and a sort of sweet decay.

A lady, young, beautiful, with sad dark eyes, like those of the Virgin in Russian ikons, is walking there, stirring, in the silence, the fallen leaves. Ilia, the serf, is in love with her, and she with him, although neither may let the other know. Because he had such a gift at painting, his lord and master took him to Italy to study there and he came back to paint ikons and the walls of the church. When he paints the ikons he gives the Virgin the face of his young mistress, and when he looks at her from afar as she strolls there under the autumn trees he feels that it is the Virgin herself he is seeing and wants to fall on his knees.

Something like this seems to have gone into the making of Shmelov's prose poem, "The Inexhaustible Cup." In the story, the beautiful lady has to die, naturally, and then Ilia dies, too, but his ikon lives after him, and it becomes a worker of miracles, and people come in hordes each year, on the twenty-

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seventh day of November, to be healed of wounds and lameness and the obsession of drink.

Just how one is struck by Shmelov's story depends largely on how sentimental one is or how one feels toward the old Russia. It is the sort of thing which would make a Bolshevik throw back his head and bark like a dog. Those of another way of thinking may find it beautiful and see, in Ilia, the simple soul, rising God-ward, and finding life through losing it. It has charm, rhythm, a sustained mood, but it is a bit too sweet.

A Post-war Triangle

HARNESS. By A. HAMILTON GIBBS. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by HERSCHEL BRICKELL

THE recipe used by Mr. Gibbs for his new novel is a simple and an ancient one. There is a hero, who is the last word in everything manly and decent and fine, a heroine who has all the traditional qualities of heroines, including a slight frailty, without which in this instance there would have been no plot, and a villain for whom there cannot be the slightest sympathy because he is a weakling as well as a cad. Added to this familiar triangle is the heroine's sister, a flapper of the post-bellum type, who is rather a pleasant sort to have around, but who means little or nothing to the story —except that she warns the husband of his wife's infatuation for the villain.

The hero is a brave veteran of the war, who is trying to make a place for himself in an alien world; the heroine another war veteran who sets out to make a career for herself on the stage; and the villain is her leading man. The action shifts between a village near London and the city itself; in the village is a charming cottage where Michael settles down to write while Patricia is busy acting. There is a baby that interferes with its mother's career for a brief time, but is afterward left to the mercies of nurses and its male parent.

When Michael finds out that Patricia has been going about London after the show with her handsome leading man, he confronts the two in Pat's dressing room, and gives the leading man a thorough beating. This is all according to the code of gentlemen, I am sure, but I am still a little annoyed that Michael should have beaten a virtually helpless man into a jelly—a man who was not a match for him in any way and who was in his wife's dressing room with her full consent. My annoyance is heretical, however, and perhaps I should apologize for it. The cave-man stuff still goes well.

* * *

"Harness" is a perfectly respectable, well-bred, fairly well-written novel, but I do not think it has the originality of "Soundings," Mr. Gibbs's earlier and highly popular book, nor are any of the characters in it so interesting to me as the young girl of that novel and her father. There is not any reason to dislike Michael, except that he is so wholly good he approaches priggishness, and none to dislike Patricia except that in spite of Mr. Gibbs's efforts to make her attractive, she still seems a good deal of a fool, especially in falling for such a complete and utter ass as her leading man is represented as being. This leaves the flapper Sylvia, who is a good sort, as I have suggested, but we all know her so well by now, considering the number of English and American novels she has appeared in under different names.

So much for what seem to me the weak points in "Harness." On the other hand, it has a good many features that will give it a wide popular appeal. It is clean, both in word and situation; it is agreeably staged with that lovely old English cottage playing the most important part in the settings; and virtue is rewarded and vice punished in the most approved fashion. It has an agreeable quality—a sort of homeliness.

There is a touch of unconscious humor in Mr. Gibbs's account of Michael's rise to fame as a book reviewer, which I cannot forbear quoting:

> In order to consolidate his position with the magazine, Michael was not content to be a book reviewer. He decided to make himself a critic. He knew his Shakespeare pretty well and was on something more than a nodding acquaintance with the Bible, and though the only things he had to criticize were novels, his approach was painstakingly honest. Not only did he read a book from cover to cover, but he made notes as he went along, marked special passages; and as a result, the weight of his approval or disapproval was sustained and logical. He carefully avoided developing a formula, and treated each book as a special case. Consequently it was not long before he found himself quoted in the advertising columns of the literary papers.

I wish to call attention in closing this review to Mr. Gibbs's "Consequently." Michael went to such an entirely unnecessary lot of trouble to get himself "quoted in the literary papers." . . .

An Irish Writer Emerges

THE WAY IT WAS WITH THEM. By PEADAR O'DONNELL. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by SHAEMAS O'SHEEL

THE question whether the Irish Literary Revival planted fertile seed, seems to be answered in the affirmative. Synge is gone, Yeats, Æ, and Lady Gregory age, but the cadets of yesteryear, Stephens, Colum, Campbell—and shall we say Joyce?—carry on. And now the horizon begins to be dotted with new Irish writers. O'Casey, O'Flaherty, F. R. Higgins, Pamela Travers; room here too, on his incontrovertible name, for Morley Callaghan; and now a promising recruit in the person of Peadar O'Donnell. For this man has sharp eyes and ears, courageous truthfulness, and the very roots of writing in him.

It does not take so much courageous truthfulness to write sensationally of unpleasant things, as it does to write a story without a sensation to a carload. The real business here is to picture a mode of living in a strange corner of the world. The bit of artificial "love plot" painfully twisted into the book does not greatly lessen our enjoyment of the patently veracious report of "the way it is" with the little group of families, the handful of men, women and children, to whom "home" means a rocky islet amid the unrelenting waters of the Atlantic somewhere off the coast of Donegal. That report is in language simple, spare, actually stark.

There is not a line of commentary by the author. It is a simple telling. There they are on the island, cut off from the rest of the world, which is Ireland and Scotland, by a few miles of water. The isle is hard. On it they grow a few "praties," keep one cow per family, manage somehow to feed a few hens and ducks. Now the sea pours a silver wealth of herring into their nets, again it starves them, sometimes it takes their lives. Mary Doogan is a widow with six children. If fortune smiles she buys flour, brews tea, and perhaps has a little milk for her brood just after a cow calves. If times go bad she feeds hungry mouths on praties and kelp, starving herself. Her older boy is taciturn and troubled, wants to go to Scotland, to America. Her girls reach their 'teens only to go to the hiring fair and the hard life of farm help. One of them dies, alone, huddled in a barn. Charlie goes poaching. A herring shoal excites the island as much as the rest of the world is excited by the War of which the islanders scarce hear a rumor. Gossiping and merry-making go on around the turf fire of the Widow Melly, courting runs its whispering course under the moon. Every major phase of island life is set before us in picture after picture, the story being simply a thread. And we believe in these people, and love them.

* * *

One of the old women says of the island, "Not but it's a hard place to rear children, and when they're reared maybe it's the sea reaches up an' takes them away." That is the nearest the language gets to Synge. O'Donnell's report of this peasant speech, bearing every internal evidence of fidelity, throws a curious light on Synge, Lady Gregory, and others. It is evident that they did not falsify, but did "key up." They remoulded this rich speech; they selected; they put it on a bit thick—to a poetic result. In these pages, there are plenty of odd twists and turns, but there are many passages which might be your speech and mine. O'Donnell is reporting literally, scorning to add any touch of "quaintness" to deeds or words. Synge and others emphasized the sundering effect of the few miles of water between island and mainland. O'Donnell shows the contacts as well.

Scenes like that of Mary Doogan matching wits with the straying hen, Mary dying, the fight between Phil and Charlie, and the old women "barging" with the snip of a waitress at the "tea room" on regatta day—these are sharply etched and likely to linger in the memory. It is altogether a soundly enjoyable book, and Beth Krebs Morris's woodcuts, admirably evocative of island and islanders, add to its quality.

Aspects of Liberty

HOW WE GOT OUR LIBERTIES. By LUCIUS B. SWIFT. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1928. $2.50.

LET FREEDOM RING. By ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYES. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by ZECHARIAH CHAFEE, JR.
Harvard University

THE plan of "How We Got Our Liberties" is excellent,—to bring together in one volume the history of representative government, the independence of judges, trial by jury, freedom of discussion and of religion, and other important aspects of liberty. Unfortunately, the execution of this plan leaves much to be desired. The author states that his book is "based upon facts from standard histories." In the absence of any systematic reference to sources, it is uncertain just what these were, but he appears to have limited himself to histories of a general nature such as Freeman, mostly written some time ago. Nearly all the topics which he treats have been made the subject of recent able monographs which he does not mention or appear to have read. It is surprising to read a history of jury trial without traces of the researches of Brunner, Thayer, and Haskins, a narrative of the American Revolution which lacks the slightest recognition that much has lately been written on behalf of the British case and a new statement of our own position made by McIlwain, a discussion of the Declaration of Independence with no reference to Carl Becker's important book. It is a pity that a job so well worth doing, especially if it had included the history of *habeas corpus* and the right of an accused not to testify, has been carried out in such a conventional manner and that it was not preceded by a study of the best that has been written by scholars upon the various topics concerned.

* * *

Such a study need not have resulted in a technical handling of the subject-matter, but could have increased the attractiveness of the book for popular reading. The monographs would have supplied Mr. Swift with an abundance of colorful material, such as extracts from contemporary documents and court-room dialogues, which now render the writings of scholars like Maitland or Thayer livelier than his own pages. For instance, the author gives us only a small sample from the trial of William Penn, which established the inability of judges to punish jurors for an unwelcome verdict. This trial has been lately edited by Mr. Don C. Seitz, and the picturesqueness of the book would have been vastly increased by a long extract from the altercation between the judges on the one hand and Penn and the recalcitrant juror on the other.

Furthermore, an intensive preparation would have avoided many dubious passages. Parliament is treated as a purely British institution, whereas it was paralleled in many Continental countries by assemblies of Estates. The routine issuance of common law writs by the Chancellor is confused with his equitable power of doing justice where the common law courts failed. The narrative of the Wilkes and Zenger cases does not indicate the nature of the controversy, whether the judge or the jury should decide on the seditious quality of the newspaper. State courts are said to have participated in prosecutions under the federal Sedition Act of 1798. Lincoln's suspension of *habeas corpus* is stated to have been legal, although it has not been sustained by any court, and an Act of Congress was thought necessary in order to remove grave doubts.

* * *

Still more serious is the complacent assumption throughout the book that the liberties we got in the past are now stable and secure. One would never guess that Magna Charta was disregarded during the late war by the British Orders in Council, that trial by jury has been avoided in crucial controversies by use of the injunction, that the United States Supreme Court, by such decisions as the Minimum Wage case and the recent refusal to permit employment agencies to be limited to a reasonable fee, stands to-day as the greatest single obstacle to the protection through social legislation of the liberty of those who are economically dependent. On freedom of speech he quotes the early war-time opinions of Mr. Justice Holmes sustaining convictions, but ignores his eloquent protest in the Abrams case against the long prison sentences imposed for opposition to our invasion of Russia, and makes no men-

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tion of the activities of the Department of Justice under A. Mitchell Palmer.

These present dangers to liberty are amply covered by "Let Freedom Ring." In contrast to Mr. Swift's book, this might have been entitled "How We Lost Our Liberties." In its six chapters Mr. Hayes narrates as many salient incidents of his legal career on behalf of freedom in various aspects. Nothing could better illustrate the practical difficulties of upholding the liberties whose development was traced by Mr. Swift, or show that the embodiment of a principle in the Constitution is worth little in the absence of adequate remedies against its violators. A pessimistic preface contrasts the ideals of the Founders with recent acts of suppression, and the body of the book supplies abundant concrete reasons for mental disturbance on the part of those who cherish our national liberties.

The first chapter, "Freedom of Education," is an amusing account of the Scopes trial at Dayton, Tennessee, in which Mr. Hayes was one of the counsel for the defense. Despite the gravity of the issue, the impression left by this day to day record is chiefly comic. One wonders whether the important contests for liberty in the past were also characterized by so much triviality and undignified altercation, which have disappeared in the telling. Only the testimony of the scientific experts and the argument of Dudley Field Malone seem worthy of the occasion. It may have been good fun for Darrow to make Bryan ridiculous by his long examination, but it was hardly the way to persuade devout Southerners of the value of toleration. Doubtless Tennessee and other states will be reluctant to repeat the Dayton spectacle, so that another prosecution for evolutionary teaching is unlikely, but until a spirit of tolerance is spread among those in control of education they can easily restrict scientific instruction by more subtle methods, such as the elimination of text-books which mention Darwin and the refusal to promote instructors who question the accuracy of Genesis.

The chapter ends with an argument against the reading of the Bible in the public schools. There is force to the objection so long as considerable sections of the community oppose such reading, but it is to be hoped that we may all agree on some plan which will avoid sectarian controversy and at the same time enable children to become familiar with some of the most magnificent prose in our language and with an account of human aspiration which is unmatched in all literature.

The best chapter in the book, on "Freedom of Speech and Assemblage," narrates Mr. Hayes's audacious success in holding a union meeting in a closed town in the Pennsylvania soft-coal fields. He turned the tables on the mine-owners by adopting their own methods. He had the coal and iron police who illegally deported him from Vintondale arrested and convicted for assault and battery, and obtained an injunction against the company and the police forbidding interference with meetings on land belonging to the union. "Freedom of Residence" deals with the disturbing problem of the purchase of a house in a white neighborhood by negroes, and "Freedom of Opinion" recounts the case of Sacco and Vanzetti, leaving us to regret more than ever that, where there was so much doubt as to guilt, the way was not kept open to rectify the convictions in the future if ever it is generally felt that the men were innocent or unfairly tried.

The two remaining chapters on the interesting and difficult questions of "Freedom of the Press" and "Freedom of the Stage" centre around the suppression of the *American Mercury* in Boston and the banning of "The Captive" in New York. Formerly the people of the United States had a fairly uniform conception of what was obscene, which made it possible to draw the line of illegality in a manner generally acceptable, but the present wide variations of opinion render the task much harder and increase the importance of finding a suitable method of control. There are two vital requisites for a proper method to determine whether a book or a play be considered obscene. First, the decision should be made by qualified persons. As to this, there are roughly three possibilities. (1) A permanent censor, who may conceivably be selected on the basis of literary training and ability, but who is only too liable to undertake the task because of a morbid preoccupation with vice which renders him unduly sensitive to its existence where ordinary mortals would not be worried, and who in any event runs the risk of becoming bureaucratic and arbitrary. (2) A jury, which has the distinct advantage of representing the standards of the community at large and the disadvantages that its members may be unfamiliar with literature and that its verdict usually comes after much expense has been incurred by the publisher or producer. (3) The prosecuting officials and the police, who exhibit the drawbacks of a censor without his advantage of special training for the work, yet who, as Mr. Hayes vividly shows, now possess the actual control over books in Boston and plays in New York. Secondly, the decision should come as soon as possible, so that the publisher or bookseller or producer may know where he stands before great expense has been incurred and may test the legality of the book or play without subjecting himself to severe punishment. Censorship meets this requisite much better than an ordinary criminal prosecution, which necessitates the commission of a possible crime. Especially objectionable is the New York padlocking law for theatres, for the producer must ascertain his rights in a doubtful case by putting on the play and then, if the verdict goes against him, must lose his profits for the rest of the season. Rather than run such a tremendous risk, he will withdraw the play on the least hint from the district attorney's office, which thus becomes the final judge of dramatic morals. Mr. Hayes's account of "The Captive" shows the great difficulty of obtaining a judicial decision on the decency of such a questioned play. Perhaps the best method would be a law allowing a producer, publisher, or other interested person to initiate proceedings by which the work could be submitted to a jury before publication or performance; an adverse decision would incur no penalty so long as the work was withdrawn.

"Let Freedom Ring" is not a systematic treatise on such problems, but as an interesting collection of raw material, it has much value.

The Middletown Murder

By Robert Frost

JACK hitched into his sky blue bob
And drove away to the lumber job.

A week was what he had aimed to stay,
And here he was back inside of a day.

Kate came to the door to ask him why.
"To give you another kiss goodbye."

The gun he took to the woods for meat
Came out from under his blanket seat.

Kate tried to laugh at him. "You go long,
And don't be silly. Is something wrong?"

They stood and looked at each other hard,
Kate plainly blocking the door on guard.

Suddenly Jack began to shout:
"I know who's in there. So come on out!"

If someone extra was there with Kate.
He wasn't to be brought out by hate.

(Some people are best brought out by love.
The others you have to drag or shove.)

Then suddenly something frightened Jack,
And sent him shouting around in back.

"Hey, no you don't you goddam snide,
None of your tricks on me," he cried.

Kate cut across the house inside,
Leaving the door of the kitchen wide.

Now three of them choked the door emerging;
You couldn't tell which was pulling or urging.

"In a killer's choice like this of three,
There's some can't tell which it should be;
But I'll soon show you it won't be me.

"You have been my friend; you have eaten my salt;
But this was eating my sugar, Walt.

"The joke's on me for trusting a whore.
Wouldn't it make a rifle roar?

"To pro-long life and humor Kate
I'll give you a start as far as the gate."

He looked at a button along his gun,
But kept from shooting and told him, "Run!"

The first shot fired was over Walt's head.
He still was running; he wasn't dead.

The second shot went by one arm,
The third by the other, and did no harm.

The fourth, and next to the last, was low.
Walt felt it under him ploughing snow.

He thought, "I'm running in luck to-day,
I'm getting away—I'm getting away."

Just what to Jack would be meat and drink
To have the galloping bastard think.

All four misses were only art.
The fifth shot fired went through the heart.

The fifth was the bullet that stained his shirt,
And dove him into the snow and dirt.

We call that "bounding a man all round
Before locating his principal town."

"Now, back to your keeping house," Jack said.
"I guess you'd better go make the bed.

"No first you'd better put up your hair.
After thats' done we'll see what's fair."

He pulled her in and shut the door,
And wouldn't let her look out any more.

Kate didn't know what the law would say
To a man for killing a man that way.

She hated to be the death of two.
But what was a woman going to do?

Be ready for when the sheriff came,
And say Jack wasn't the one to blame?

The least you could always do was lie
To hurry the day of trouble by;

And it wouldn't be long before you were glad
Of the worst young day you ever had,

It was so much better than any old.
But my, the sheriff would probably scold.

All the sheriff said was, "Cousin Kate,
You're the prettiest black haired girl in the state."

(The township numbered a couple of dozen,
And most of them called each other cousin.)

"I suppose you were born to have your fun,
But in doing to these two what you've done,

"If you wanted to get the good one jailed,
The bad one murdered, you haven't failed.

"I'll do it as gently as I can,
But cousin, I've come to take your man.

"Let it be a lesson to you for life:
Next time you marry, be a wife."

Someone lying stiff in the road
Like a cordwood stick from a farmer's load.

And over him like a frightened dunce
A guide post pointed all ways at once.

No curious crowd had gathered yet,
But a rural letter-box choir quartette

That stood in drift at the crossroads corner.
They had human names like Stark and Warner.

But more like ghouls than men they stood,
As much as singing that bad was good.

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The Bowling Green

The Curtain

AT this very moment, as I sit down to write, (twenty minutes past eight p. m.) someone is probably looking through the peephole. Someone, while the stage is being set for the first act and the prop-list is checked over, is undoubtedly stealing a glimpse through that little eyelet in the curtain to see what the house looks like. If you are attentive to details and happen to sit where you can remark that small orifice, you will see that the old painted canvas is faintly stained just round it. That is due, I suppose, to the moisture on the anxious brows of generations of managers as they peered hopefully or fearfully through and mentally estimated the take.

I wish I could tell you more about that curtain. Theatre curtains might well be thematic for an essay on the arts in general; they would excellently symbolize the necessity, true in every department, of having some dividing line of illusion which conceals from the world what is not intended to be seen; or if seen, not acknowledged. That is the kind of floral farrago that everyone enjoys writing, and is easiest to write. But I am thinking chiefly of one particular curtain, very dear to me—that in the old Rialto Theatre in Hoboken.

I wish again that I could tell you more about it. The difficulty is that I am short-sighted, and rarely get a chance to have a good look at it. For of course it is only down during performances, at which times it is not seemly for a myopic manager to go boldly down the middle aisle and study it. It has been described as a "bastard Alma Tadema," which is fairly (though not completely) accurate. At any rate it is precisely in the mode of thirty or forty years ago when the supreme requisite of a theatre curtain was that it should tell a story. The question is, what story does it tell? There is a lady sitting on a throne above a flight of marble steps. At the bottom of these steps, considerably unclad, another lady is spread out in an attitude of shame or supplication. There are still other damsels standing about; and I think (as well as I have been able to discern, in moments of agitation) a suggestion of classic cypress trees. The suppliant and unclad lady has a multitude of auburn hair which is dishevelled beneath her prone and comely person. If it were a contemporary painting I might be tempted to believe that she represents the Muse of Hollywood, now terrified by movietone developments, beseeching the Muse of Old Comedy to grant pardon for her sins.

There is a legend in Hoboken that this famous old curtain illustrates an episode in Tennyson's *Princess*. *The Princess* is a poem which, considered as narrative, I have never been patient enough to grasp; though like anyone in his senses I relish its magnificent interpolations of epigram and lyric. It was so promptly accepted, I believe, as effective propaganda for the New Womanhood that ladies hardly paused long enough to observe how jocundly Tennyson chaffed them here and there in the poem. What better description has ever been given of a certain kind of excitable feminine handwriting—

> In such a hand as when a field of corn
> Bows all its ears before the roaring East.

It is exquisitely humorous to consider this Tennysonian and feminist curtain used during the years of the old Rialto's decadence to intermission the rumpish charms of Hoboken burlesque shows.

But if this jolly old canvas illustrates *The Princess*, as alleged, still I am too short-sighted to identify which special episode of the poem is conveyed. Is it the passage where someone is told

> Marsh-divers shall croak thee, sister,

or is it the scene where behind the Princess stand

> Eight daughters of the plough, stronger than men,
> Huge women blowzed with health.

That indeed would be accurate enough for the days of the burlesque wheel. Or does it represent

> Half naked as if caught at once from bed
> And tumbled on the purple footcloth, lay
> The lily-shining child; and on the left,
> Her round white shoulders shaken with the sobs,
> Melissa knelt—

But whatever phase of *The Princess* that canvas may portray, I leave to more accomplished Tennysonians to divine — hoping only that the manager, peering through his peephole, may not have occasion to murmur the most famous of *The Princess's* lyrics—

> Tiers, idle tiers, I know not what they mean.

* * *

Hoboken, like many another faubourg adjacent to proud cities, has been much misunderstood. "The very convenient, but unlovely city of Hoboken," says my old friend the 1898 Rand McNally Guide to New York which is one of my favorite antiquarian works. But I wish I could take Messrs. Rand and McNally for a stroll along Hudson Street, Hoboken, some sunny autumn afternoon; past those comfortable old Teuton hotels, across the little park which was once the famous Elysian Fields, up to the airy parnassus of Castle Stevens. There, in the tower of that astonishing old mansion, is what I assert to be the most spectacular eyrie in Greater New York: the pensive citadel where Dr. H. N. Davis, the new president of Stevens Institute, works late at night on his plans for the future of that fine college and looks abroad over the most remarkable panorama in modern civilization. The view of New York from Brooklyn Heights is fairly well-known; how much less we hear of the wider synopsis from Castle Stevens. It is interesting to be told, since we concern ourselves just now with the drama, that the first open-air play ever performed in America was given on the campus of Stevens. The college is a scientific school, and (to quote our *Princess* again) mostly occupied with "the hard-grained Muses of the cube and square," but therefore all the more hospitable to the tenderer arts in its moments of relaxation. There, as you ramble about the grounds, you may ponder on the vision of American life which is spread out before those young men who are studying to be the engineers and builders of the future. Dr. Davis and I were imagining the superb amphitheatre which the Stevens cliff seems to have been intended to suggest — a theatre where the whole of Manhattan would serve as cyclorama —and we agreed that such a scheme would take us at least a hundred years to work out.

So, in that quiet air, there seems to be no desperate hurry. That tranquil and prosperous residential region behind Castle Stevens, only half an hour from down-town by tube or ferry, remains (by the happy accident of unprestige) unspoiled by the rent *schieber* and the social alpinist. In such a neighborhood, which we used to describe jocularly as Behind the Bayonne, did these enamored zealots set up their antics behind the painting of Lord Tennyson's legend. What gorgeous names—Hoboken, Weehawken, Communipaw! And a lover of print may be excused for enthusiasm over the town called Gutenberg. In the cliff beneath Castle Stevens there was once a natural grotto known as the Sibyl's Cave. It was famous as cool cellarage for beer barrels. Neither the beer nor the sibyls have wholly deserted Hoboken.

These, then, are the sort of things the manager thinks about as he looks hopefully through the peephole in the curtain. How important it is for every artist, of whatever métier, to have somewhere a secret chink through which, unsuspected, he can gaze out on the enormous world—On second thoughts, not yet convinced whether the curtain really does portray Tennyson, I offer a prize of two orchestra seats for the best letter giving your own impressions of that romantic old canvas.

* * *

The following noteworthy communication has been received from London and is here filed in the minutes:

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE THREE HOURS FOR LUNCH CLUB:

SIRS:—

Word of your adventure in Hoboken has reached us in London, and this latest demonstration of your corporate activity has a peculiar flavor of delight for us. Your success enables us to write. In a moment we shall make that statement clear; let us first express our congratulations and esteem.

Sirs, we are the Brothers Club. Among our tally we can number some who have been able to write as individuals, upon the individual gallantries of members of your Club. We have a Bone, a Tomlinson, a Morley with us, all undistinguished by their initials, and we are just as proud of them as our rules will allow. They may have written severally, at one time or another. But never until this moment have we, as a body, considered it legitimate to express our admiration of your collective actions. We almost wrote when you acquired the *Tusitala*. We did not quite get round to doing it; we were not sure we should be justified. But now, sirs, we feel safe.

We are the Brothers Club; that is, we are the Vocal Members of it, the champions of unnumbered others, who are linked by one established qualification. To be a member of our Club one must be known, one must, indeed, be tolerably widely known—not as one's self, but as the brother of someone more famous. Society, slow to aid many projects, favors ours. Society is, indeed, our election committee. And Society works simply and effectively. The moment one is labelled "brother of so-and-so"; the moment one is called upon to answer, in reply to "Are you such-an-one?", "No, I'm his brother"—that moment makes him one of Us.

At first, sirs, we were a defensive league. We came together to hold indignation meetings. We raised Cain. He was our first member. We honored him—he struck for freedom. But those were the turbulent beginnings; we have been mellowing since then. We have sorted things out now, and recognize within our ranks two spiritual divisions. There is the Right Wing, sir, the Brothers; and the Left, the Younger Brothers. The Younger Brothers are undisciplined; some, indeed, retain hope. But the Brothers are those of any age who know the worst, and patiently consolidate it. In them is our real strength.

We aim now to avoid strife. Our motto is, as it has been for years, the best is the friend of the good. We are ourselves the champions of the second-rate. It is, for instance, the custom of our meetings to pass round repartee which never was quite crushing. Dear John Wordsworth—how we remember him! There was, as you recall, a dinner, at which a lady leaned across to John and asked, "And do you write, Mr. Wordsworth, as well as your brother?" He replied: "No, madame, not nearly as well." Loyal and yet reckless John—such wit, you see, is dangerous. Too much of it would have made him known for his own sake; we should have lost a member. But John had room to play in. The more celebrated is one's *nominee*, the more license is given one. You see the point, sir. If the fame of one's brother declines, loyalty to our tradition shuts us up.

To our most perfect members, it would be unthinkable to run the risk of expulsion; yet we are energetic, sir, and within our limit, we wish to live. So it is we watch our nominees most closely. We fan their fame, which gives us life; if their fame sinks, we die, as inconspicuously as may be. We'll do the second-best we can; and really, sir, the record, as we look round, is inspiring. Jared, who was *our* oldest member—how well he knew how long he might live, and yet remain our good companion. Those seven years, by which Methuselah eclipsed him—how fortunate they were for us, who loved the not-quite-oldest man's white beard. Our youngest member now is Willie Coogan. One of our strongest intellects is Mycroft Holmes. But boasting, sir, is something we are sparing of. You may be more interested to know our troubles. We nearly split quite recently upon the Sitwells. We have sometimes to look upon a group as one, if they are uncongenial; sometimes we have to look upon one as a group, and make an honorary member of him. There are a number of subtle distinctions, which we practise. For though Society, as we have said, is our election committee, we have means of opening doors, when the committee does not please us. And we have means of shutting them; we do not wish to keep any who are not resigned enough to remain.

What we have said will show you something of the age and spread of *our* Club. We have given you an inkling of its past—of its beginning, of how it sobered down (the many brothers Joseph brought us were an aid in this), of its activity. In great times we are powerful. Napoleon, as you know, was much afraid of us. He tried to bribe his brothers from us by giving them kingdoms; but we had the stronger hold—they could take the bribes and yet remain with us. In narrow times, we are more circumscribed. We have been in durance for some years. Then, by the notable infusion which we have mentioned, it occurred to us to make ourselves, in a corporate way, consanguine with the Three Hours for Lunch Club. And ever since then we have watched you, perhaps more closely than you know. While you are silent, so, perforce, are we. But we rejoice when you are active, for that permits us to be vocal too. Pray keep it up, sir; we are backing the Rialto Theatre, in the hopes that it will give you added fame. You are working, sir, not for yourselves alone, but to preserve us from the threat we fear—the threat of derivative extinction. That thought should give you courage; and if you act accordingly, adding lustre to lustre, we, sir, shall follow in the shadow, pursuing our activities with nearly all our might.

We are, Sirs,
THE BROTHERS CLUB.

P.S. Please fittingly express our love to William Rose Benét.

* * *

Of the author of this manifesto we can only say, as is already being said in London of someone else, that he was born with a silver spoof in his mouth.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

"A South German, who started as a bookseller, earns his living as a writer, would like to be a painter, and makes his home for preference in Italy —such is Hermann Hesse, one of the finest German prose-writers of the day," says the London *Observer*. "His new book, 'Betrachtungen' (S. Fischer) is a collection of essays written during twenty years, some of them war years. Hesse has important things to say — on music, travel, Dostoievsky, Jean Paul, oriental art, Jacob Boehme, Holderlin, and many other subjects, especially war."

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The Last Question of All

ALL lines of thought about literature lead to one ultimate question. It lies at the end of more roads than Rome ever did. Why are we moved so strongly and so strangely as we are by certain simple groupings of a few ordinary words?

Bacon says that the nature of things is best seen in the smallest possible quantities of them. Take, then, some unit or atom of beautiful writing—a line of verse or a sentence of prose that has stirred you uncommonly. It may be Falstaff's "we have heard the chimes at midnight." Or

> The tide of pomp
> That beats upon the high shore of this world.

Or "visited all night by troops of stars," in Wordsworth's poem on Mont Blanc. How comes it that these special sequences of quite common words can take hold of you with a high hand, filling your mind and thrilling it with a poignant ecstasy, a delicious disquiet, akin to the restlessness and the raptures of lovers? When I was an idle boy going to school and discovered the lines, out of Scott,

> But the lark's shrill fife may come
> At the daybreak from the fallow
> And the bittern sound his drum
> Booming from the sedgy shallow,

they made me so drunk with delight that I had to walk up and down empty compartments of trains, saying them over and over again, as incapable as a blue-bottle either of sitting quiet or of ceasing to hum. The adult Stevenson would seem to have been bitten by much the same gadfly when first he read certain verses of Meredith's "Love in the Valley":

> Lovely are the curves of the white owl sweeping
> Wavy through the dusk lit by one large star.

He told Mr. Yeats how he went about whooping the heavenly stuff to the Dryads of the Riviera, "waking with it all the echoes of the hills about Hyères." Everybody must know the sensation. But how to account for it?

* * *

Of course you can easily go a small part of the way towards a full explanation. In the Meredith lines, for example, certain contributory lures and graces are obvious—the engaging "Sing a song o' sixpence," melody, the play that is made with a few picked consonants, winged and liquidly gliding, and the winning way the second line is retarded at its close by the three stressed monosyllables, like a well-mannered horse pulled up by a well-mannered rider. The Scott passage, too, has its taking devices of craftsmanship. There is the deftly managed consonantal chord of *bdf* pervading it, to its advantage. There is the drum-like beat of its main vowels, and the reedy hiss of the successive sibilants to help evoke the picture in the two last lines.

Such devices are not to be sniffed at. They help. They are like jewels and lace skilfully worn by a beautiful woman. But these are not the intrinsic and ultimate beauty of their wearer. The Venus of Melos had none; and some of the most lovely sentences ever written are almost as bare of any applied ornament, anything we can detach and define. The critical analyst has to throw up his hands, almost at once, when he tries to precipitate with his acids the charm of

> Beauty falls from the air;
> Queens have died young and fair;
> Dust hath dimmed Helen's eyes

or of

> She walks in beauty like the night
> Of cloudless climes and starry skies.

The context, of course, counts for something: every gem is the better for a fine setting. But no gem of the first water is made by its setting. These small splinters of perfection in the art of letters would still bewitch us if they had no context at all. As if to prove as much, Shakespeare struck off one of them—

> Child Rowland to the dark tower came,

and left it contextless, to haunt the minds of poets like one of the isolated granules of beauty surviving from the Greek Anthology. For it, too, has the essential gem-like quality—a kind of dazzling unreason, as it may seem at first sight—a power of taking you captive without giving you any materials for a presentable explanation of your surrender.

* * *

If we cannot say why we capitulate thus, we may at least try to fix and describe the sensations that visit us while the charm is at work.

For one thing, we are deeply excited. We are shaken or lifted out of our ordinary state of consciousness. Many of our faculties are, for the moment, enhanced. We feel keener perceptions coming into action within us. We are given the use of more than our normal stock of penetrative sympathy: we feel that we can enter into people's feelings, and understand the quality of their lives better than ever before.

Another effect of the drug is that, while it is acting strongly, the whole adventure of mankind upon the earth gains, in our sight, a new momentousness, precariousness, and beauty. The new and higher scale of power in ourselves seems to be challenged by an equal increase in the size of the objects on

C. E. MONTAGUE

which it is exercised. Living becomes a grander affair than we had ever thought.

A third effect on the mind is a powerful sense—authentic or illusory—of being in the presence of extraordinary possibilities. You feel as if new doors of understanding and delight were beginning to open around you. Some sort of mysterious liberation or empowerment seems to be approaching. You are assured, in an unaccountable way, that wonderful enlightenments, still unreceived, are on their way to you, like new stars that are nearing the point in space at which they will come within the range of our sight.

These sensations may not be defined or measured as closely as doctors measure a patient's temperature, his pulse, and his blood pressure. And yet they are worth describing, if only because you will find that you are also describing something else by the way. The nearer you get to saying just what you feel, when under the spell of great writing, the nearer are you, too, to defining the state of mind and heart in which great things are written.

* * *

That state is not normal. It is not the state of each particular writer "at par." To do great things he has to be far above himself, however high his normal level of thought and feeling may be. Not of Oliver Goldsmith alone among writers might it be said that he "wrote like an angel and talked like poor Poll." Nor need we suppose that Goldsmith himself did any injustice to the normal level of his mind when he failed to shine at the club in conversation with Reynolds and Burke. More probably the angelic music and wit of his best prose came to the birth when he was worked up to an extraordinary state of mental fertility and felicity. More often than not the great writer, or other great artist, when seen and heard in the flesh, is a disappointing figure to innocent persons who seek his acquaintance under the old illusion that the living, breathing man must be greater than his work. Seek not to "see Shelley plain." He may be plain indeed. Tennyson could be a boor, and the inexpressive grunts of Turner are notorious.

And yet this state of pregnant excitement is not a mystery wholly concealed from ordinary people or absolutely excluded from their experience. Almost everyone must at some time or other have found how it feels to be utterly absorbed in the writing of a private letter—how you lose count of time and have no sense of disagreeable effort; how words of a strange rightness come easily into your head and apt quotations drift into your reach; how some scene that you describe becomes more and more amusing to yourself, in recollection, while you describe it; and how at the end you are rather tired and rather happy, and read the thing through and say to yourself that you would never have thought you could do it so well.

That common experience is not different in kind, but only in the degree of its intensity, from an onset of creative passion in a great imaginative artist. Where such an artist differs most widely from the common run of men and women is in his power of inducing that exceptional condition in himself and of working it up to a pitch that for the rest of us is quite unattainable. For most of his time he may seem, and indeed he may be, quite a dull man, a humorless egoist or a trumpeting bore. He may cut no figure at all among the wits and sages of a country house or a bar parlor. But, with a pen in his hand, he can "have a devil" at will, or at least some of the many times he wills it. In a way he is like a car with a quite commonplace basic speed but a remarkable power of acceleration. And in a way he is like those gifted fighting men in whom the manual exercise of combat means to light a wonderful fire in the blood. To them, battle brings ecstasy. They are ravished above pain and fear; and in that temporary trance of exemption from common checks upon fury, and of immunity from common maladies of the will, they can delightedly do and endure things preposterous or impossible in the eyes of cool common sense.

* * *

It is seldom that a great artist has anything new to say about life. The things that touch or amuse him are usually those by which the greatest number of ordinary people were touched and amused before him. The minds of Vergil and Sophocles, Shakespeare and Dante and Goethe seem in the main to have brooded over just those staple themes which elicit less memorable expressions of melancholy from Smith, Brown, and Jones—lost youth and severed friends and disappointed love and the consignment of beauty to dust and the frustration of hopes that once seemed too powerful ever to fail. If a great tragic writer were to arise in England to-day, it is likely that his musings on the perishable splendor of man's fate and the irreparableness of action would take the form most widely prevalent among the more sensitive portion of his countrymen—perhaps an afternoon sense of sad sunshine and overblown flowers, the outlived expectations of a melting empire on an earth that is rubbing its own features down and that moves always more and more slowly round a sun that is losing its heat. The theme would be commonplace. But when the great tragic writer had brooded upon it, then it would have gained the charm of a new and extraordinary intensity.

A great and available reserve of sheer intensity—intensity of perception and of emotion—it is in his possession of this that a great artist differs most deeply from his fellows. In no vague or rhetorical sense of the words, he sees and hears more intensely. Science tells us that what we call a sight or a sound is a product of two distinct forces. As waves break upon a sea-coast, certain undulatory movements that throb through the air break upon delicate shores in a man's eyes or ears. From the beach, so to speak, word is sent thereupon by a nerve to a special bureau of the brain; and, with this material in hand, the brain builds up for itself the song of a lark or the color and form of a rose in a world that, apart from this act of the brain, is utterly silent and dark. So there is no one rose or lark, perceived identically by

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by C. E. Montague

us all. There are as many different roses or larks as there are different brains to make them. The flower or bird of the great artist's make, when his brain is working at its best, is made with an extraordinary concentration of care and delight. It is like a lover's handiwork, done for the beloved, not a journeyman's.

This intense constructiveness of vision goes beyond objects of physical sight. From the construction of single physical things, at the instance of the eye or on the prompting of the ear, it can pass easily on to the vivid framing of their implications: in Blake's much-quoted words it can see the world in a grain of sand, and Heaven in a wild flower. It can go further and build up, always with a passionate relish for what it is producing, a kind of semi-sensuous image of something abstract and vague —the *lacrimæ rerum* of Vergil, life's falling tears, or the Wordsworthian sense of the world's loss of transfiguration as we grow up. But, however sombre the theme, it brings to the artist no grief in the usual sense of the word. For grief disables, and this kind of vision empowers. It has been said that God is a person who feels all the pain there is in the world without being disabled by it at all. And that much of divineness there is in a great artist. When the excitement of writing Macbeth had worked Shakespeare up to the full height and heat of his powers, he saw the frustratory aspect of most people's lives with such intensity of clearness that, if he had not been an artist at work, he might well have thrown everything up and sat down to despair. But the heat of artistic emotion is always convertible into force of the constructive order. So the climax of intensity in this tragic vision brought no incoherent cry of pity or prostration, but the extreme opposite, the passionately perfected design of one of the most famous of the writer's "purple patches":

> To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
> Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
> To the last syllable of recorded time,
> And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
> The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
> Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
> That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
> And then is heard no more: it is a tale
> Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
> Signifying nothing.

* * *

To this super-normal level of impassioned constructiveness a writer, or any other artist, mounts by an ascending scale of interaction between the technical exercise of his craft—the act of word-assorting and writing, of laying on paint, or of modelling clay, and the imaginative effort of penetrating to the essence, the inmost and uttermost significance, of the "subject" before him. You may see a painter start a portrait almost apathetically. He will handle his paint in a commonplace way. He will seem to see no more than you or I can see at a glance in the personality of his sitter. But soon the feel of the paint on the canvas begins to enliven his mind; and the mind thus quickened conceives a livelier curiosity about the creature before him. And then the mind that is piqued with this curiosity transmits in turn a share of its new animation to the working hand, firing it to do feats of swift sureness, summary selection, and eloquent brilliancy beyond its ordinary powers. And so this process of mutual stimulation continues till both the faculties engaged in it are forced up far above their natural human commonness. They rise to a point at which the artist is sometimes said, in the old phrase, to be "inspired."

The phrase may be uncritical. And yet it has a measure of aptness. It does at least convey that a painter or a writer has attained a kind of self-attesting note of authority for which we cannot easily account. His lips may not be touched, but he speaks as if they were. And we listen as if they were, too. Out of some experience not given to ourselves, and not to be easily explained to us, he has emerged with an utterance which we cannot prove to be authentic, but which still imposes itself irresistibly upon our belief and our admiration. Somehow it carries about it an indefinable certificate that it is no skimble-skamble stuff, with nothing behind its façade. There shines through it still the intensity of vision and the immense sincerity of the emotion in which it had its origin.

Think how often you have seen some slippery politician put his hand upon his heart and vow that it is only "for the cause" that he has executed this little manœuvre or that. Nobody minds him. And yet when Othello says, "It is the cause, my soul, it is the cause," you do not merely believe it. You probably feel that never till now have you fully known how appallingly sincere a man may be in trying to remain judicial under a tempest of pain. It is no rare experience, again, to hear someone say that he is dying, and to know that it is true. In such a case you are probably touched by the words, but unless the dying man be a dear friend you will scarcely feel any such surge of emotion as shakes you when Antony says, "I am dying, Egypt, dying." For here you have not merely truth, but truth raised to higher powers of itself; not the simple overshadowing of life by death, but the immensity of tragic import that this obscuration may have for a mind enormously more susceptible to tragic impressions than your own.

* * *

There still remains that ultimate question. In virtue of what do these intrinsically plain arrangements of quite common words carry the germs of a rare and noble fever of the soul from a person long dead to persons living in another age and perhaps at the other end of the world? Is it that, even when masked in print, the written word retains the power of the spoken voice to give a subtle guarantee of its own authenticity, if authentic it be? So that in print, as well as in speech, the same words may stir us deeply in one case, and leave us quite cold in another? Does some intimation reach us that one man has written them with authority, and another only as the Scribes? If so, is the intimation "internal," as we say of literary evidence? Can it be traced in some more elusive quality in the actual words than any that literary criticism has yet marked down? In that passage quoted already,

> Beauty falls from the air:
> Queens have died young and fair;
> Dust hath dimmed Helen's eyes,

is there some delicately expressive quality of rhythm which carries with it the same overpowering effect of momentousness that a spoken assurance sometimes derives, in part, from the modulation of the living voice? Or can criticism only say that by some means which are out of its ken these heavenly lines do somehow convey a state of passionately poignant exaltation from the writer's mind to the fit reader's —and leave us to wonder whether the apparently countless sets of possibly communicative "waves," suspected, but not yet listed, that are said to ripple endlessly about the world, may include a set that enables the passionate stir of one mind to impinge directly on some specially sensitized tissue in other brains, with the aid of no more apparatus than certain verbal memoranda playing a quite subsidiary part in the business?

"What know I?" From this cascade of tough questions I take refuge, for my own part, in the safe old question of Montaigne.

Miss Warner's Maggot

TIME IMPORTUNED. By SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER. New York: The Viking Press. 1928. $2.

MISS WARNER was not introduced to the American public, as most readers believe, with a volume of fantastic prose but with a book of sharp-flavored verse. "Time Importuned," then, will be recognized by the perfect Warnerite as a successor to "The Espalier" rather than to "Lolly Willowes" or "Mr. Fortune's Maggot." The same sparse imagery, much of the vigor, and no little of the earth smell are here, but the interval of three years has occasioned a few changes. The chief difference is one of pitch rather than of key; the rustic note is still to the fore, but it is no longer so broad; the rough country humor, far from being insisted on, is wholly absent. This is not to say "Time Importuned" is a subtler work than its predecessors. Miss Warner's domain, manifest from the first as a definite territory, has always been bounded on all sides by subtlety; it is as prescribed in its limitations as the country of Edith Sitwell or Lizette Woodworth Reese. But, in its borders, Miss Warner's mind ranges with keen gravity. Even the most sombre poems have the flash and intensity of sudden flight. Nothing is pompous or padded in either phrase or emotion; no line bears more than its just weight of color and substance.

This distinction of utterance reveals itself wherever one turns the pages. It points the dark metaphysics of "Triumphs of Sensibility" (especially the third of the sequence), underlines the bitter sweetness of "The Maiden," individualizes the strangeness of "Sad Green" with its lawn-mower

Proof of this originality can be found in the choice as well as the treatment of Miss Warner's subjects. Here (in "The Patriarchs") is a curious projection of Abraham and Jacob from the point of view of the ram; here (in "The Visit") is a portrait of a most respectable, tidy, and, in the end, tedious ghost; here (in "Potemkin's Fancy") is a vaguely phallic evocation of great Catherine; here (in "The Rival") is one of the bitterest as well as one of the most beautiful complaints ever voiced by a farmer's wife against the earth. I quote an (unfortunately truncated) excerpt from the last:

> The farmer's wife looked out of the dairy.
> She saw her husband in the yard.
> She said: "A woman's lot is hard;
> The chimney smokes, the churn's contrary."
> She said:
> "I of all women am the most ill-starred."
> . . . . . .
> "I am grown old before my season;
> Weather and care have worn me down;
> Each year delves deeper in my frown;
> I've lost my shape, and for good reason."
> But she
> Yearly puts on young looks like an Easter gown.
>
> And year by year she has betrayed him
> With blight and mildew, rain and drought,
> Smut, scab and murrain, all the rout.
> But he forgets the tricks she's played him
> When first
> The fields give a good smell and the leaves put out.

Craftsmen will be quick to notice Miss Warner's technical innovations. She is particularly resourceful in her use of the unrhymed line; whether she employs it for a short suspension (as in the verses just quoted) or as an unresolved last line (*vide* "The Arrival" and "Just as the Tide was Flowing"), the interjection of a prose cadence—that most difficult of effects in verse—is enviably accomplished. Still more remarkable and fully as adroit is her combination of assonantal and dissonantal rhymes. Sometimes she combines assonance with interior rhyme, and we have results that are as piquant as they are delightful *via* such couplings as "dust-mustered," "prone-lonely," "head-dreadful," "stripe-disciple." Her dissonances are equally unexpected; she outdoes Wilfred Owen and John Crowe Ransom with these acridly paired syllables: "word-hard," "matter-together," "elms-prams," "patience-acquaintance."

But it is unfair to Miss Warner's other qualities to end with an emphasis on technique. Each reader will find a different quality on which to lay stress: the poet's unusual accent, or her half-modern, half-archaic blend of naïveté and erudition, or her echo of Tudor music which has been a preoccupation with the author, or the low-pitched, but tart tone of voice, like a feminine Thomas Hardy. ("The Load of Fern" and "The Sad Shepherd") might have come out of "Late Lyrics and Earlier." For one reader at least, the difficult choice would lead to the poems already mentioned and two others: "Country Thought" and the little "Song" which may well be Miss Warner's maggot. I quote the first stanza of the former:

> Idbury bells are ringing
> And Westcote has just begun,
> And down in the valley
> Ring the bells of Bledington.

But I have no intention of spoiling the reader's right to his own surprise by quoting the rest of it. And I envy the person who casually comes upon "Walking and Singing at Night," "Country Measures," "Elizabeth," "The Tree Unleaved"—or any of the later ones. Happy the man for whom Miss Warner is a discovery.

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Books of Special Interest

Folk-Songs

AMERICAN NEGRO FOLK-SONGS. By NEWMAN I. WHITE. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1928. $5.

SOUTH CAROLINA BALLADS: WITH A STUDY OF THE TRADITIONAL BALLAD TO-DAY. Collected and Edited by REED SMITH. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1928. $3.

Reviewed by LOUISE POUND

PROFESSOR WHITE'S interesting and important book of 466 pages is not an anthology merely, or even primarily, though it includes innumerable texts. It is a thorough and independent treatment of Negro folk-song, its origins, history, types, and its relation to the poetry of the whites. It is well and sympathetically written and may be accepted at once as authoritative.

Nearly sixty books dealing with Negro song, about nineteen of them by Negroes, have appeared since the beginning of the World War. Some of the better known are Dorothy Scarborough's "On the Trail of Negro Folk-Songs," Odum and Johnson's "The Negro and His Songs," and "Negro Workaday Songs." Alongside these may be arrayed Puckett's "Folk-Beliefs of the Southern Negro" as testifying to the rising tide of present-day interest, on the part of both whites and Negroes, in Negro lore. Of the books concerned with folk-song, that of Professor White is the widest-ranging and the profoundest. He utilizes what has been done by others, subjects the available material to careful examination, and interprets it in a manifestly unprejudiced way. Not the least valuable feature of his work is its fine bibliography.

Of interest are the groups recognized in "American Negro Folk-Songs" as deserving leading treatment. The subdivision fixed upon by the author as most satisfactory is into religious songs, social songs, songs about animals, work songs, songs about women, recent events, the seamier side, race consciousness, and miscellaneous songs.

The author remarks that Negro song constantly and from the first has been influenced by the songs of the white people, much more than current writers on the subject have realized. The whole body of Negro folk-song is shot through, he points out, with unmistakable signs of the influence of a camp-meeting tune or a secular stanza here, a whole song there, isolated lines and phrases everywhere. But it cannot be doubted that Negro folksong assimilated these influences and retained its homogeneity. His rhythms and melodies, fundamentally different from those of the white man, fused what the Negro possessed and what he imitated into a new body of folk-song neither Caucasian nor African. The Negro had to imitate the white man's songs, but he evolved from his imitation a mass of folk-song that is homogeneous, distinctive, and unmistakably his own.

In his "South Carolina Ballads" Professor Reed Smith has brought together the results of his many years of interest in traditional balladry. In the earlier pages of his book he reprints, or presents for the first time, short papers on the topics: ballads and folk-song, dramatic and narrative traits, communal composition and transmission, ballad degeneration, the ballad in literature, and the ballad in America. In the second part appear a small sheaf of English and Scottish ballads surviving in North Carolina and a few songs. The volume adds yet another to the growing collections of folk-song from various localities in the United States. It is pleasingly written and of scholarly character.

The short introductory discussions are non-controversial in tone. Though obviously brought up on older views, the author is open-minded, and he gives his readers probably the most rational presentation at present available of what is left of the old "communal" theory of ballad origins. Nevertheless a few statements seem obsolescent, to the present reviewer. Professor Smith repeats unquestioningly Franz Boehme's affirmation of as far back as 1888 that "in the beginning there was probably no poem that was not sung, no song that was not danced to, and no dance that was not accompanied by song." Students of primitive peoples and primitive poetry no longer believe that the earliest song necessarily or always emerged from the dance or had dance accompaniment. The dictum, too, that the "birth of the ballad was on the lips and heart of the people as a whole" will hardly do for balladry in the mass. After decades of searching, the missing connection between folk-improvisation and the composition of lasting story-songs has never been supplied. Ballads of the type collected by Professor Child, or of any other type having genuine plot and structure and winning diffusion, seems never to be produced by improvisation.

On the other hand, in all literatures, endless ballads that entered into folk-song, gained currency, and exhibited "communal" characteristics, have been traced to individual authorship. That "ballads are born from the people as a whole" is a remark too vague to be worth repeating. The fact is that ballads or narrative songs are "born" in many ways, and they enter into folk-tradition in many ways. Equally obsolete should be the stock distinction, emphasized by Professor Smith, between poetry of the folk and poetry of art. Folk poetry should not be set off against poetry of art, but against poetry of culture, which is not the same thing. The most primitive peoples have their own standards of art, from which they never vary. Even the crudest songs of the most primitive singers conform to the set patterns with which they are familiar.

A New Variorum

THE TRAGEDY OF CORIOLANUS. New Variorum Edition. Edited by HORACE HOWARD FURNESS, JR. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1928.

Reviewed by HOMER E. WOODBRIDGE

ONCE more lovers of Shakespeare have occasion to feel gratitude (with a slight admixture of other emotions) to Dr. Furness. The Variorum "Coriolanus" deserves the praise which has been widely given to its predecessors for enormous and minute learning, infinite patience in the collation of texts and the perusal and selection of comments, and generally sound and conservative—perhaps over-conservative—judgment. It is unnecessary to expatiate upon these qualities, which everyone expects to find in a new volume of the Variorum; they will be found here. It seems more profitable to point out certain limitations or imperfections in this great work of scholarship than to echo the just praises of its merits.

It must be recognized that textually "Coriolanus" offers as hard a problem for an editor as any of Shakespeare's plays. It is written in his highly compressed and difficult later manner; we have no earlier quarto by which to correct the errors of the folio; and the folio text is very badly printed. We must expect then a vast amount of critical debate about proposed emendations and about the meaning of the text. It is proper, too, that the notes in a variorum edition should be to some extent a graveyard of bad conjectural emendations and "happy thoughts" which would not have happened if their authors had known a little more. The tombstones serve as warnings to future commentators. But the notes need not be a necropolis. In his capacity of sexton Dr. Furness seems to me to have been much too generous. By a more rigorous selection he might have considerably reduced the bulk of his book without loss to its usefulness. The point is hard to illustrate, because it would be unreasonable to object very strongly to the inclusion of any single piece of folly on the part of a commentator, and a review has not space for many illustrations. Consider, however, the note on Act IV, Sc. vii ll. 53-55, one of the famous *cruces* of the play.

And power unto itself most commendable
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
To extol what it hath done.

The note begins with a five-line comment and paraphrase by Warburton. It runs on for twelve pages of fine print, in which many emendations are proposed and argued, and various other paraphrases quoted. At the end the editor remarks that none of the proposed emendations has been accepted by more than one editor besides the proposer, and that no one has really improved on Warburton's paraphrase. Would not five or six pages of these bad emendations and less successful paraphrases have served every purpose. Or take the note on Act I, Sc. i line 94, "I will venture to scale it a little more." Unlike Menenius, Dr. Furness does not venture to "scale it." Six and a half pages are devoted mainly to a discussion of Theobald's excellent emendation "stale," which the editor, following the majority, finally accepts. On pages 77-78 Roderick's "rather verbose paraphrase" of a passage in Act I is quoted, the editor remarking that Roderick might have spared himself his trouble if he had first found out the meaning of a word. Do we need a page and a half of notes on Coriolanus's affectionate greeting of Virgilia as "My gracious silence"? Is there any sound reason for including so pointless a remark as this of Stevens: "I lately met with a still more glaring instance of the same impropriety in another play of Shakespeare, but cannot, at this moment, ascertain it"? The right comment on this would seem to be Coriolanus's "By Jupiter, forgot!"—on which, by the way, Dr. Furness quotes an extraordinarily stupid comment by Prolss.

When such specimens of the folly of commentators are amusing, their inclusion needs no defense. Thus Sicinius's question to Virgilia. (IV ii. 24), "Are you mankind?" (i. e. masculine) is interpreted by Leo as a reflection on the lady's virtue, meaning "Are you kind to man?" (i.e. too kind). And Theobald's emendation of Act II, Sc. i, line 231,

Into a rapture let her baby cry

to

E'en to a rupture let her baby cry

with his solemn defense of the change, is one of the bright spots of the commentary. Rarely the editor himself indulges in mild satire. Wordsworth in his edition omits Volumnia's remark about the breasts of Hecuba (I. iii. 43) thus out-Bowdlering Bowdler, who retains it; and the editor comments: "Bowdler was a Fellow of the Royal Society, and of the Society of Antiquaries, and therefore could hardly be as competent a judge as Wordsworth, who was a Bishop, of the concealed impropriety in this outspoken mention of a part of the human body." One wishes that Dr. Furness had given his own opinion more often; he frequently "takes each man's censure, but reserves his judgment." Thus after thirteen pages of fine print on the great *crux* of the play (I. ix. 57-59),

When steel grows soft as a parasite's silk,
Let him be made an overture for the wars,

he offers no conclusion.

The volume, then, owing to the editor's too generous hospitality, includes a great deal that we could well spare in the way of mediocre criticism and futile argument about bad conjectures. A more serious fault, in an edition which runs to over seven hundred pages, is the omission of a good deal which we should be glad to have. Dr. Furness rightly includes Dennis's foolish but typically neo-classic objection to the character of Menenius; but he strangely omits Dr. Johnson's wise retort: "Dennis is offended that Menenius, a senator of Rome, should play the buffoon. . . But Shakespeare is not very careful of distinctions superinduced and adventitious. . . Wanting a buffoon, he went to the senate-house for that which the senate-house would certainly have afforded him." The eighteenth century, however, is in general well represented in the choice of critical comment; the nineteenth century is over-represented. Most of the conspicuous omissions are in the field of recent criticism. We look in vain for Boas's striking observation that Shakespeare's *misrepresentation* of the Roman plebeians is "the most serious falsification of historic fact that occurs in any of the plays purporting to rest on a historical basis." The criticisms in the appendix include no quotations from R. M. Alden, G. P. Baker, Boas, Wendell, or Masefield, though all of these writers give us interesting and rather extended comment on the play; and of the five, only Boas, so far as I can recall, is quoted in the notes. Alden's book, one of the best in its field, is not even mentioned in the bibliography; nor is Stoll's volume of challenging criticism (published in February 1927), which makes brief but provocative comment on the technique of the play. We could spare a good many of the pages consecrated to Gervinus and Hudson, to Mrs. Jameson and Miss Grace Latham, for the sake of representative extracts from these moderns.

These considerations (brought forward, if you like, by the devil's advocate) may serve to indicate the limitations of Dr. Furness's work; they leave almost untouched, of course, its substantial and enduring merits. It remains, like the earlier volumes in the Variorum, indispensable to the Shakespearian scholar.

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A Number of Poets

THE HELL-GOD AND OTHER POEMS. By LOUISE MORGAN SILL. New York: Harold Vinal. 1928. $2.
JEALOUS OF DEAD LEAVES. By SHAEMAS O'SHEEL. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1928. $2.
THE GOBBLER OF GOD. By PERCY MACKAYE. New York: Longmans, Green. 1928. $2.
CREATURES. By PADRAIC COLUM. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1927. $2.50.
NOCTURNES AND AUTUMNALS. By DAVID MORTON. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1928.
THE TEMPTATION OF ANTHONY. By ISIDOR SCHNEIDER. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1928. $2.
TO YOUTH. By JOHN V. A. WEAVER. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1928. $2.
FIRE AND SLEET AND CANDLELIGHT. By ELEANOR CARROLL CHILTON, HERBERT AGAR, and WILLIS FISHER. New York: The John Day Company. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

MRS. SILL'S first volume of poems was published over twenty years ago. She was long associated in an editorial capacity with the firm of Harper & Brothers, and, for the last fifteen years, she has lived in Paris. She is, of course, well known as a translator from the French. As a poet she is not particularly successful, she runs too much to stereotype, her phrase is hardly ever fresh and original. When she writes of tigers and cats, the particular theme seems to rouse her most vivid language. "The Hell-God" (the title-poem) is excellent as propaganda against War, but of no high poetic value.

Shaemas O'Sheel, also out of the past, who now publishes a volume of selections from his two books of poems that appeared respectively seventeen and thirteen years ago, is a far more salient and individual poet. In fact, O'Sheel, years ago, in "They Went Forth to Battle," and "He Whom a Dream Hath Possessed," made two permanent contributions to contemporary poetry. The other poems in this volume of his are less memorable and his revision of "The Light Feet of Goats" does not altogether please us. We liked it better in its original form. There is also a whiff of the earlier Yeats about some of his verse. But O'Sheel's own personality usually controls his sinewy, supple rhythms. His title for his volume is excellent.

Percy Mackaye is one of our older poets who turned some time ago aside from civic masques to study the folk of the Kentucky mountains. "The Gobbler of God" is one such study. This poem of the Southern Appalachians is excellently handled and deserves high praise. The form, the author tells us, is more "speech rhythm than literary verse." However that be, it is successful. The poem is strikingly vivid, the impressionistic colloquialism richly poetic, the fabulous drama holds the attention throughout with the zest of old ballads. This is one of the best thoroughly American poems we have read for some years. Arvia Mackaye has illustrated it excellently.

Padraic Colum is an American poet by adoption, an Irish poet of the first flight. His volume, "Creatures," is delightful and beautiful, dealing as it does with such various beasts and birds as the jackdaw, otters, the little fox, the wild ass, monkeys, macaws, the resplendent quetzal-bird, the bison, the snake, and so on. Boris Artzybasheff's drawings are distinguished embellishments. Colum is a savant of old myths and cultures. He brings to these descriptions of creatures, many of which are familiar to our eyes, a delight in the fabulous. His pigeons are odalisques under an enchantment, his snake a symbol, his wild ass spurns the tombs of Achæmenian kings. Homely reminiscence there is, with the tang of earth upon it, when he relates of the jackdaw, the crows, the asses, but his imagination also kindles at Cuzco's "founts of fire" when he addresses the gorgeous birds of the tropics. One of the most humanly insinuating poems in the book is the one on "Monkeys." It is memorable. Altogether, here is a modern pendant to those fascinating ancient bestiaries, a pendant with its own fabulous glamour and extraordinarily apt descriptive epithet.

David Morton must, by this time, have written his century of sonnets. His latest "Nocturnes and Autumnals" have the same rather pale, dreamy delicacy we have been led to expect from him. We, personally, find his music a trifle thin. We often feel, to quote from the ending of one sonnet of his,

That what lies here, so lovely and alone,
Had had no league at all with flesh and bone.

Sometimes on what he has spoken of as "the thin shallop of a golden grief" we enjoy drifting through the twilight of this poetry to a muted music. But in general we find it enervating. David Morton is a minor sonnetteer given over to revery and occasionally charming us with a turn of thought or phrase. That is as much as we can say.

Isidor Schneider's "The Temptation of Anthony" received much applause when it originally appeared in "The American Caravan." We find his phrase often tortured, though his seeking for original expression is sometimes wildly fortunate. "A city maned with domes," to take one of the descriptions on the very first page, seems to us, however, merely inept. "Domes" could by no conceivable wrench of thought constitute a "mane." His dialogue is unreal; such impressionistic language might be used by gods or symbolic figures, not by human beings, and these are presumably human beings. Still, it may be argued that the characters of Elizabethan drama, for instance, indulged in a rhetoric usually foreign to human speech. In spite of these strictures it is incontestable that here is vigorous writing of epigrammatic originality, involving shrewd insight, deep irony. There seems to us a sour smell to the work as a whole, but the agility of Schneider's analysis is usually worth following. The shorter poems in the book sometimes rise to indubitable lyricism, as in "Pride Song," and along their more uninteresting meanderings phrases that acutely sparkle can be picked up like pebbles. The free verse, one feels, is still not entirely Schneider's own. His cleverness and his clumsiness are about equally divided. But there is pith in him, profusion of language that might be pruned to genuine achievement. As it is, in the course of his longest poem, the attention often "sags surfeited with sword-swallowing syntax."

John V. A. Weaver still writes his best poems "in American." "To Youth" is a new batch from the same oven as always. And it is a good baking. Weaver writes truly and with convincing sentiment of the ordinary American's preoccupation, where Edgar Guest, for instance, writes cheaply and badly. In Weaver's narrative verse we hear the man in the street and his wife and children talking. They convince. Their little concerns take on a certain glory. This is because Weaver brings intellect to bear upon what he hears and sees, as well as a upon what he hears and sees, indulging a maudlin. Weaver does not deal in morals or mottoes. He simply recounts; and manifests his command of colloquial expression. Scholars of the far future who wish to acquaint themselves with our native idiom in the Age of Harding and Coolidge will have to include his books in their research volumes.

Last we come to an interesting triple collaboration. Eleanor Carroll Chilton with her first novel, "Shadows Waiting," immediately demonstrated more than average gifts. Yet she cares more for her poetry, or so we have heard her say. Unfortunately for us we cannot find in her poetry the intense individuality that marked her prose. She is accomplished in the sonnet. She writes good lyrics. Her poems have sincerity, movement, grace. But they do not precisely "startle and waylay." Herbert Agar's "A Year's Burden," subtitled "A Story in Twenty-Two Sonnets," is more arresting. In fact, we have found it the best thing in this dignified book, though Willis Fisher's sequence in "Theology" is also to be mentioned. All of these three poets are undeniably talented and are quite certain to surpass their first flights. Two of them would do better to experiment outside the sonnet for awhile. The very ease with which they find expression in it has somewhat sapped intensity, or so it seems to us.

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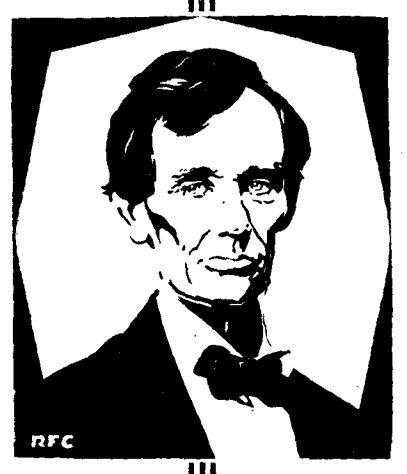

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Foreign Literature

Three Lives

LA DESTINÉE DU COMTE ALFRED DE VIGNY. By PAUL BRACH. Paris: Librairie Plon. 1927.

LA VIE DE STENDHAL. By PAUL HAZARD. Paris: Librairie Gallimard. 1927.

LA VIE D'ALEXANDRE DUMAS PÉRE. * By J. LUCAS-DUBRETON. Paris: Librairie Gallimard. 1928.

Reviewed by CLIFFORD S. PARKER
Columbia University

THE literary historian of the future will undoubtedly regard the group of modern biographies now appearing as one of the notable phenomena of the current decade. The origin, the full flowering between 1925 and 1830, the inevitable decline of this interesting movement will some day be good material for a doctoral dissertation.

Two Paris publishing houses in particular are doing their best to meet the demand for lives of great men entertainingly written. The Librairie Plon has brought out to date at least twelve volumes in the series "Le Roman des Grandes Existences," while the Librairie Gallimard, even more industrious, now numbers fourteen titles in its series of "Vies des Hommes Illustres," with twenty-four more volumes already advertised as "in preparation."

Sadness is the dominant tone of M. Brach's moving story of the poet Vigny, a typical volume in the Plon series. Vigny's life was a series of disappointments. His schooling was unpleasant, as he was a nobleman among plebeians, who, after the Revolution, had nothing but scorn for his aristocratic "de." His military career condemned him to the ennui of garrison duty, for in 1815, when he was eighteen years of age, the cessation of wars denied him the glory to be won by arms. He fell violently in love with the laughter-loving Delphine Gay, who loved him in return; but his worldly-wise mother, actuated solely by financial motives, prevented a marriage. His later marriage with the daughter of an eccentric English millionaire was a disappointment in two ways: his father-in-law disapproved of the marriage, gave his daughter meagre gifts, and at his death disinherited her; and the young wife soon became a confirmed invalid, who absorbed Vigny's cares and gave him no joys. His devoted mother, too, after a paralytic stroke was bedridden for the last three years of her life.

Seeking pleasures outside his home, Vigny fell prey to the seductions of Dumas's friend, the actress Marie Duval, who was amused for a while by his respectful and poetic infatuation; but after she had been his mistress long enough to her taste, her fickle nature asserted itself and Vigny suffered from her infidelities. It is a bit disconcerting to see a man of Vigny's pride and genius so blind to this woman's sensual superficiality; but M. Brach neither idolizes nor minimizes the qualities of his hero. Vigny, despite his renown as novelist, poet, and dramatist, tasted the bitterness of being voted down four times by the French Academy before his fifth candidacy was finally successful. His last illness was painful and pitiful.

There is, of course, another side to Vigny's life. In literature, his refuge and his solace, he achieved great fame; and although his successes made him envious enemies, he enjoyed a first triumph with "Cinq-Mars" and repeated it with his succeeding novels, poems, and plays, especially "Chatterton," called by M. Brach "the best drama which the nineteenth century has produced." Vigny's frequent visits to England were pleasant, and his life as a gentleman-farmer on his estate of Maine-Giraud was not without its tranquil rewards. But the sorrows of his life seemed to outweigh the joys. Of the stoic philosophy with which Vigny met these sorrows M. Brach gives practically no hint.

Paul Hazard's "Stendhal" is one of the best of the Gallimard series. It is pleasurable reading; and it offers a full-length portrait of Stendhal the man. Taking it for granted that his readers are familiar with Stendhal's works, M. Hazard does not discuss their literary qualities, though he does describe the composition of the travel or guide books which Stendhal wrote about Italy.

M. Hazard writes with shrewd humor, kindly sympathy, and keen insight into the disappointed aspirations of a man who, constantly desiring fame, attained it only on the eve of his death; who, longing for friends, pleasures, and excitement, was condemned to years of terrible ennui as a consul in Italy; who had an ideal of happiness that his own morose character and the hazards of his career allowed him to approach only for a few months at a time. The story of Stendahl is a story of frustrated ambitions, unrecognized talent, and of an unscrupulous and iconoclastic temperament clashing with the mechanical routine of a systematized government and the prejudices of a bourgeois and suspicious society. Amusing yet pathetic was Stendhal's effort as a consul in Civita-Vecchia to display laudable initiative, only to be promptly squelched by the home office.

The reader in search of mere biographical and critical facts might better go first to such a book as Edouard Rod's "Stendhal" (1892), a sympathetic account of his life and literary labors. But the bare facts of Stendhal's career are of minor interest. It is through his success in vitalizing these facts, in revealing Stendhal's complicated personality, that the eminent M. Hazard has made his biography a notable contribution to our knowledge of the man Stendhal.

As the readers of "Les Trois Mousquetaires" outnumber those of "Le Rouge et le Noir" and "La Chartreuse de Parme" many times over, curiosity about the private life of Alexandre Dumas *père* should be much greater than about that of Stendahl. One peculiarity of the life of Dumas is that after he became a popular novelist he had in a sense no private life at all. He lived within a circle of parasites, he was never discreet, and his most personal concerns were ever the talk of all Paris. His career was a rich source of choice gossip, even of scandalous anecdotes, and M. Lucas-Dubreton has drawn upon this wealth of material to adorn his tale. As his book is about to appear in English translation, we make no further mention of it here.

* This book is issued in English as "The Fourth Musketeer," by Coward-McCann.

War Novels

DER STREIT UM DEN SERGEANTEN GRISCHA. By ARNOLD ZWEIG. Potsdam: Gustav Kiepenheuer Verlag. 1928.

MICHAIL LYKOW. By ILJA EHRENBURG. Translated from the Russian by H. RUOFF. Berlin: Malik Verlag. 1927.

Reviewed by WALTER KIEN
University of Porto Rico

A FEW books, as "Le Feu," by Henri Barbusse, "Die Letzten Tage der Menschheit," by the Viennese Karl Kraus, "The Adventures of the Gallant Soldier Shwejk," by the Czech Jaroslav Haschek, were truly begotten by that incommensurable experience which followed July, 1914, and reflected subsequent events, not with the mechanical exactness of the statistical report, but in the only forceful human method: by giving a meaning to the incomprehensible. To these two more must be added: "Michail Lykow," by the great Russian satirist Ilja Ehrenburg, a book for unintelligible reasons suppressed in Russia, and, from the German side, Arnold Zweig's "Sergeant Grischa."

The latter, shortly to be issued in this country,* represents a thorough settling of accounts with that institution known as Prussian militarism. The hero of the novel, action of which takes place in Poland in spring, 1917, is a Russian war prisoner, and, as such, the best instrument for indicting the whole system, since war prisoners everywhere ranged lowest in the scale of humanity. If suffering brings us closer to the soul of things, Sergeant Grischa experienced the soul of the Great War. The plot of the book (Zweig asserts that it is not invented) is simple: Grischa escapes from his prison camp and is caught again. According to the law, his punishment should be a few weeks in prison. However, friends give him the identification tag of a dead Russian soldier who had returned from the Russian line to die in his home town, occupied by the Germans. At this time, with Bolshevism spreading in Russia, the German command had decreed that every Russian soldier who after having crossed the front did not report himself within three days, was to be shot. In spite of the fact that Grischa is soon identified, General Schlieffenzahn—the minutely painted portrait of Ludendorff—personally interferes and, for the sake of discipline, has Grischa executed. A conflict of competence, the struggle between different authorities, some of whom are humane and want to save the life of the prisoner, fills more than half the book and affords an excellent opportunity of showing how, by 1917, the machinery of war had become

(*Continued on page 226*)

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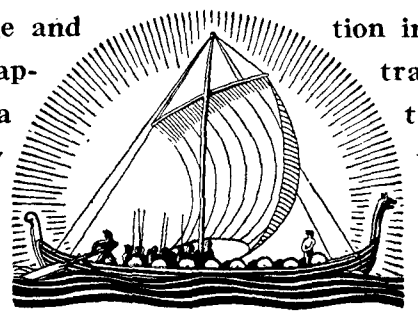

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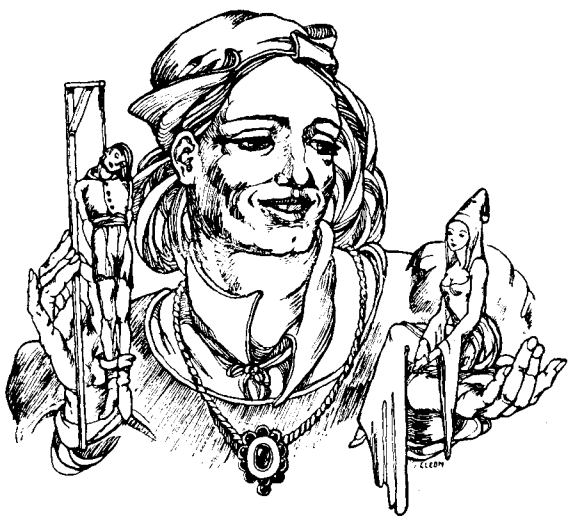

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Foreign Literature

(*Continued from page 224*)

its own justification; how the higher officers, with few exceptions, had learned to use martial law for establishing a system of almost unlimited absolutism, while the ordinary soldiers grew desperate. It is from his regained European point of view that the author—a former German private—explains to his nation the inner meaning of 1918 and what followed after it.

The story as a whole is admirably told, though Zweig keeps frequently too little distance from his subject. He himself figures in the story, and uses no little space to glorify himself, while the book at other times becomes polemical or apologetic. The number of non-essential and, occasionally, unsavory details becomes at intervals a nuisance; the novel would gain in effect by being shortened. On the other hand we find an assemblage of excellently drawn characters, for Zweig has a rare gift for small incidents which bare the very souls and make live the innumerable types that come and go.

While Zweig avenges his soul on a hated mechanism by describing the fate of humble Grischa Paprotkin, Ehrenburg is concerned with the naked soul: institutions shrink under his eyes until they are mere obsessions of human beings. The adventures of Michail Lykow, son of an ordinary waiter in Kiew, distinguished only by his vanity, are structurally similar to those of millions of Russians who chanced to be young when Russia was ripe for the Revolution.

A childhood amidst mud; *coup-de-mains* and poetry, massacres, heroism, lies, fanatical devotion to Lenin's doctrine, illegal business in anything from soap to silk, the end in a prison yard; it takes the 560 pages of Ehrenburg's book to outline Michail Lykow's career. Not one word could be spared. The author forces nothing upon his readers; the events, and the psychological relievo growing under his hands, appear inevitable. The book lives up to its subject. With admirable severity Ehrenburg avoids playing up to the gallery and appealing to our more primitive emotions by indulgence in pictures of blood and flesh. The motto of Artjom, Michail's counterpart, seems his: "Simpler, as simple as possible!" Thus scenes that outstrip the apocalyptic visions are recorded in the style of a medical report which subtle irony exalts into a satire on mankind.

In "Michail Lykow" Ehrenburg has abandoned the quaintness distinguishing his great satire, "Julio Jurenito," and the pathos of his "Stories of the Pipes." Only at the end, after one has gone through this book as through an ordeal, at the catafalque of Lenin (that "most pitiless lover of the world") the satirist uses pathos. Whether Soviet Russia will triumph depends on whether the victory in street fights will be maintained by a future generation's more difficult conquest of its instincts. Ehrenburg bares the prophetic ten of his book when contrasting the powers at work; his finale culminates in the question, "Shall we be victorious?"

The Epic Muse

LE PELERIN DU SOLEIL. By PIERRE GOEMAERE. Paris. 1927.

POETRY, men say, is dying out of literature, but the epic muse is chanting in "The Pilgrim of the Sun." Once opened, the book grips you as Krooh the mighty gripped the great black bear. Such is its spell that the closing words: "And numberless ages opened before *them*," *ring out* as a prophecy of the destiny of this new vein in fiction. The scene is prehistoric, when mammoths roamed the earth, but the interest is intensely human. The story—for this is brilliant imagination and not archæology—tells of the indomitable will of Yram, the plainsman, who would lead his chosen people to the land of the eternal sun. From the opening scene, where he wins by battle the leadership of the river-dwellers, to the last, where he snatches his bride from the clutches of a gorilla, his contagious joy in effort never flags. He fears no enemy; has he not slain the lion and the bear, destroyed the vampires of the night, burned a trackless jungle which barred his march, brought the bisons of the plain to crush the bandy-legged forest hordes who would not accept his proffered peace, and kept alive his own faith in the hearts of his fellows? Yet he knows that mercy toward the conquered is more glorious than victory itself, and thus he wins at last the haughty Yul.

Take him as a forerunner of Moses, as a symbol of human intelligence, blasting its way through every barrier, as knight errant of a never-ending quest, or merely as the hero of marvelous adventure told for its own sake, he will not let you go. Not the least charm of the book is its restraint. Unlike most writers of prehistoric fiction who glory in a language passing strange, M. Goemaere unrolls his splendid narrative with no violence to the Academy dictionary. A child can read him, while the literary epicure will delight in the *curiosa felicitas* of his style.

Drafting the Covenant

THE ORIGINS OF THE LEAGUE COVENANT: Documentary History of Its Drafting. By FLORENCE WILSON. London: Published by Leonard and Virginia Woolf, Hogarth Press. 1928.

Reviewed by JOHN PALMER GAVIT

NO other person, living or dead, is, or was, in so good a position to compile a history of the origins of the Constitution of the League of Nations, as this American, Miss Florence Wilson. Until recently and from its inception she was Librarian of the League of Nations Library at Geneva; she was in every real sense its creator. The selection and collection of that great library of nearly 100,000 volumes of international history, fact, and law were under her almost exclusive direction; under her hand was instituted and grew as nowhere else in Europe the American library system and practice; not only in classification, arrangement, and perfection of equipment, but in ideal facility of access for and coöperation with officials of the Secretariat, working students, and investigators from all parts of the world. About a year ago she surrendered her post, to join at Paris the staff of the European Centre of the Carnegie Endowment.

Her special fitness for the making of this book lies in the fact that Miss Wilson, after many years of distinguished experience in the Columbia University Library, specializing in international relations, was the technical expert chosen to have charge of the archives of the American Peace Commission, subsequently becoming the only woman full member of that Commission. Under her hand fell every document and record of the work of the Commission. At its inception she began the analysis from the original sources, of the Peace Treaty of which the League Covenant is an organic part—in the end, the only permanent part, all the rest subject to it. This book is essentially the portion of that analysis relating to the Covenant. From this outline of her connection with the business the peculiarly authoritative character of this comparatively small book may be taken for granted. It is and must continue to be unique as a source-book for all students of the League.

Here appear the League that is, and the League that might have been; the original proposal to make an organization of the Allies—the Belgian, M. Hymans, suggesting that the honor of founding it should be reserved for those who had won the war. Here stands forth the effort of France from the beginning to create something like a super-state, to control troops and armaments, to create an international police-force to enforce the obligations of the Covenant. Here is disclosed perhaps for the first time the proposal for international agreement to "make no law prohibiting or interfering with the free exercise of religion," which died when the Japanese suggested a pledge in favor of equal treatment of all aliens.

It is all very interesting and thought-provoking, showing how all such international agreements are the fruit of compromise among conflicting interests and psychologies. The remarkable thing exhibited is the astonishing degree in which a real idealism, a real international spirit, survived the debates. Probably it could not now attain so high a plane; the chastening and lessons of the war are not so vividly in mind. Read this Covenant afresh in the light of Miss Wilson's analysis, and then study the outcome of such a gathering as the Congress of Vienna!

Would the League that might have been have functioned better than the League that is? Here is abundant material and light for speculation. Among other things, let admirers and enemies of Woodrow Wilson read here for their enlightenment about the part he played; both will gain discernment. And all readers will visualize a group of great figures,—Wilson, Lloyd George, Lord Cecil, Bourgeois, Smuts, and others less conspicuous, doing a great job, and epochal job.

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The Fall Books

By AMY LOVEMAN

WORDS, words, words! Thousands and thousands and thousands of words! Books, books, books! Dozens and dozens and dozens of books! With each recurrence of the floodtide of publications we feel rise within us the desire to drag out from Bartlett some appropriate quotation (no, no, we haven't the faintest intention of quoting that earliest and oft-repeated observation on making many books) to the effect that "books are a substantial world," or that "the true University of these days is a Collection of Books," and with that blanket indorsement to feel our whole duty done to the publishing grist of the season. But precedent is too much for us; precedent has ruled that publishing seasons produce editorial lists and panoramic surveys of the field of literature. Well, so be it.

But we have found heart of grace. We are mightily cheered. We had almost feared that much reading in many volumes had reduced all books to a conglomerate for us when suddenly we discovered that we could still make distinctions. We could still recognize arrant nonsense when we saw it, and refuse to believe it literature. We mean Gertrude Stein's effusions, of course. Yes, she's at it again—playing with words. We remember that on a day some time ago of which we hope he has repented by this time, Sherwood Anderson went on record to the effect that he had never realized the true beauty of words until he read Gertrude Stein, that reading her was like letting a handful of gems slip through the fingers and watching the play of color in them. Well, judge for yourselves. Here is a passage from her latest work, "Useful Knowledge" (Payson & Clarke):

> At East, and ingredients, and East and ingredients, and East and ingredients and East and East and East and ingredients.
>
> And East and ingredients.
>
> Having never been having never been and explaining explaining having been once having been, having been having never been once explaining once having been having been never having been never having been there.

Is further comment necessary? The publishers are probably laughing in their sleeves, having decided that a little humor is an excellent ingredient (my goodness! we've caught the contagion) of any list. At any rate, they've offset it with one of the important biographico-historical records of the season, Prince Lichnowsky's "Heading for the Abyss" (Payson & Clarke), one of the books which, together with "Memories and Reflections" (Little, Brown), by the Earl of Oxford and Asquith, and the two new volumes of "The Intimate Papers of Colonel House" (Houghton Mifflin), edited by Charles Seymour, all students of the War will wish to read. Lord Asquith's two stout volumes contain much piquant material bearing upon his associates of the war years as well as illuminating comment on incidents of an earlier period, and Colonel House's present matter of large importance. Together with them may be grouped Eduard Benes's "My War Memories" (Houghton Mifflin), William Martin's "Statesmen of the War" (Minton, Balch), and Lord Beaverbrook's "Politicians and the War" (Doubleday, Doran), an outspoken chronicle which should spread confusion in certain quarters.

We've slid into the war long before we intended to—we meant to lead up to it through the pleasant byways of *belles-lettres* and fiction—but now that we are in the midst of its shadows, we'll continue, or retrogress, to its origins and ramifications. For those who are still intent on tracing its sources has just appeared what should be one of the authoritative books in its field, Sidney B. Fay's "The Origins of the War" (Macmillan), while much light on its antecedents should be found in Joseph Redlich's "Francis Joseph of Austria" (Macmillan). Mr. Redlich was for some years in the cabinet of the Hapsburg Emperor and speaks with the authority of an insider. One of the most sensational figures thrown into prominence by the conflict has been given the dignity of a biography in René Fülöp Miller's "Rasputin the Holy Devil" (Viking), while a personality which more and more is acquiring importance as time goes on is given vivid portrayal in Valerius Marcu's "Lenin: Thirty Years of Russia" (Macmillan). Mr. Marcu's book has caused a great sensation in Germany and is produced here with the accompaniment of some striking illustrations. And then there's Mussolini's "My Autobiography" (Scribners), a magnificently egotistical chronicle of the dictator's career and purposes with no mincing of words in regard to those he opposes and no mock modesty as to his own achievements. Devotees of the *Saturday Evening Post* will recognize some of its chapters as having appeared in the pages of that publication.

Well, the war seems to be behind us. Oh, we forgot to mention Halide Edib's book, "The Turkish Ordeal" (Century), which, to be sure, isn't strictly a war book but since it recounts Turkey's struggle for freedom impinges upon it even when not directly dealing with it. Having mentioned it, on the assumption that variety's the spice of life, we proceed to biographies of the followers of the gentle arts of peace. (We're not through with the soldiers and makers of history yet, but for the moment we'll account the pen mightier than the sword.) There's a new life of Tolstoy, who wrote of both peace and war, by Alexander I. Nazaroff (Stokes), and a triptych of Stefan Zweig which pictures, under the title "Adepts in Self-Portraiture" (Viking), Casanova, Stendhal, and Tolstoy, bringing the three into conjunction on the basis of their common egocentricity. The book was published some months ago in Germany but is just now coming out in English translation.

France and her writers come in for attention in Matthew Josephson's "Zola and His Times" (Macaulay), "François Villon" (Coward-McCann-Edwin Valentine Mitchell), by D. B. Wyndham Lewis, who should not be confounded as we in our carelessness (not our ignorance for truly we knew better) allowed our own reviewer to confound him with that other Wyndham Lewis who is the author of "Time and the Western Man" and who has just produced one of the extraordinary works of the season in his "Childermass" (Covici, Friede), a novel, or philosophical treatise, or satire, or whatever you choose to call it; in Francis Gribble's "George Sand and Her Lovers" (Dutton), and in J. Lucas Dubreton's "The Fourth Musketeer" (Coward-McCann), a biography of one of the picturesque personalities of literature, Alexander Dumas. Germany gets her innings in a life of Goethe by Emil Ludwig, whose nimble pen passes from one field to another.

Some thirty years ago Professor Kittredge of Harvard identified a Sir Thomas Malory of Newbold Revel and Winwich as the author of the "Morte d'Arthur," and now along comes Edward Hicks, and having made careful investigation in the Public Record Office of London publishes the first biography of him. The appeal of the book, of course, is primarily to the scholar, but Malory's life seems to have been so colorful a one that even the reader who is in search of picturesqueness rather than information should find it of interest. Another chronicle that combines historical with biographical interest is Dorothy Senior's study of "The Life and Times of Colley Cibber" (Henkle).

To come back from the eighteenth century to the near present. Readers who are on the shady side of forty, and those young enough to regard the late 'eighties and the 'nineties of last century as "quaint," will derive much delight from Booth Tarkington's "The World Does Move," which is shortly to be issued by Doubleday, Doran. Mr. Tarkington writes in mellow spirit and projects against his canvas the picture of an age that though our own has already in many respects passed. His book is one, moreover, that derives quality from being the product of a pen practiced in the art of fiction. Another volume of reminiscences by a contemporary literary figure is Irving Bacheller's "Coming Up the Road" (Bobbs-Merrill), recollections of a North Country boyhood. And finally into the category of books that may in a way be regarded as autobiographical falls Rudyard Kipling's "A Book of Words" (Doubleday, Doran), not ostensibly biographical, of course, but containing so much in the way of opinion and belief as to be in fact a portrayal of its author.

Of making many books on Napoleon (heavens! we've almost slipped into quoting unawares that statement from Ecclesiastes which we assured you in the beginning nothing would induce to repeat) there is no end. Dutton is bringing out in English translation Dmitri Merezkovsky's "Napoleon the Man," a work likely to have much effective description. The other Napoleon is depicted indirectly in "The Tragic Empress" (Harpers), a volume which is in essence an autobiography of the Empress Eugénie, since it is a succession of interviews between her and Maurice Paléologue, who has woven them together into a connected narrative. Students of history should find here a quarry of valuable material while the general reader will discover many piquant details. Among other matter the book contains what Eugénie asserted on the authority of the Empress Elizabeth to have been the true story of the famous Mayerling incident. Another tragic figure of royalty, Marie-Antoinette (Dutton), is the subject of a study by the Marquis de Ségur, while Ludwig of Bavaria finds portrayal under the title, "The Mad King" (Holt) by Guy de Portalès, who not so long ago appeared before the American public as the author of a volume on Chopin.

Speaking of biographies of musical geniuses, there's a new one of Beethoven by Samuel Chotzinoff entitled "Eroica" (Simon & Schuster), and one on Schubert, by Oscar Bie, called "Schubert the Man" (Dodd, Mead). Then that very different type of musician of our own day, Harry Lauder, has written an autobiography that bears the name—well, what else could it be except "Roamin' in the Gloamin'" (Lippincott)? The arts are further represented by the life of the famous French tragedienne, Rachel, by James Agate (Viking), Art Young's "On My Way," a series of observations and comments, and Jules Janin's biography of Deburau, the famous pantomimist (McBride).

So much for the artists. We're back again at the makers and unmakers of history, the rulers, the fighters, the vivid personalities who if they did not in all cases make history at least are history. Behold the array. Elizabeth, as by right the most potent monarch of them all, starts the procession in Lytton Strachey's brilliant volume, "Elizabeth and Essex" (Harcourt, Brace), a work not as highly documented as his "Queen Victoria" but full of keen and searching analysis, pointed statement, and sound information. In her wake—*place aux dames*—follow James the Second, depicted by Hilaire Belloc (Lippincott), in a study sure to be interesting and equally sure to be conditioned by Mr. Belloc's Catholic slant on history, Bonnie Prince Charlie, portrayed by Donald Barr Chidsey (Day), comes next in line, and then the leaders of democracy come into view. Here is Lincoln, despite all that has gone before, envisaged in new garb by Albert J. Beveridge (Houghton Mifflin). Mr. Beveridge's biography, though left incomplete by his death must nevertheless henceforth rank as one of the most important studies of its subject, and as a work which no student of Lincoln or of his period can afford to do without. For the first time the records of Lincoln's career as a small town lawyer and a legislator have been completely combed with the result that the earlier stages of his career appear in a new light. Behind Lincoln come other Presidents, Theodore Roosevelt as the revelations of his "Diaries of Boyhood and Youth" (Scribners) reveal him, Martin Van Buren (Liveright) as Denis Tilden Lynch sees him, Jefferson (Putnam), as Meade Minnigerode has reconstructed him largely on the basis of letters from Citizen Genet, "That Man Adams" (Boni), most vividly and vivaciously presented by Samuel McCoy, John Quincy Adams as he materializes from his Diary (Longmans, Green) which Allan Nevins has edited, and the soldier President, Grant. We stop short here of characterization for honesty compels us to admit that we've seen nothing as yet of W. E. Woodward's "Meet General Grant" (Liveright) but the announcement that it is in preparation. But Mr. Woodward can be trusted to be interesting.

And so we arrive at the personalities who have had their part, if not generally a major part, in the annals of their country. Here, for instance, is that pirate of the land, Jim Fisk, whose manipulations of business and stock netted him a fortune and the country eventually a catastrophe,—here he is shortly to be presented as "Jubilee Jim" (Macmillan), by Robert H. Fuller. Here are biographies of that "roughneck of the Revolution," as the publishers describe him, "Simon Girty: The White Savage" (Minton, Balch), by Thomas Boyd, Frazier Hunt's "Custer" (Cosmopolitan), Chief Buffalo Child Long Lance's autobiography (Cosmopolitan). Henry W. Lawrence's "The Not Quite Puritans"

(*Continued on page 230*)

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The Fall Books

(*Continued from page 228*)

(Little, Brown), "The Making of Buffalo Bill" (Bobbs-Merrill), by Richard J. Walsh and Milton S. Salisbury, Constance Rourke's "Troupers of the Gold Coast" (Harcourt, Brace), and Emanie Sachs's "The Terrible Siren," the chronicle of Victoria Woodhull, who in her day was a sensational personality, an advocate of free love and women's rights, with her sister, the Tennessee Claflin, the first woman operator on Wall Street, and the heroine of adventures marital and otherwise. Here, too, are biographies of Wayne Wheeler (Revell), by Justin Steuart, "The James Gordon Bennetts" (Bobbs-Merrill), by Don Seitz, "Susan B. Anthony" (Simon & Schuster), by Rheta B. Dorr, and the "Hunger Fighters" (Harcourt, Brace), under which head Paul de Kruif has brought together some of those experimenters and scientists whose research, whose faith, and whose enthusiasm have developed the food supplies of the country.

There's another group of biographies which needs enumerating, but which in its titles sufficiently proclaims the nature of its material to dispense in most cases with comment. Included in this category are Helen Keller's "Midstream" (Doubleday, Doran), Jim Tully's "Shanty Irish" (Boni), "Adventures of an African Slaver" (Boni), by Captain Canot, a narrative of much interest and no little grewsomeness, "The Life of General Rogers Clark" (University of Chicago Press), by James A. James, and "William Gregg: Factory Master of the Old South" (University of North Carolina Press), by Broadus Mitchell.

But this is terrible. Here we run on and on and still have advanced not a step from our starting point. We're still writing of biography, while books in every other field are waiting for notice. And yet we can't turn to them until we've enumerated a few other biographical chronicles. But we'll scramble them together for you, without rhyme or reason or other connection than the common bond of intrinsic interest. Oh, but we can't until we've made some special mention of "John Cameron's Odyssey" (Macmillan), transcribed by Andrew Farrell, lest you should know no more than we did until we were told of the amazing adventures of this sturdy Scotchman, who wandered over the seas to find his grave eventually in Japan, and who knew missionaries and traders, cannibals and native kings, and not least among many notable persons, Robert Louis Stevenson. And again we can't go on until we make special mention of Marietta Minnigerode Andrews's "My Studio Window" (Dutton), sketches of the pageant of Washington life. And, oh, yes, pageant reminds us (a plague upon the vocabulary that sends us off on another excursion) that William Allen White has just issued a book called "Masks in a Pageant" (Macmillan), which contains sketches of figures prominent in public life. Then there's Chicago May—but perhaps you don't know about her either, since she wasn't at all the type of person for reputable society, having been known as the Queen of Crooks. Well, at any rate she doesn't mind revealing her past, for she's written her autobiography (someone, her publisher, we think, has told us that she's living in retirement in Chicago), and the Macaulay Company are publishing it.

This time we really thought we could begin merely to enumerate, but now we are confronted with Rachel Annand Taylor's "Leonardo the Florentine" (Harpers), a book so vivid in its portrayal of not only the artist, but his period, that even though it is overwritten it simply must have special mention. And we must add to the title of Philip Guedalla's new book, "Bonnet and Shawl" (Putnam), the statement that it contains vignettes of the wives of prominent British nineteenth century statesmen. But now we really are determined to stop talking of biography and to end this section with that list we've been speaking of. Here it is, and it isn't any disparagement to the volumes on it that we're giving them nothing more than their titles. "According to the Cardinal" (McCrea-Smith), rollicking chronicles of Touchard Lafosse of the Court of Louis XIII (my, my, but we are incorrigible; here we are at it again, amplifying); "The Chevalier Bayard" (Century), by Samuel Shellaberger; "Sir Martin Frobisher" (Harpers), by William McFee; "Diplomacy and Foreign Courts" (Sears), by Meriel Buchanan, and "Letters of Mary Nisbet, Countess of Elgin" (Appleton). And now that we are at last through with biography we find that we have forgotten to mention one of the most scholarly and important of the historical biographies, John Buchan's "Montrose" (Houghton Mifflin). There! There! There! We're through with biography.

Yet we're hardly out of the morass, for here is history, first cousin to biography, treading upon its heels. We've subdivided that as logically as we could by grouping books that seemed to bear some direct relationship to one another together. Into our first division fall Georges Clemenceau's "American Reconstruction" (Dial), not a recent work, though now first appearing in book form, but a collection of articles written during the years 1865-1870, recounting American political struggles for the Paris *Temps;* a compilation entitled "Recent Gains in American Civilization" (Harcourt, Brace), edited by Kirby Page and presenting interesting surveys of various aspects of American national development; John Carter's "Conquest" (Harcourt, Brace), a chronicle of America's "painless expansion"; a study of "The Philippine Islands (Houghton Mifflin), by their former Governor General, Cameron Forbes; George Lyman Kittredge's forthcoming "Witchcraft in Old and New England" (Harvard University Press), which should be as interesting as it certainly will be a scholarly book; "Pieter Stuyvesant and His Times" (Holt), by Hendrik Willem Van Loon; "The Story of Virginia's First Century" (Lippincott), by Mary Stanard Baker, and Charles Warren's "The Making of the Constitution" (Little, Brown).

There's a group of books on British history that is of importance, including the two-volume "History of British Civilization" (Harcourt, Brace), by Esme Wingfield Stratford, a panoramic survey of great interest; Cyril E. Robinson's "England" (Crowell), more of a reference work, and Philip Guedalla's "The Palmerston-Gladstone Correspondence" still to come from the press of Harpers.

Count Egon Cæsar Conti, whose "Rise of the House of Rothschild" aroused much interest, has now followed that first volume with a second entitled "The Reign of the House of Rothschild" (Cosmopolitan), and Marcus Eli Ravage has written a work that should be interesting to read in conjunction with it—"The Romance of the Rothschilds" (Dial). There are two French histories, also, that demand mention, "A Short History of the French People" (Macmillan), by Charles Guignebert, and "The Story of France" (Scribners), by Paul Van Dyke.

What might be called cultural history is represented by "Whither Mankind?" (Longmans, Green), a Book-of-the-Month selection that should provide much interesting reading for the winter months. It is a compilation, edited by Charles A. Beard, which takes up different phases of the activity of mankind and discusses them with authority and illumination. Another work of large importance which is certain to command wide attention, though it may frequently arouse lively opposition, is Oswald Spengler's "The Decline of the West" (Knopf), the second volume of which is just appearing. To this group may be added Harry Elmer Barnes's "Living in the Twentieth Century" (Bobbs-Merrill), Edward K. Rand's "Founders of the Middle Ages" (Harvard University Press), and the two volumes announced in Knopf's series, The History of Civilization, "Greek Thought," by Leon Rodin, and "The American Indian Frontier," by William Christie McLeod.

We're working our way slowly but surely toward fiction and belles-lettres, but we must still stop on the way to mention three volumes that have value for the student of international affairs. These all have to do with what Mr. Arthur Ruhl once called "the other Americans" (though not with the South Americans to whom he was specifically referring at the time.) They are Mr. Ruhl's own "The Central Americans" (Scribners), Ernest Gruening's "Mexico and Its Heritage" (Century), and J. Fred Kippy's "Mexico" (Chicago University Press). And now we've got the decks clear for fiction, poetry, musings, whatever is to come. "Authors—essayist, atheist, novelist, realist, rhymester, play your part."

To begin at home, with the fiction depicting the American scene. DuBose Heyward has a new novel, "Mamba's Daughters" (Doubleday, Doran) which plays as did "Porgy" in Charleston and reintroduces much of the general setting and spirit of that excellent book. Julia Peterkin in "Scarlet Sister Mary" (Bobbs-Merrill) confines herself again as in "Black

(*Continued on page 242*)

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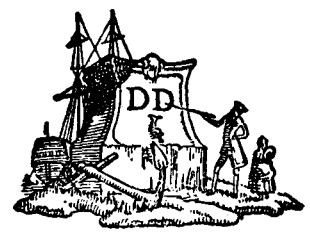

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Some Post War Impressions

By GEORGE GORDON
Oxford University

I SHOULD like to recall, before I go further, the extraordinary post-war scramble of various interests and activities in England for public attention and public money: literary, artistic, religious, scientific, and educational interests all clamoring and competing with one another, and all converging on one point:—their right to an increased, and indeed an almost infinite share in national esteem, and, what necessarily followed, to a first claim on the conjectured contents of the public purse. It was an unseemly scramble, on which none of the interests involved can now look back with any pleasure. The War was hardly over—many of the soldiers had not yet returned—when it became apparent that it had been won by everybody. The chemists and the physicists had won it; therefore, let laboratories be unlimited, and down with Greek! The Public-Schoolboy had won it: therefore, hurrah for the playing-fields, and why change anything? The Working Man had won it; and this was nearer the truth than the majority of these assertions; but the conclusion, Down with Capital!, seemed hardly just. It was won, also, by Religion and the Church, and chaplains were forthcoming, familiar with the rest-camps of Étaples and Rouen, who testified to the extraordinary piety of the British private soldier, as evidenced by his readiness to sing hymns in mid-winter in warm huts which provided hot coffee. A religious revival was accordingly predicted, which was to make England a better place as well for churchmen as for heroes, and we were asked to subscribe the means for sustaining it.

❧ ❧

There were also our War poets, some of whom, but not all, were good soldiers. Could not Poetry, and Literature generally, make something out of that? For several years Poetry did very well out of it, and sheltered, under a banner on which the romantic name of Rupert Brooke was rightly and honorably inscribed, a considerable number of young or youngish poets who had never known a foreign field, and were better acquainted with the book-market than with either soldiering or civics. There was also, answering the scientists, the ancient claim of the Classics; and anecdotes were told of young officers who could produce, if required, weather-beaten copies of Horaces and Homers which they had carried everywhere about with them, and even read in what were loosely called "the trenches." But they in turn were shouted down by the far larger number of officers who had carried into action India-paper Shakespeares, or Shelleys, or Keats. It used, in the old days, to be a copy of the Bible in which a bullet had miraculously embedded itself; but our pocket-companions are grown secular, like the age. I would be the last to throw discredit on these stories, or on the devotions which they reveal; only, I was never happy enough to share them. I am one of, I fancy, a considerable number of ex-infantry officers who made just the contrary discovery: how easy it was, in such a scene and in such company, to exist, and live fully, without reading at all. Literature fell into place. The book-worm, indeed, was almost the only kind of creeping thing which I have no recollection of meeting during my service in this country and in France.

My first reflection, therefore, is that Literature, however valuable, is not a necessity of life.

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I have sometimes wondered, none the less, how persons bred to reading and the life of books, should have done so well without them for four years. For my own part, to be honest, I never missed them. The chief reason, I suppose, is that books are not, in fact, an independent world at all, but in most of their forms are a kind of shorthand for multiplying experience. If your own experiences are new enough and full enough, you hardly need books. Literature is so powerful and splendid a thing, it is or can be so entrancing, and reading is so much a habit, that we are in danger of forgetting our natural independence of it. Have we not our five senses, and is not the world before us? Only two can be employed in reading, and for the most part, nowadays, we employ only one. I should like to advocate occasional periods of fasting from all literature, and a more resolute and direct reliance, for imaginative experience, upon ourselves. The mirror of our minds would be clearer if for a month now and then no writer breathed upon it, and we should be fitter, when we returned, to compare his finished and printed experience with the raw material of our own. We should really have some experience which we knew to be our own, and our reading would take a livelier character.

No book was ever the same to two readers, or remains the same to any one reader for any great length of time. Books change, like places, because we see them differently, and many of them changed very abruptly with the War. Not all our pre-war favorites survived the cataclysm; I know that mine, at any rate, took some shocks. There was a shifting of values, among books as among men, from which some are only now recovering, and from which some, perhaps, will not recover in our time. The weaker sort of romantics, who were very near the grave when War broke out, the long-haired men, dropped plumb out of sight as useless, and all the little loungers and conceited triflers of literature, the foolish egotists and poor leavings of Art-for-Art's-sake, dropped unregretted with them. Even Stevenson suffered for the moment, as a weakling who had played at adventure. "C.3," I heard him called, in a brutal mood, by somebody, and thought it the shortest and harshest criticism on record. Yet I knew what was meant, and that it was not all a matter of lungs. Of the eminent English writers of the past who still suffer, the greatest, I think, is Thackeray. Something flimsy and a little tawdry in the composition of the man, perhaps,—some flaw in sentiment—was then unmercifully found out, and still troubles the sadly-diminished number of his readers. Dickens, on the contrary, with Charles Lamb and Dr. Johnson, all the honest and hard-working men, never budged, but, like Shakespeare, seemed to thrive and luxuriate in any circumstances. For Shakespeare, I suppose, the War was a triumph; we had not known how true he was, or how English, before. He was so true that we could less than ever keep him to ourselves, but must share him, even then, with our enemies. I found in 1917, in a recently-occupied German dug-out, a carefully-marked copy of "Henry V" in English, with the German officer's name on it. He had chosen those passages which exhibit so well the grumbling heroism of the English soldier, and showed that he knew what he was about by writing at the end that it was the best soldier play in the world.

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Of the shocks to my own reading I will mention only one. Among the half-dozen books that I knew and liked best before the war was Stevenson's "Travels with a Donkey," and I remember still the pleasing rustle of expectation with which I opened it one day in 1919, after long separation, and settled myself to read. I got a very little way. I never reached, in fact, even the charming dedication to Sidney Colvin. I was transfixed by the Frontispiece. This is a picture drawn for Stevenson by Walter Crane, and depicts, in the old woodcut manner, the various stages and modes of that somewhat befrilled, but still romantic journey. It is pretty enough; but what pinned me and kept me staring was the foreground, in which Stevenson is represented, under a setting sun, in a fur-lined sleeping-bag and with a Balaclava helmet on his head, peacefully smoking, in a recumbent attitude under a tree, and evidently preparing for a night's sleep. Nothing wrong so far. I do not even complain of the revolver lying by his side. A romantic actor must have his playthings, and must pretend there is danger even if there is none. What held me was not Stevenson, but the donkey: Modestine, tethered a few yards off to a beech-tree, and against all the laws of travel, and even of human mercy, with the heavy pack-saddle still fastened to her back, and evidently intended to remain there all night. I suppose it was a little ludicrous of me—I think so myself now, and have almost, though not quite, got over it—but when the enormity of these arrangements dawned on me I put the book down, and turned with impatience from the reminiscences of a traveler, however romantic, who did not know the decent elements of his business. That Crane drew it and not Stevenson was no defense, for Stevenson passed it; and indeed it seems confirmed by the narrative. I tell this story at length, because it illustrates an unexpected effect of army service. I must have looked at that picture fifty times before without seeing anything wrong, and never *should* have seen it, or given it a thought, if I had not been drilled in the rudiments of how to treat pack animals on the march.

But I am constantly finding that some experience of the war enlightens, or shows up, my reading. Even for a peaceful man of letters, as Gibbon found, it is worth while to have been for a time a soldier.

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The effect of the War on the reputation of dead writers is easier to speak of than its effect on the living. On all our English writers past forty years of age, the War came with stunning force. Many of them, at first, could hardly be brought to understand, especially the more successful of them, accustomed to addressing a national audience. If one wrote something, they seemed to think, in one's very best style, and got all the other writers with large audiences to sign it, surely something could still be done. There was actually a literary album produced, full of gush and rant, and signed by these people, in December 1914, for presentation to the King of the Belgians. It was apropos of this performance, which he had been asked to support, that the late Sir Walter Raleigh wrote one of his best and shortest letters. "Dear Sir," he replied, "the best present to give to the King of the Belgians is Belgium. Two of the men of this household are at the front, and the third is drilling. Yours truly." Words, it soon became clear, had gone down in price, and presently the authors fell silent. A gloom descended on the fraternity; they felt that they didn't matter, and some of them could hardly bear it. The good ones got over it and did their duty, whatever it was; the conceited ones sulked; but some have never quite recovered from the awful suspicion of that time, the suspicion that literature was futile. The same agony of doubt was suffered by French authors, and with far more reason, after the Franco-Prussian war. A whole race of writers was broken then—Michelet, Flaubert, etc. They ceased to believe in what they were doing—"Flute players," cried one of them, "drowned by the trumpets!"—and threw down his pen. Since England became a nation we have never endured so bitter an experience as that; but even as it was, the confidence of authorship was torn. With most of our writers already established and set in their ways the war dealt hardly.

I was looking the other day at that well-known cartoon of Max Beerbohm's which depicts the English literary world before the war. Robert Louis Stevenson is represented in it as returning from the Shades, and as accompanied on his tour by certainly the best of all possible *couriers*, Mr. (as he then was) Edmund Gosse. Stevenson, lean, long-haired, and velvet-jacketed, regards with a faint romantic interest a group of figures which fill the rest of the picture, in all the various attitudes and gesticulations of the platform. We recognize them at once: the short stumpy figure of Mr. Wells, looking as if he had stolen another man's head; the easy provocative figure of Mr. Bernard Shaw, cocking his red beard (it was still red) at the world; the Gallic form of Mr. Belloc, exuding eloquence and force, an English Mirabeau; the melancholy-eyed exile, Mr. Yeats; and behind them all, towering like a figure of Velasquez, the massive shape of Mr. Chesterton, in ulster and pince-nez—all waving their hands, and gesticulating, and propagandizing to their heart's content. Mr. Wells has a tub to stand on, out of deference to his size; but Mr. Chesterton is his own tumbril. "Very interesting," says Stevenson, "Very interesting indeed; but show me now your men of letters." "These *are* our men of letters," said Mr. Gosse.

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They still are, I am glad to say, all of them—but you can understand what it meant to some of them when the war blew up their tubs, and stole their audiences. For they had all turned publicist together. They are none of them now quite the men they were, and not merely because they are older, but because something then happened to them, and because the world is different. Their stride was broken, and the race-course now has other obstacles and younger hurdlers.

I think, on the whole, that England has improved, and that the books now being written on any subject I am acquainted with are better written, and better books, than in the corresponding period before the war. Scientists and philosophers are writing once more with the skill and elegance of men of letters, and men of letters have widened their outlook, and are reading and taking account of what science and philosophy have got to say. Half the novelists and poets of England—of the writers who matter—are curious about scholarship, or deep in psychology and anthropology. It is a remarkable change, and can do nothing but good. There was a time before the War when Literature was at feud with all the specialists, and when all the specialists suspected Literature. Our novelists and essayists and men of letters generally affected to despise learning, spoke loudly of Mr. Dryasdust, and used "scholarly" and "scientific" almost as terms of abuse. The scholars and scientists not unnaturally retorted, and any one of their number who wrote a better style than usual ran the gravest possible risk of having his work described as "literary." I say risk, because if a colleague had said it of him he would have understood at once that he had been insulted. It was a lamentable division of the republic of letters—not peculiar to England—and I look upon the signs that the division is being healed as among the most encouraging of the present time. A *sincere* reconciliation might turn our still hesitating and rather bewildered age into one of the great decisive ages of history.

The scientists have certainly done their part; if better writers exist than Sir James Frazer or Professor Eddington when they are writing at their best, I should like to have their names. I select at random from Professor Eddington's recent book, "Stars and Atoms," these sentences on Light:—

> It is one of the most curious discoveries of modern physics that when a light-wave is attenuated by spreading, what it really suffers from is laziness rather than actual loss of power. What is weakened is not the power, but the probability that it will display the power. A light-wave capable of bursting an atom still retains the power when it is attenuated a millionfold by spreading; only it is a million times more sparing in the exercise of the power . . . The property here referred to (the quantum property) is the deepest mystery of light.

Or take this on the Interior of a Star:—

> We can now form some kind of a picture of the inside of a star—a hurly-burly of atoms, electrons, and ether-waves. Dishevelled atoms tear along at 100 miles a second, their normal array of electrons being torn from them in the scrimmage. The lost electrons are speeding 100 times faster to find new resting places. Let us follow the progress of one of them. There is almost a collision as an electron approaches an atomic nucleus, but putting on speed it sweeps round in a sharp curve. Sometimes there is a side-slip at the curve, but the electron goes on with increased or reduced energy. After a thousand narrow shaves, all happening within a thousand millionth of a second, the hectic career is ended by a worse side-slip than usual. The electron is fairly caught, and attached to an atom. But scarcely has it taken up its place when an X-ray bursts into an atom. Sucking up the energy of the ray the electron darts off again on its next adventure. I am afraid the knockabout comedy of modern atomic physic is not very tender towards our æsthetic ideals. The stately drama of stellar evolution turns out to be more like the hair-breadth escapades on the films. The music of the spheres has almost a suggestion of—jazz.
>
> And what is the result of all this bustle? Very little. The atoms and electrons for all their hurry never get anywhere; they only change places.

It might be an allegory of human life. Science, in such hands, obviously ceases to be impersonal without ceasing to be true, and enters the region where science and art join hands.

There are signs, indeed, that the work of some of the great scientists will be analyzed one day as we now analyze great poems. For it is a mistake to suppose that the rigor of science debars the expression of personality; the theories of Clerk Maxwell, to take an English example, bear the stamp of his personality as ineffaceably as "Paradise Lost" is stamped with the character of Milton. Even to-day, among physicists, he has a magical name, and his disciples will speak of him as one who speaks of a poet or a saint. I quote Ludwig Boltzmann, a scientist of Vienna:

> As the musician recognizes Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, by the first bars, so the mathematician could distinguish his Cauchy, Gauss, Jacobi, Helmholtz, after a few pages. Highest external elegance, sometimes a rather weak frame, characterizes the French; highest dramatic power the English, Maxwell before all. Who does not know his Dynamical Theory of Gases? First the variations of the velocities are developed majestically; then from one side the equations of state fall in, from the other the equations of central motion; ever higher surges the chaos of formulae; suddenly the four words resound: 'Put up n-5.' The evil demon V disappears—as in music a wild bass-figure, that so far has undermined everything, is suddenly silenced. As by a stroke of magic what seemed insuperable falls into order. There is no time to ask why this or that substitution is made; who does not feel this may lay the book aside. Maxwell is no programme musician who must give explanations to his notes.

I am no scientist; I wish I were. But

(*Continued on page 236*)

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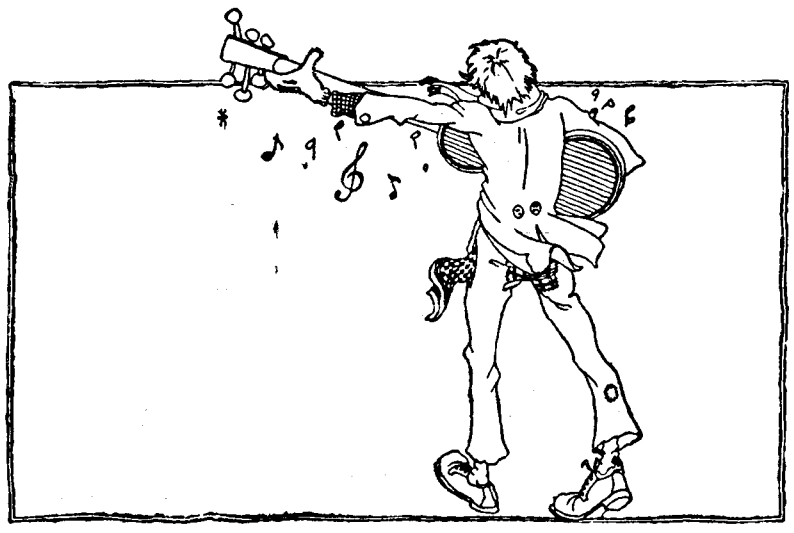

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TANCE ROURKE

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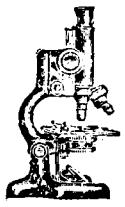

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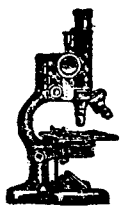

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Points of View

On American Poets

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

As a fact I note with interest Christopher Morley's comment on the following extract from Lord Oxford's "Memories and Reflections": "July, 1922. Dined at Grillion's. There was a discussion, in which Fisher, Gosse, and others took part, as to whether there was any good American lyric poet since Poe. The general opinion appeared to be in the negative."

"I wonder," comments Mr. Morley, "whether any of the members of Grillion's had really read enough of recent American verse to form any opinion. Whether (to take only one random example) Lord Oxford himself had even heard of a shy American poet who lived in Oxford for years—Louise Guiney. But the little note is so heavenly in its Olympic simplicity, in its various connotations to any severe student of international humours, that I would not for anything have it otherwise."

With all due respect to Mr. Morley I feel that his comment is of somewhat Olympian simplicity.

Lord Oxford was and Mr. Fisher is a very busy man, and it is a matter of surprise to me that either found time to display an interest in modern poetry at all. We should not, therefore, expect a wide acquaintance in them with the matter in hand. But in point of fact Lord Oxford was, I believe, tolerably well informed in modern English and American letters. He was one of the few Prime Ministers of Great Britain in modern times at whose house artists—and particularly men of letters—were to be found. And when he went visiting he seems especially to have favored houses in which the conversation was flavored rather with the arts than with the stables or the Stock Exchange. Such a house existed outside Oxford—a house which I may say is the scene of famous novels by D. H. Lawrence and by Aldous Huxley. Lord Oxford was a constant visitor thereat. The last time I saw Lord Oxford at this house, there were numbered among the company E. M. Forster, Lowes Dickinson, Roger Fry, Aldous Huxley, etc. It is probable that Lord Oxford was a great deal better informed on these matters than appears from a casual entry in his private diary. That capacious mind retained what was uttered in its presence, and I have no doubt the subject of modern American letters and particularly poetry—much discussed during and just after the war—must have cropped up and that Lord Oxford took a mental note of the recommended artist and acted on it. He does not, you will note, state what part he took in the discussion at Grillion's. He states "the general opinion was," etc. As to Miss Guiney's verses, I grant it doubtful whether Lord Oxford had ever heard of them. Few persons have. And it doesn't matter. She is so minuscule. With Sir Edmund Gosse I was tolerably well acquainted. I remember his asking me for the names of new American poets on my return from the United States in 1919. As far as my memory serves, I was only able to supply him with some four or five names unknown to him, the most important of them being Edna St. Vincent Millay's (then just beginning to come into her own), and that despite the fact that I had taken all available advice, not only from heads of English Departments in U. S. universities, but from poets of several different cliques in the States.

The point I want to make, however, is not so much in reference to these "Olympians" as to the phrase "any good American lyric poet since Poe." The question is, I think, a question of the scale by which these "Olympians" are and were accustomed to judge the importance of poetical figures. Nothing has surprised me more (in connection with things literary) in my residences in the United States (totalling over two and a half years) than the extraordinary lack of appreciation of Walt Whitman and Edgar Allan Poe as *world figures*. This lack of appreciation of these poets as world figures is perhaps natural, since the native American does not see them against any background but his own and that is, compared with the background of the European, small in area and singularly lacking in variety and richness (a misfortune now in process of repair at an unexampled pace such is the vigor and variety of contemporary American life). No person at all a close student of nineteenth century American and English poetry could, I think, possibly deny that Whitman and Poe were the most original poets of the century. The influence they have had on form has been enormous not only in the United States and in England, but all over Europe (more perhaps in Europe than in the United States and in England). These were, in the phrase of the "Olympians," "good American lyric poets." When we think of these poets on this side of the water we think of them as sharing Parnassus with such figures as Victor Hugo, Verlaine, Browning, Swinburne, Spitteler, Carducci, Jacobsen, etc. And my contention is that there have, in point of fact, been no American lyric poets on this scale—with the possible exception of Edgar Lee Masters (who is one of the least "lyrical" of lyric poets)—since Whitman and Poe, and that such being the scale of "good" (in reference to U. S. lyric poets) employed by the "Olympians" in their "simplicity" the "Olympians" were perhaps not altogether so "heavenly" in their "Olympic simplicity" as Mr. Morley takes leave to suppose. Olympians, you see, think in terms of Olympians, and their "good" means what is "good" in Olympus, a taller mountain than Murray Hill or even Parnassus itself.

No one can, I think, dispute that, with the possible exceptions named, there has been no American lyric poet on the scale of Whitman or Poe since Whitman or Poe. Let me run over some names—Vachel Lindsay, Amy Lowell, William Ellery Leonard, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Ezra Pound, T. S. Eliot, Carl Sandburg, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Robert Frost, William Rose Benét, Elinor Wylie, Stephen Vincent Benét, Arthur Davison Ficke, E. E. Cummings, Léonie Adams, William Carlos Williams, Wallace Stevens, Robinson Jeffers, Conrad Aiken, Marianne Moore, etc. Among these I can find none whose work can compare with that of Whitman or Poe (I insert Whitman because this broadens the argument), and none particularly with Poe—though Vachel Lindsay, Edwin Arlington Robinson, and Robinson Jeffers are, in their various manners, of timber in some respects comparable with Walt, though not his equals in stature. In so far as pure music is concerned, no American poet (or for that no English since perhaps Walter de la Mare, an acknowledged Poe enthusiast) has begun to approach Poe. In the above list I note only Léonie Adams and Conrad Aiken who might just possibly attain to such music (I didn't say such poetry) as is to be found in Poe's "Sleeper."

Nevertheless I firmly believe such lyric poets soon will be. I know one American poet whose work has not yet appeared in print who (with luck) may attain to something of the stature, I will not say of a Poe or a Whitman, but of a Thomas Hardy (as poet). His name is Leroy Mcleod. I hope that Mr. Morley and the frequenters of the Bowling Green will keep a sharp look-out for him.

ROBERT NICHOLS.

Winchelsea, Eng.

Illiterate Critics

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

A. C. Hales writes to you to the effect that critics of fiction, with barely enough exceptions to prevent every critic from feeling that he is personally attacked, are illiterate: they generally try to read the books they review, but they do not know how to read successfully enough to get the sense of a work well written in good, ordinary, clear English style. No doubt the general opinion will be that Mr. Hales has exaggerated. In support of his thesis I desire to cite the leading case of Ambrose Bierce's panther.

A few years before Bierce's disappearance and presumed death, a collected edition of his works was issued, and all the critics lent a hand to boost him and boom him. The first volume was "In the Midst of Life," and the most striking story, the one that most of the critics selected for special mention, was that of the pioneer who, while watching beside his wife's body, fell asleep until a panther jumped in at the open window and mangled the body. But the touch that gave the story its special Bierce quality was that the woman had not been actually dead and had come back to life and consciousness at the moment when the beast seized her, and that the loving care with which her husband had prepared the body for burial had tied her down so as to make her a helpless victim when she might otherwise perhaps have saved her life by resistance. Bierce brought this out effectively by putting at the end of the story a succession of conclusive proofs, the first of them such as a casual glance might have missed the significance of, but last of all a proof whose significance could not be missed by anybody who read the words without absolute inattention.

Of the reviews that mentioned that story, I do not think I saw a single one which did not positively intimate that the beast mangled a lifeless corpse. Is Mr. Hales so far wrong?

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

Ballard Vale, Mass.

"Thee" and "Thou" Again

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Mr. M. G. Van Rensselaer is incorrect when, in his letter with regard to "plain language" in *The Saturday Review* of Sept. 29th, he declares that "no member of this sect ever did say 'thou.'" On the contrary, the incorrect "thee" as a substitute crept into Quaker speech at a comparatively late date, a slovenly mistake which was, I think, disliked by many. Somewhere in "Hugh Wynne" Weir Mitchell, who seems to have been careful as to speech and setting, makes his hero comment on what was then a vulgarism. As I write, I have before me two "letter books" of Thomas Richardson, an eighteenth century Friend, who was at one time Treasurer of the Colony of Rhode Island. The correspondence is full of "thous." For instance, the very first clause of the first letter, one dated "7th mo 23d 1737" runs, "I have given thee cs for the £20 thou paid me when last in town"; the first clause of the last letter, dated "1st mo 28th 1761," runs, "I suppose thou prety often sees my cousin Rebeckah." Abigail Robinson, of Newport, writing in 1794, says, "I wish my dear sister thou would take no thought about supplies for our child." W. T. Robinson, of New York, writes in 1828, "I think thou would better come down with it" (wool). It is to be noted that while the "thou" stands, the second person singular ending of the verbs is either dropped or changed. My grandmother told me that her father (1796-1879) employed "thou" in more formal speech and writing, but used the less correct pronoun at ordinary times. Probably it *would* be difficult, if not impossible, to find a living Friend who used "thou."

HELEN MINTURN SEYMOUR.

Wellesley, Mass.

"Spooners" Again

The Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
SIR:

I was thrilled to find in the Points of View of September 8 "The Lackawanna Spooners."

Years ago my young husband used to shave to the tune of The Lackawanna Spooners—used to shave more often to that tune than to any other, so we came to call it The Shaving Tune—but this is the way it went, not exactly like the printed version of September 8. I have never seen it in print, but I can't forget how it sounded sung.

Here we are, two Lackawanna Spooners;
While we're here just keep your eyes upon us;
For we load coal boats from Harlem to Gowanus;
We're the two selected terriers of the Gang;
Yeo-ho!

Down Broadway we march along so gaily;
Miklaus Pat, meself and Michaelallah;
And the boys all say, at the twist of my shillallah,
They're the three selected terriers of the Gang;
Yeo-ho!

When we go home our families we embrace;
We ate our meals with ilegance and grace;
With opposition shovels shure we're bound to have a race
To shtimulate the Irish lab'ring Gang;
Yeo-ho!

How come, do you suppose, that my second and third stanzas are not included in Mr. Bennett's version?

E. C. FOOTE.

Watervliet, N. Y.

"La Gloire de Gallieni," by P. B. Ghensi, tells of the general whose heroic personality and whose saving of Paris struck the imagination of the French people more than did any other of their leaders in the war.

Post-War Impressions

(*Continued from page 232*)

without being a scientist, I recognize here that same excitement of the mind as I am familiar with the presence of great art or literature. Here, once again, are affinities between science and literature and the arts which our age must explore.

I began my speaking of the scramble of claims that assailed the English Government and nation after the War, and I said that most of those concerned were now glad to forget it. Literature, science, the arts, even education, which was the shrillest of the four, have subsided and settled down to their proper business and to their natural proportions in the life of the State and the community. No one activity at the present time dares, I believe, to assert a primacy, or has the audacity to swagger at the expense of other activities or other powers of the human mind. Even Poetry for some time has ceased pretending to be Religion, or, if not Religion, the modern substitute for it. Religion in England is much occupied to-day with discipline, and that, of course, is the usurper's chance. But Poetry has not come forward, as from time to time she does, with offers to deputize, or with competing and seductive praises of her mysterious divinity. The reason, or one reason, is that Poetry in England is occupied with discipline also, and has as many points of doctrine to settle as the Church. In both, for the moment, Vision is in abeyance, and the concern is with Technique. Our poets are inspecting not only the technique, but the validity of their art. What is this Inspiration which poets have claimed, and with what authority does it come? How, they ask Psychology, are poems created, and with what ground of truth? Once more I see a *rapprochement* with science. "Science and poetry" says one of the oracles of the new school, "have but one ideal." "Facts," says another, "cannot hurt taste." As for technique, we are telling ourselves in England that we must be patient with our new poets. If the accustomed magic is absent from their poetry, presumably they are searching for some other. They are an orchestra, at present, tuning up; and that, as you know, means odd noises. The great point is that they are working, and not waiting for some Deity to do their work for them.

While the Church of England and English Poetry are thus disciplining themselves, I cannot help remarking, as I observe their procedure, that it is all rather like manoeuvres, and sham fighting with blank cartridge. Someone presently will break the rules, and begin to use real ammunition. There will be a shock and an outcry, and when the excitement has died down, we may, by the grace of God, discover in the culprit a Saint or a Poet. We, and all nations, are in need of both.

We quote the following series of pitfalls from *John O'London's Weekly.*

There are twenty-five of them in the following passage. Can you detect them all in, say, two minutes?

"And now, Ladies and Gentlemen, I come to my penultimate point,—and with this I must finally close. My opponent has had resource to language which I prefer paraphrasing than quoting *facsimile.* He declares 'that I have accomodated my views with those of the Committee.' Fortunately, I am insured against abuse. But, at the same time, I cannot help but remind him of the Committee possessing the unalienable right to refuse adoption to any candidate it may think proper. Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, I refuse to indulge in mutual recriminations. Rather let my opponent wag the cloven hoof alone. Rather let both he and his party remain in their retrogressive stagnation—a stagnation which has been substituted by us with a policy which is the opposite of theirs, a policy of less words and more deeds. And so I ask every elector to try and find out the truth for themselves before entering the ballot-box. If this be done without passion and without prejudice, then I venture to prophecy that the result of this election will exceed our most sanguinary expectations."

General Nobile, commander of the ill-fated Italia expedition, has begun work on a book on his Arctic experiences. He plans two volumes. The first will contain a detailed report in narrative form of the expdition from the time of its departure from Rome until its return to Spitzbergen after the fatal accident. This volume, he hopes, will be ready within a year.

The second volume will contain all the scientific data collected by the expedition with the conclusions that can be drawn therefrom.

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The Wits' Weekly

Conducted by EDWARD DAVISON

Competition No. 44. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the most amusing words of the Senator's Patter Song from an American Comic Opera, "The Pirates of Penzance," by Gilbert and Sullivan. Entries, which must be of printable length, should reach the *Saturday Review* office, 25 West 45th Street, New York City, not later than the morning of October 22.)

Competition No. 45. In Act II, Scene 1, of the *Winter's Tale* Leontes interrupts a tale which Mamillius is about to tell. A prize of fifteen dollars is offered for the most Shakespearian interpolation completing the tale in not more than forty lines of blank verse. (Entries should reach the *Saturday Review* office not later than the morning of November 5.)

Attention is called to the rules printed below.

THE FORTY-SECOND COMPETITION

The prize of fifteen dollars for the best Lines on Receiving an X-Ray Photograph of Him- (or Her-) self has been awarded to Corinne R. Swain, of Philadelphia, Pa.

THE WINNING ENTRY

LINES ON RECEIVING MY X-RAY PHOTOGRAPH

HAIL to thee, marvel of science,
clue to malevolent mysteries!
Brooding, I strive to unriddle vague,
enigmatic penumbras
Merged with the shadowy fronds
draping my skeletal structure;
What do they adumbrate?

Do they interpret the pain, tentative,
teasing my vitals?
Can they spell cauliflower spleen, or
carbon around the appendix?
Have I a spine that is warped, or a
recreant, wandering kidney,
Loosed from its moorings?

What of that sinister stigma, north
of the iliac fossa?
Wen on the liver, perchance, or en-
docrine fossilization?
Why do the polka-dots flock here in
the gall-bladder's diocese?
Can they be calculi?

Ah, let me rather believe surgical
findings are negative;
Blame intercostal neuralgia, heart-
burn and dour acidosis!
These my beneficent viscera harbor
no growth deleterious—
Doubts I repudiate!

Nay, I know naught till the surgeon
presage my faith, like an oracle;
Sibylline, he must prognosticate,
fathom, decode and decipher;
If, coming seerlike my innards, dire
operation he prophesy—
Me for the Almshouse!

CORINNE R. SWAIN.

This was a very popular and fruitful competition. In spite of several lugubrious attempts to unbar the charnel house door the general tone of the entries was more cheerful than gloomy. R. B. Roth called the prevailing tune with his distich—

I looked at it and laughed at it, but
it sort of hurt my pride
To think that one the likes of me
should look like that inside.

—a tune elaborated in considerable detail by the high-spirited Dalnar Devening, thus—

Your kind indulgence while I pause
To hide my blushing cheek, because
It seems a trifle out of place
To meet one's liver face to face.
Ah so? The Doctor's diagnosis
Is really then "advanced cirrhosis,"
And this dark pathway, I suppose,
Marks where a floating kidney goes.

The same author's alternative entry burlesqued A. E. Housman.

Into my hands a thing that chills
So much does it disclose.
What are those records of my ills?
What viscera are those?

Is that what eats and pays the rent?
Is that my heart and brain?
Oh, room to give my laughter vent
That ever I was vain!

Carl T. Blaha varied a similar argument with a well-calculated anti-climax.

And on this stage are dramas then
enacted?
Would I had never peered behind the
scenes.
No wiser, though the Doctor says the
plate
Is proof that all my teeth should be
extracted.

All the entries in this kind were capped, however, by Homer Parson's excellent sonnet which, excepting Corinne Swain's Sapphics, was the best entry of the week. Here it is:

Denizen of the closet, skeletal ghost
With ectoplasmic trappings—me?
Not me!
I know him not, this grim and grisly
host
To hordes of wild Bacteriaceae,
Imagine THAT in converse with the
stars,
Or mad in love, his heart a pulpy
mass
Beating against opaque or lateral
bars,
That skull the cave of poetry—
alas!
Can this be he who wore the Navy
Blue,
Who fought, and dreamed, and
loved, and hoped, and sang?
Remind me not what I am coming
to!
Reserve for death the final bitter
pang.
While flesh still pads this atomy of
lime,
Yorick, old fellow, bide your stated
time!

Elspeth, too, wrote an appealing sonnet, but in a tenderer mood. She was the best of the few who approached the subject with something of the awe contained in G. Birrel's epigrammatic—

The formal (retouched) photograph
Is but a face's epitaph.
This thing is more truly I,
Tortuous dark mystery.

Her sonnet follows.

Take it and study it, my very dear;
This cool, unpainted frame of bone
on bone.
All that is human of me has dwelt
here,
All that is good of me finds here a
throne,
Dark flesh, translucent, makes four
walls and roof
To cover strangeness, shelter mystery;
But where a footprint or a sign for
proof
That these have been inhabited by
me?
Odd that great happiness has left no
mark,
That pain has walked so lightly
through these halls;
That knowledge thrusts no candle in
the dark
That passion left no color on these
walls.
Must I believe what is incredible but
true,
This house will go to dust, still mute
of you?

The final couplet seems to me to spoil a fine piece of work.

Alice M. Dowd might have been adapting some stanzas from George Herbert or Henry Vaughan. Her poem is saturated with their kind of spirit and feeling, though it is certainly something more than a mere imitation of the old "metaphysical" poetry.

'Tis not a pleasant thing to see
This darker self within the me
That boldly fronts the day.
This skeleton would gladly hide
Within its tenement of pride
Unreached by any ray.

As yet no light has pierced the mesh
Where mind, submerged in mortal
flesh,
Preserves its secret place.
But Death, the great Revealer, may
Tear from our souls the masks away
And show us face to face.

Thought is the language of the
Throne
And all that's hid shall yet be known
And set within the light;
O cleanse us from our secret sin,
And make us pure of heart, within
Thy all-beholding sight!

But I can only guess at the relevance of the last three lines.

It is a far cry from Miss Dowd to the lady who apologized for "violating one of the main canons of literature" in the stanza—

Aping the casual, now I wait with-
out,
A moment more, and sight allays the
doubt.
The family spectre's laid; my wager
wins,
—Indubitably he will not be twins.

But there was room for her, too! The best part of J(a)P(e)'s entry was its title—"The Flapper's Organ Recital." Marshall M. Brice adapted Marlowe in "That face that I so regularly shave Would never launch a row-boat on the wave." And J. K. W. Baker wrote some lines on reducing ending with—

Now I see myself as I would see
Freed from the burden of obesity,
The beau ideal every lady owns,
My flesh all gone, and nothing left
but bones.

Of the very few competitors who found reason to rejoice in their X-ray photographs both Richard Denham and Heloise wrote highly commendable poems. Both deserve print.

At last, at last, a portrait
I feel has done me justice,
As I shall look past bell and book
Where neither moth nor rust is!
My occiput, one more trait
No snapshot yet has flattered,
Now flaunts its shape from brow to
nape
Where once stray locks lay scattered.
Though sinus imperfection
To eyes initiated
May mar my skull, still beautiful
By you I shall be rated.
For your profound affection
Which shines with more than sex ray
Through surface traits, irradiates
Far deeper than the X-Ray.

HELOISE.

A photograph's a lovely thing
For sweet sixteen to thirty-nine,
But Oh, the punishment they bring
To forty-plus, and this means mine!
But now I lift my head in pride
In flowing line and melting curve.
I stand a show with any bride,
My X-Ray photograph has verve!
The gall duct casts a rakish shade
Above a colon, barium-white,
The pattern of the lung is laid
In webs of grey, both dark and light.
I vertebrate with artless grace,
My humerus has no callous crooks,
Bi-cuspid bulbs adorn my face,
My knee-pan's right with all the
books.
My oblongata shows esprit,
My cerebrum's extremely smart,
The silhouette looks twenty-three, . . .
My X-Ray is a work of art!

RICHARD DENHAM.

RULES

Competitors failing to comply with the following rules will be disqualified. Envelopes should be addressed to EDWARD DAVISON, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. All MSS. must be legible—typewritten if possible—and should bear the name or pseudonym of the author. Competitors may offer more than one entry. MSS. cannot be returned. The Editor's decision is final and *The Saturday Review* reserves the right to print the whole or part of any entry.

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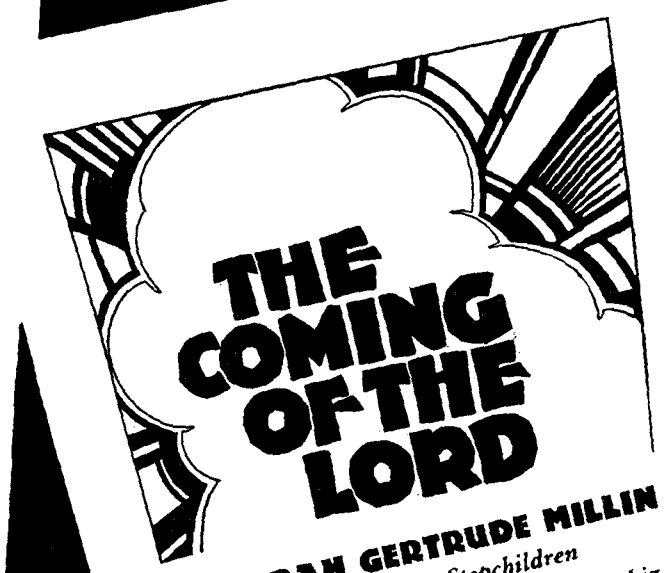

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Belles Lettres

ESSAYS IN PETTO. By the REV. MONTAGUE SUMMERS. The Fortune Press. 1928.

"In petto" or "in pectore" is the phrase used when the Pope has appointed a cardinal, but for the present does not wish to give his name, "in pectore reservamus." Father Summers means that some of these essays have never before been published. They are various in subject. He is a man of minute scholarship, an alert and eager erudition. He is as interested in the macabre nightmares of Ann Radcliffe as he is appreciative of the impeccable art of Jane Austen. He is deeply read in the minor feminine novelists of a hundred years since. He identifies Byron's "lovely Rosa" of the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" with a certain Charlotte Dacre, whose poems, romances, and all the dates and biographical fortunes of each volume he intimately knows. He shows, in an admirable essay on the Marquis de Sade, that the latter, though perverse enough, was not quite the monster he is sometimes supposed to be. "A Restoration Prompt Book" is a careful examination of a volume of Shirley's plays in which a prompter, probably Charles Booth, between 1668 and 1671, had scribbled on the margins of one play, "The Sister," some notes for his own use that throw light on the stage practices under the Restoration.

"Mrs. Corey; Pepys's Doll Commons" was possibly the first woman, and certainly one of the first, to appear on the English stage. There is some evidence that both she and Margaret Hughes, Prince Rupert's mistress, went on the boards in December, 1660. Father Summers's immense and accurate knowledge of the Restoration and eighteenth century theater can only be compared with Austin Dobson's knowledge of all the byways of eighteenth century literature. Overy's "The Tragedy of Zoroastres" is a play in MS. which probably was never acted. Southerne's "Fatal Marriage" offers a small problem to be solved. In his Preface of 1694 Southerne says that he took the hint of the plot from a novel of Mrs. Behn's called "The Fair Vow-breaker." This has always been identified with her well known novel "The Nun, or The Perjured Beauty." The heroine of the play also is a nun. Comparison shows, however, that there is almost nothing in the novel to suggest the play. But in editing Mrs. Behn's complete works Father Summers discovered another, an almost lost, novel by Mrs. Behn called "The History of a Nun, or the Fair Vow-breaker" and the problem was solved.

Of the remaining three essays two are on the personalities and lives of St. Catherine of Siena and St. Anthony of Padua; the third on "Mystical Substitution," by which is meant the taking upon oneself, by prayer and concentration, the sorrow or pain of someone else. It is practised not only in convents, but also by some whose avocations are in cities and among crowds. So far as inducing great mental depression in the vicarious sufferer goes, it is frequently successful, but Father Summers does not make as clear how far the original sufferer is correspondingly relieved.

One can but admire the vigorous enthusiasm which carries a man through the multitudinous and submerged imitators of Ann Radcliffe and far into the depths of eighteenth century stage tragedy. He has an especial interest in what most of us would call "abnormal psychology."

CARICATURES OF THE "WINTER KING" OF BOHEMIA. With an Introduction, notes, and translations by E. A. BELLER. Oxford University Press. 1928. $16.

Not only to the political historian but to the student of art and culture the twenty-four cartoons here reproduced from the originals in the Bodleian Library and in the British Museum furnish much interesting material. It took almost a century after the invention of printing for the value of the press as an instrument of propaganda to be appreciated. The Reformation was the first political campaign fought and won by an appeal to the reading public. And in that day, as in this, the printers soon discovered the public appetite for news, for wit, and for pictures. And in the wars and party struggles of the seventeenth century the art of caricature was developed, and the broadsheet, combining picture and letterpress, was exploited.

An excellent subject for the satirist was furnished by an incident in the Thirty Years War, in the election, namely, of the Elector Palatine Frederick V as King of Bohemia, and in his sudden downfall. All the important events of his brief reign of less than a year are reflected in the cartoons of some anonymous Nasts of the years 1619-21. Many of the plates seem to have only a news interest, but others distinctly convey a partisan meaning. Originating in South Germany they mostly reflect the Catholic and Imperialist view hostile to Frederick. Like modern cartoons they were largely allegorical; the elephant and donkey are not more familiar to us than were the imperial eagle and the Palatine lion to the public of three hundred years ago. Other animals figuring in the cartoons are the spider for Spinola (Spinne, spider) and the fox for the treacherous Bethlen Gábor. In another respect these pictures differ somewhat from most modern caricatures in that the point depends not on the exaggeration of personal features, but almost wholly on the action or fable represented. Though much more elaborate than modern cartoons they are even simpler and more carefully adapted to the understanding of the plain reader.

Biography

HOUDINI. His Life-Story by HAROLD KELLOCK from the recollections and documents of BEATRICE HOUDINI. aHrcourt, Brace. 1928. $3.75.

We all saw Houdini at one time or another, and most of us felt that we had seen a great man. His powers forbade any lesser description. And now, when he has been dead almost two years, comes a book about him that establishes him as even greater than we had thought. For we are made to realize his versatility and his successes in activities that we never knew of. Probably Houdini will always remain unique; certainly no one before him had the magician's deftness, the crusader's zeal, and the showman's sense of the spectacular so consummately developed and blended. Furthermore, he was a decent man. That is to be remembered, for had he so chosen, he could have become one of the world's great criminals or the leader of some cancerous sect living on the hopes of the ignorant.

Mr. Kellock gives a great deal that is of interest. Mrs. Houdini made his work possible by allowing him to see certain memoranda and diaries. A few passages are quoted directly from her, notably the account of the couple's highly enthusiastic meeting and marrying. We comprehend the man in these words by his wife, and we wish that she had been willing to write his biography throughout. Perhaps someday she will do so. Then we shall have a remarkable document. But in the meantime Mr. Kellock's presentation is full and agreeable (as agreeable as such an account can be without an index), giving us an astonishing revelation of Houdini's accomplishments and temperament. The only difficulty is that the implication, the dramatic juxtapositions, and the extraordinary unprecedentedness of the whole life seem to have either escaped Mr. Kellock or been beyond his vision. The material with which he worked, however, is vivid enough to defy any fumbling or insensitiveness, and this "life-story" remains very well worth reading and pondering. It is always delightfully anecdotal.

What a man Houdini was! He was much more than a conjurer or a mere artist in legerdemain. If we wished to take from this volume several incidents to illustrate his interests, his abilities, we should not know which to choose. We admire his sentiment in seeking out graves of forgotten magicians and endowing their care in perpetuity; his industry as shown in the collection (the world's most complete) of the literature of magic and spiritism that he bequeathed to the Library of Congress; his fearless campaign against fake mediums, a noble persecution coming to a splendid climax with "Margery"; his exemplary devotion to his mother and his wife—for these things and for countless others we admire the man. But probably he will be longest remembered for his ability to escape from any confinement that ingenuity could devise. In the face of his apparently inexplicable powers, his explicable accomplishments, great as they were, must take second place.

20 HRS. 40 MIN.: Our Flight In The Friendship. By AMELIA EARHART. Putnams. 1928. $2.50.

With no intention of in the least disparaging so brilliant a feat, we think it may be observed that one of the most certain ways of breaking into print these days is by the successful accomplishment of a trans-Atlantic flight. Miss Earhart's is by no means the first book that has been given us recounting such an exploit, nor will it be the last; but it will most assuredly take its place among the best of them, considered from the standpoint of literary merit and general interest. As far as is known, Miss Earhart has had practically no previous writing experience, which makes it all the more amazing to find her narrative one that would do credit to an old hand.

She has succeeded so well primarily because she seems to have determined to tell her story simply and without any literary pretension whatsoever. It is entertaining throughout for the reason that her natural, easy humor has flowed out through her pen onto the printed page. It could not help but be exciting, written as it is with so much zest for the adventure. Her log of the *Friendship's* flight (which she kept as she sat wedged in between spare fuel tanks or on the floor of the aft cabin) is especially interesting inasmuch as it shows what was going on in the mind of someone out over the Atlantic, utterly dependent upon the proper functioning of the machine and the pilot at its controls.

GALANT LADIES. By CAMERON ROGERS. Harcourt, Brace. 1928. $3.50.

Mr. Rogers's gallery displays ten full-length portraits of "gallant" ladies whose names and charms, at one time or another, have furnished various capitals, both national and sectional, with more than casual gossip. Chronologically, the line begins with Marie of Rohan, the scheming Duchess of Chevreuse, who matched wits with so formidable a rival as Richelieu, and ends with Mata Hari, the Leeuwarden merchant's daughter who went native in Java and returned to capture France before facing a war-time firing squad. But chronology is the least of the interests in such a study as this. Each of the subjects has that sort of universality which men and women achieve who choose to seize upon life bravely and mold it to their own devices rather than accept meekly what it has to offer. Mr. Rogers suggests that his ladies, however uncomfortable they might have been regarded as neighbors, "with the requisite perspective . . . leave upon the mind an impression of 'la grande peinture.'"

And so they do. Mademoiselle de Maupin with a winsome face and a sword wrist agile as the blade it supported; Belle Starr and Calamity Jane who excelled in the gentle art of fanning a forty-five; Mary Read and Anne Bonny who sailed the Spanish Main with Rackham; Lola Montez and Jeanne de Valois who trifled with thrones; the Duchess of Kingston who enlivened the courts of the second and third Georges, Adrienne Lecouvreur, friend of Voltaire and greatest actress of her day—all of these, one is easily persuaded, however entertaining their lives in perspective, must have been disquieting influences in an adjacent flat. Yet in each of them there is indeed that impression of "la grande peinture." There is a flourish, a flavor about such swagger lives which removes them just far enough from reality to satisfy the imagination's appetite for romance.

Mr. Rogers, no less, has done them in swagger portraits. All of the strut, all of the mummer about them, finds its way into his delineations until the gallant ladies become fabulous personages indeed. They are all, like Marie of Rohan about whom "the young seigneurs pranced and bounced . . . like stallions," quite "outrageously beautiful," their charms as irresistible as they are unresisting. One cannot escape the observation that in the somewhat florid style he has chosen, the author dwells more insistently than necessary upon the physical perfections of his subjects. Perhaps this constant intrusion of intimate detail is implicit in the studies themselves—swagger biography inevitably leads to overemphasis somewhere. But it is unfortunate that this point of view seems to dominate Mr. Rogers's approach to his themes. Interestingly enough, the portrait of Calamity Jane, which affords no great opportunity for stressing this note, is the least effective of the group.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE. By HUGH WALPOLE. English Men of Letters, New Series. Macmillan. 1928. $1.25.

In referring recently to Mr. G. K. Chesterton's small volume on Stevenson, the reviewer quoted Mr. Chesterton's declaration of his defiant opinion, that in writing of a

(*Continued on page 244*)

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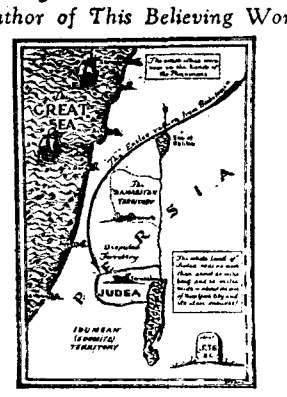

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The BookSelection for November

JUBILEE JIM

The Life of Colonel James Fisk, Jr.

By Robert H. Fuller

Harry Hansen, Will Durant, Joseph Margolies, Marion Dodd and Inez Haynes Irwin—the Editorial Committee of the American Booksellers' Association, have chosen *Jubilee Jim* as the Book-Selection for November.

No more gaudy figure than Jim Fisk ever swaggered across the American scene. This combined Barnum and buccaneer of Wall Street put the last coat of paint on the Gilded Age. As a country peddlar, circus ballyhoo, Civil War profiteer, co-conspirator with Jay Gould in the "Black Friday" scandal, corrupter of judges, friend of Boss Tweed, impressario, and debonair man-about-town, Jubilee Jim spun out the flashy melodrama of his life. His career is recounted here with all the gusto which went into the making of it. $3.50

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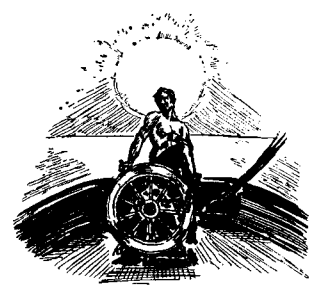

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Books of the Fall

(*Continued from page* 230)

April" entirely to the negroes of her South Carolina plantation, and writes again a moving and effective tale.

Two other volumes deal with the negro, who is making his entrance into literature with constantly increasing momentum, one a tale entitled "Black Sadie" (Houghton Mifflin), by T. Bowyer Campbell, the chronicle of a negro girl who becomes a famous dancer, and the other "Nigger to Nigger" (Scribners), by E. C. Adams, a transcription of Congaree tales and folklore.

In "The Happy Mountain" (Viking-Literary Guild) Maristan Chapman, leaving the black for the poor white man, concerns herself with much the same stratum of society as did Elizabeth Madox Roberts in "The Time of Man" but invests her mountaineers with more poetry and less of sordidness than did her fellow writer. Her book is one of the striking performances of recent months, delicate in its perceptions, restrained in its handling, and shot through with feeling and understanding.

Written also with great fluency and suppleness of style is Glenway Wescott's "Good-bye, Wisconsin" (Harpers), a combination of interpretative essays written from the point of view of the American who looks upon his country with eyes accustomed to a European environment and of short stories. Mr. Wescott writes, of course, exceptionally well, and whatever his compatriots may think of what he has to say of them they cannot but be interested by the manner in which he says it. Less removed in spirit, if more remote in time from most of what he describes, is Hamlin Garland in "Black Trailers of the Middle Border" (Macmillan), the third and last in the series of autobiographical novels in which he has been reviewing not only personal experiences but the development of a spirit and a point of view. This latest volume brings Mr. Garland's chronicle down to the present. In "Day of Fortune" (Century), Norman Matson has written another of those stories of transplanted Scandinavians which make appeal by reason of a sort of pristine simplicity and a clarity of mood that derives from the sincerity of the emotions revealed; his book has fidelity to fact, sensitiveness, and insight. The West supplies the locale again in Vardis Fisher's "*Toilers of the Hills*" (Houghton Mifflin), the scene of which is laid in Idaho, while Boston furnishes the scene and the Sacco-Vanzetti case the occasion for a novel by Upton Sinclair bearing the title of the city (Boni). The new firm of Coward-McCann made its bow to the world as publishers of fiction with MacKinlay Kantor's "Diversey," a portrayal of the underworld and night world of Chicago scathing in its implications but limited only by title and not by any lack of parallel conditions in other parts of the United States to Chicago. What life in a small college town can be and the domination over it that a woman of ability may attain is set forth in Bravig Imb's "The Professor's Wife" (Dial), a tale into which actual persons are introduced under their real names.

In looking over such tales as these of American life it becomes apparent that to a great extent that bitterness which in the years following the war was so general, especially in the novels of the younger writers, has yielded to a much more tempered mood. The novelists are still clear-eyed to the shortcomings of American civilization but they are no longer as much jaundiced by their discovery of its maladjustments and incongruities. It becomes apparent, too, in surveying the grist of fiction for the year that the historical novel, which for some time has been showing evidence of a return to favor, is now thoroughly re-established. We've culled a whole sheaf of such romances from the crop of recent novels ranging in time from the days of the ancients to so recent a period as that of Garibaldi, whose life and times Ricarda Huch has employed in her "Defeat," now brought out by Knopf in English translation. E. Barrington's "The Empress of *Hearts*" (Dodd, Mead), a story centering about Marie-Antoinette, Harris Dickson's "Children of the River" (Sears), a tale with Andrew Jackson for protagonist, Honoré Willsie Morrow's "With Malice Toward None" (Morrow), whose title betrays its hero, Bruno Franck's "Trenck" (Knopf), recounting the experiences of an adventurer in the army of Frederick the Great, and Ford Madox Ford's "A Little Less than Gods" (Viking), a Napoleonic tale throwing into relief the personality of Marshal Ney, all, of course, lay their scenes in fairly recent times. But classical days do not lack for chronicles, for here on the list are Shaw Desmond's "Echo" (Appleton), strident with the reverberations of the Rome of the bustling market place and riotous living, Simeon Strunsky's "King Akhnaton" (Longmans, Green), a double-barreled tale which, against the person of the idealist king of ancient Egypt projects the form of Woodrow Wilson, and which, while ostensibly setting forth a tale of ancient times, actually provides a wise and acute commentary on the Peace Conference and its makers; Gertrude Atherton's "The Jealous Gods" (Liveright) with Alcibiades for its hero, and Allan Sims's "Phoinix" (Little, Brown). Coming down through the centuries we find a tale of knighthood and chivalry in H. F. M. Prescott's "The Lost Fight" (Dodd, Mead), a story with sixth century Hungary for a background in Lajos Biro's "The Eternal Trial" (Globus), another romance woven about the Maid in Theda Kenyon's "Jeanne" (Washburn), and a chronicle of the Inquisition in Rafael Sabatini's "The Hound of God" (Houghton Miffin).

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You'll notice that we haven't included so far in our list any Biblical story. We haven't done it simply because there has been such an outcropping of them that they have become numerous enough to merit a paragraph to themselves. The publishers of these books have all been at pains to call our attention to the fact that they have not been influenced by Mr. Erskine. Probably they haven't but undoubtedly the public has been inclined by Mr. Erskine's productions to read them. Well, at any rate there isn't going to be any excuse any more for not understanding Biblical illusions, for those readers who get their religious knowledge vicariously from novels instead of direct from the Scriptures can count on considerable enlightenment. A book for instance, like Elmer Davis's "Giant Killer" (Day), a faithful transcription of the Biblical narrative of David and Goliath, not only relates it directly to subsequent human experience the while it unfolds a fascinating tale, but divests the character of its hero of the sanctions which the older, narrower pietistic interpretation had put upon it. Mr. Davis has adhered rigidly to Biblical incident in his book. Mr. Louis Untermeyer in his "Moses" (Harcourt, Brace) has on the other hand quite frankly disavowed all pretense at historical accuracy, while Robert Collyer Washburn in "Samson" (Sears), quite openly takes to burlesque. Philip Littell, in "This Way Out" (Coward-McCann), has produced what is by far the most clever of all the Adam and Eve stories; it is also the most completely irreverent, a fact which is especially interesting since Mr. Littell is not an iconoclastic youth but a man of years and contemplation. A curious book that more or less falls into the category of these Biblical stories is "My First Two Thousand Years" (Macaulay), by George Sylvester Viereck and Paul Eldridge, the autobiography of the Wandering Jew. And by reason of its religious nature, though it is totally different in kind, Ernest Sutherland Bates's "prose poem," "The Friend of Jesus" (Simon & Schuster), may be grouped with them.

But we feel you wax impatient of this enumeration of ours; like Goldsmith's hero:

> When they talked of their Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff,
> He shifted his trumpet and only took snuff.

Yes, of course, we know what you mean; you are growing restive because we haven't mentioned detective or mystery stories yet. We're not going to tell you the names of many of them, either, and for the simple and ample reason that they are as plentiful as the leaves in Vallambrosa. You can't escape them if you try, what with every publisher bringing them out, and some of them making them blatantly arresting by the bright bands they put around them, and others dressing them up in jackets that simply shriek for attention, and what with Crime Clubs, and Detective Story Clubs, and sedate and ponderous series of great crimes which are only detective stories dignified by the fact that they are sad truth. Still, we'll relent to the extent of mentioning the titles of a few. Here they are: "Bluefeather" (Appleton), by Lawrence W. Meynell; "The Unpleasantness at the Bellena Club" (Payson & Clarke), by Dorothy B. Sayers; "The Six Proud Walkers" (Little, Brown), by Francis Beeding, a tale over which hovers the presence of Mussolini; "The Mystery of the Blue Train" (Dodd, Mead), by Agatha Christie; R. Austin Freeman's "As a Thief in the Night" (Dodd, Mead), H. R. Wakefield's collection of ghost stories, "They Return at Evening" (Appleton); J. D. Beresford's psychological mystery, "The Instrument of Destiny" (Bobbs-Merrill); John Esteven's "The Door of Death" (Century), and "Enter Sir John" (Cosmopolitan), by Clemence Dane and Helen Simpson.

And now, just by way of giving ourselves a breathing spell as we go on to further characterization we insert a list of novels of merit that have been translated from foreign languages. Alas! and alas! We can never stick to our resolutions. We have no sooner said that we are going to say nothing than we find that we are about to say something. We just can't mention Hugo Wast's "Stone Desert" (Longmans, Green) without telling you that it is a prize novel of the Argentine, or Alain Fournier's "The Wanderer" (Houghton Mifflin) without saying that for several years it has been one of the most popular and admired novels of France, or "Bambi" (Simon & Schuster), by Felix Salten, without stating that it is an exquisitely delicate portrayal of the life of a fawn and a Book-of-the-Month selection, or "The Case of Sergeant Grischa" (Viking), by Arnold Zweig, without adding that it is one of the few novels that have so far succeeded in movingly and convincingly reflecting the devastating effect of the war upon the human spirit and that it is also a choice of the Book-of-the-Month Club, or "The New Temple" (Century), by Johan Bojer, without mentioning that it is a sequel to "The Great Hunger," or "Mist" (Knopf), by Miguel de Unamuno, without informing you that this tragi-comic novel is the first of its author's works of pure imagination to be translated into English, or "The Pure in Heart" (Dodd, Mead), by J. Kessel, without saying that it is a charming book, or "The Whisper of a Name" (Bobbs-Merrill), by Marie le Franc, without noting that this love story of a Breton girl is another of those simple French tales which demand admiration, or "Theresa" (Simon & Schuster) without saying that it is the first full-length novel of Arthur Schnitzler's to have appeared in English translation in many years. We pause for breath. We fear we are beginning to talk like Dickens's Susan Nipper, entirely between gasps and commas. It's a habit that grows with the indulgence, and we'd better nip it in the bud. (Most certainly we didn't intend a pun; not until it was written did we discover that we had followed Susan Nipper immediately with a nip. If you know anything about the typewriter, however, you'll know why we let this unfortunate conjunction of syllables stand. Somehow it seems so much easier to write several lines of repudiation than block out a phrase and insert something above the line in its place. Some day someone will arise with the animus and the energy to proclaim the sins that the typewriter induces. But how we do waste time!).

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Well, we've got our breath back again at any rate, so we resume our enumeration. We're nearly through, however, with translations; there only remain to note Fiador Gladkov's novel of the Russian Revolution, "Cement" (International); Boris Pilniak's "The Naked Year" (Payson & Clarke), a tale of Russia during the famine of 1921; Ivan Shmelov's "The Inexhaustible Cup" (Dutton), a novel portraying a far gentler and more lovable Russia; Marc Chadbourne's "Vasco" (Harcourt, Brace), one of those tales compounded of sentiment, reflection, and subdued incident which the French produce with such happy results; the three volumes of admirably selected "Best Scandinavian Stories" (Norton); Knut Hamsun's "The Women at the Pump" (Knopf), the depiction of the life of a community; and Jacob Wassermann's "Caspar Hauser" (Liveright), than which no book ever had a stranger hero drawn from life. And now we're done with the translations.

We don't know how to classify our next group of novels except by designating them fiction with a social background. (As if the background of all fiction weren't social. Never mind, we're confident you'll know what we mean. And we'll leave you to judge of their character and quality from the names of their authors.) Here is the list: "The Children" (Appleton), by Edith Wharton; "A Lantern in Her Hand" (Appleton), by Bess Streeter Aldrich; "The Father" (Day), by Katherine Holland Brown, the $25,000 John Day—*Woman's Home Companion* prize novel; "Brief Candle" (Bobbs-Merrill), by Norman Venner; "A Brood of Ducklings" (Doubleday, Doran), by Frank Swinnerton; "Lily Christine" (Doubleday, Doran), by Michael Arlen; "A Little Clown Lost" (Century), by Barry Benefield; 'The English Miss" (Dial), by R. H. Mottram, a best-seller in England; "Prelude to a Rope for Myers" (Dial), by L. Steni; "Race" (Stokes), by Mary Grace Ashton; "Point Counter Point" (Doubleday, Doran), by Aldous Huxley; and "Show Girl" (Simon & Schuster), by J. P. McEvoy. . . . Except for one or two divagations, we almost achieved a list of titles unadulterated by comment.

And now for a group of books that are likely to stand in the forefront of interest by reason of their authorship if for nothing else. Here are Louis Bromfield's "The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg" (Stokes), a novel that lays its scene in the main in the Italy but returns to America for a brief and effective episode; H. G. Wells's "Mr. Blettsworthy on Rampole Island" (Doubleday, Doran), an excellent sea tale in its first part with a novel and interesting slant on the life of the sailor, a fantasy in its second portion, and pure didacticism—or rather undisguised propaganda for the beliefs that Mr. Wells holds dear—in its third, and exceedingly interesting throughout; Robert Nathan's delicately wrought "The Bishop's Wife" (Bobbs-Merrill); Virginia Woolf's "Orlando" (Harcourt, Brace), a novel carrying a personality through several centuries and effecting a change of sex in the course of its career, and developing a thesis with skill and artistry through the medium of character and scene; Sarah Gertrude Millin's "The Coming of the Lord" (Liveright); John Galsworthy's "Swan Song" (Scribners); and James Branch Cabell's "The White Robe," which McBride is announcing. A novel which has just come out in America but which has already aroused a storm in England is C. E. Bechhofer Roberts's "This Side Idolatry" (Bobbs-Merrill), a biography of Dickens under a thin disguise of fiction.

And now before leaving the field of fiction mention should be made of the following numerous titles: "Joshua's Vision," by W. J. Locke (Dodd, Mead); "Palludia," by Anna Robeson Burr (Duffield); Pigsties with Spires," by G. Garry (Dutton); "A Man Can Build a House," by Nathalie Colby (Harcourt, Brace); "The Golden Gospel," by Gabriel Scott (Macy-Masius); "Reginald and Reginald in Russia," by Saki (Viking); "It Happened Like That," by Eden Phillpotts (Macmillan); "D'Artagnan," by H. Bedford Jones (Covici-Friede); "General Crack," by George Pready (Dodd, Mead); "The Second American Caravan," edited by Alfred Kreymborg, Paul Rosenfeld, and Lewis Mumford (Macaulay); "A Common Cheat," by Sophie Cleugh (Macmillan); "How the Old Woman Got Home," by M. P. Shiel (Macy-Masius); "Heavenly Discourse," by Charles E. S. Wood (Macy-Masius); "The Window," by Alice Grant Rosman (Minton, Balch); "Cock-Pit," by James Gould Couzzens (Morrow); "Cinderella's Garden," by W. MacNeile Dixon (Oxford University Press); "The Way It Was With Them," Peadar O'Donnel (Putnams); "The Gallant Came Late," by Marian Storm (Putnams); "Strange Fugitive," by Morley Callaghan (Scribners); "Fire Down Below," by Margaret Irwin (Harcourt, Brace); "Angel Child," by Grace Perkins (Henkle); "Callum," by E. Arnot Robertson (Holt); "Old Pybus," by Warwick Deeping (Knopf); "Harness," by A. Philip Gibbs (Little, Brown); "My Brother Jonathan," by Francis Brett Young (Knopf); "The Vicar's Daughter," by E. H. Young (Harcourt, Brace); "All Kneeling," by Anne Parrish (Harpers); "Cock's Feather," by Katherine Newlin Burt (Houghton Mifflin); "Idle Women," by Dorothy Black (Lippincott); "Destiny Bay," by Donn Byrne (Little, Brown); "Costumes by Eros," by Conrad Aiken (Scribners), and "Yet Do Not Grieve," by Conal O'Riordan (Scribners).

And now at last, at long last, we should say, we come to poetry and drama. There is no doubt that under this category primacy of interest goes to Stephen Vincent Benét's "John Brown's Body" (Doubleday, Doran), one of the most distinguished contributions to America literature of recent years. In the variety and flexibility of his poetical forms, in the intrinsic interest of his subject matter, and the general scope and imagination of his work Mr. Benét's poem has those qualities which make for permanence in literature. It stands alone in importance in this year's grist. But poetry, though it may have nothing else to show on this scale, has several notable productions, and claims among the poets producing volumes this Fall some of the most noted names in America at least. Elinor Wylie has added another slim but finely chiselled group of poems, "Trivial Breath"

(*Continued on page* 248)

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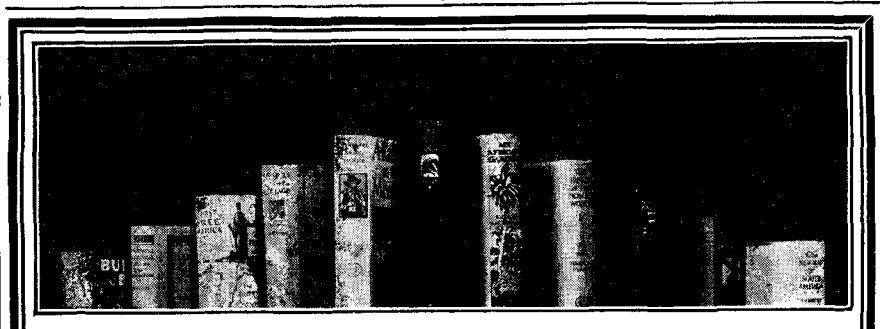

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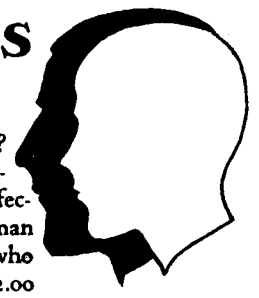

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Biography

(*Continued from page* 240)

man of letters one might properly concern oneself chiefly with him as a man of letters, and even regard the incidents and escapades of his life as either negligible or not necessarily important. It seemed an opinion in which one might concur without defiance. Mr. Chesterton's attitude of being the upholder of reason and common sense in a wrong-headed world has become a habit quite too persistent and undiscriminating. It is an opinion that appears to have been held by all the authors of English Men of Letters Series, both old series and new series.

Mr. Walpole's volume is the commentary of a professional novelist on the work of another professional. Into the biography he does not go very far, and perhaps there is not much to go into. There is a touch of modern analysis in his bringing forward Trollope's early "inferiority complex," for the financial collapse of the family, the consequent miseries and mortification of his boyhood at Harrow, had a bearing on his determined industry and his pleasure in position and solid success. He entered the Post Office at nineteen and rose to be an important official. His first two novels, laid in Ireland and written at the ages of thirty to thirty-five, had no sale, but Mr. Walpole points out that they were good Trollopian work. "The Warden" appeared in 1853. "Barchester Towers" brought him fame in 1857. For thirty years and more he maintained his régime and steady pace, and made of his novel writing as substantial a profession as his postal office. The moral of the result seems to be that jog trot industry may produce as genuine and enduring literature as dependence on sporadic inspiration. The result depends on the man, not on the method. Trollope did his daily work as a novelist in the same conscientious spirit and ambition to be competent to the job that he brought to his Post Office duties. It happened that there was creative power in him, and jog trot industry did it no harm, but without creative power the product of his industry would have been as dull and thin as that of most industrious novelists. As to whether a writer should harness his muse or wait for her evanescent smile, Trollope's example proves nothing. If examples proved anything, either method could be proved by example both right and wrong.

Mr. Walpole's value to lovers of Trollope, however, will lie in his comments on the novels. He has something to say about them all. We ourselves are but an imperfect Trollopian, whose acquaintance is confined to the Barsetshire novels and a few of the political ones; but we readily admit that a whole-souled enthusiasm for Trollope is reasonable and sure to bring its substantial reward.

FIVE DEANS. By SIDNEY DARK. Harcourt, Brace. 1928. $2.50.

Mr. Dark is editor of the English *Church Times*, and that paper inherits its principles, one infers, from the Oxford Movement. It wants Catholicity for the church in England in the place of Nationalism, renouncing the Reformation and all its works. The five deans are Colet, Donne, Swift, Stanley, and Inge, the first two and the last being deans of St. Pauls, Swift of Dublin, and Stanley of Westminster. Each represents a century, or rather some feature of Anglican church history in that century. The only one for whose personality Mr. Dark shows any liking is Colet, who lived before the Catholicity of the English Church had departed or been rendered doubtful by separation from Rome. What "Catholicity" means, even as a speculative abstraction, is rather obscure to a Gentile. It is compact of so many assumptions that he finds it difficult to get them all together. Mr. Dark's objection to Colet is that he was something of a Puritan in temperament. My objection to him is that he does not seem as distinct a character as the other four deans, probably because we have less means of seeing him distinctly. The two objections indicate the two points of view.

How much of Mr. Dark's dislike for the other four is the shadow of divergent churchmanship one can only conjecture. He does not wholly condemn any of them, but his distaste for Donne, who is almost as distinct a person as Swift, is quite decided. If Donne had been a thirteenth century prelate instead of a seventeenth century Dean of St. Paul's, would not the fascination of the man have swamped the dislike? Passionate, sensual, unhappy, eloquent, subtle, sincere, ignoble, a mystic and a time-server, with a face like that of Botticelli's St. Augustine and a medieval temperament in some ways resembling Tolstoy's—Donne was one of the most extraordinary minds of his phenomenal era. Mr. Dark's interpretation of him is interesting but inadequate.

But after all, a definite bias is more apt to give edge to a writer's judgments than detract from their interest. We have many opinions on Swift, but one on his ecclesiastical significance is a new kind. Stanley was ecclesiastically a conciliatory liberal, and personally no doubt rather mediocre. Dean Inge—according to Mr. Dark, who can write with an effectiveness worthy of Dean Inge and almost of Dean Swift—"is a modern churchman in that he has small respect for the church, but he has at least a higher regard for God than he has for man." Anyone who can write like that, who has an iron hand and a velvet glove to draw on or off as he chooses, ought to be read in the interests of letters, whatever the ecclesiastical interests may be.

THE WINDSOR BEAUTIES. By LEWIS MELVILLE. Houghton Mifflin. 1928. $5.

The profligacy of Charles II. and the general corruption of his Court have attracted many writers whose chief concern is to entertain a class of readers who would not in the ordinary way be at all interested in history. Mr. Melville is a writer of this order, and his "Windsor Beauties"—as the name might suggest—is a gossipy and scandalous chronicle of the smallest possible importance. In saying that the book recounts the adventures of such women as Barbara Villiers, Louise de Kéroualle, Nell Gwyn, besides others of greater rectitude though less celebrity, we have said enough. But the interesting question remains. Why did the nation stand for such a brazen display of vice and avarice?

The truth is that the age of Charles II. was a complete reaction from the Puritanical tyranny of the commonwealth. People longed to enjoy life again; and though the austere Evelyn might look with disapproval on the dissolute life of the Court, public opinion—for a time, at least—was more inclined to take the tolerant and amused attitude of inquisitive Pepys.

Charles II. was popular, not only because he was easy-going and good-natured, but because he epitomized for England that spirit of *joie de vivre* which had so long been banished from the land.

THE MEMOIRS AND ANEDOTES OF THE COUNT DE SÉGUR. Translated by GERARD SHELLEY. Scribners. 1928. $3.50.

The Count de Ségur, uncle of Lafayette, was an intelligent man, with a vast experience of places and persons, and his memories, admirably translated and condensed by Mr. Shelley, are a storehouse of curious information. He knew such celebrities as Voltaire, George Washington, Frederick the Great, and Catherine of Russia, and his descriptions are both vivid and convincing. Here, for instance, is Voltaire, as he appeared to the Count, on his triumphal return to Paris just before his death.

> His thinness told me of his long labors. His antique and peculiar costume reminded me that he was the last representative of the age of Louis XIV. . . . His piercing eye sparkled with genius and malice. . . . His lean, bent body was nothing but a light, almost transparent frame, through which his soul and genius served to appear.

The personality of George Washington deeply impressed the Count. He writes:

> His outward appearance seemed to tell his history. There was simplicity, grandeur, dignity, calm, kindness, firmness in his face and bearing, for they were the marks of his character. He was tall and dignified. The expression of his features was gentle and kind. His smile was pleasant, his manners were without familiarity.

The Count's intimacy with the French Court of Louis XVI., and the various diplomatic missions which he undertook, give to his pages a genuine historic value. We derive from them a real picture of Europe in the years preceding the French Revolution, a picture all the more real owing to the astuteness of his mind and the ease of his style.

ELIZABETH CHUDLEIGH. By BEATRICE CURTIS BROWN. Viking. 1928. $2.

This is a volume in the "Representative Women" series; but in what way Elizabeth Chudleigh, so-called Duchess of Kingston and actual Countess of Bristol, was a representative woman in the real meaning of the expression would be difficult to discover. The foreword says that she was "truly representative of the cosmopolitan society

(*Continued on page* 248)

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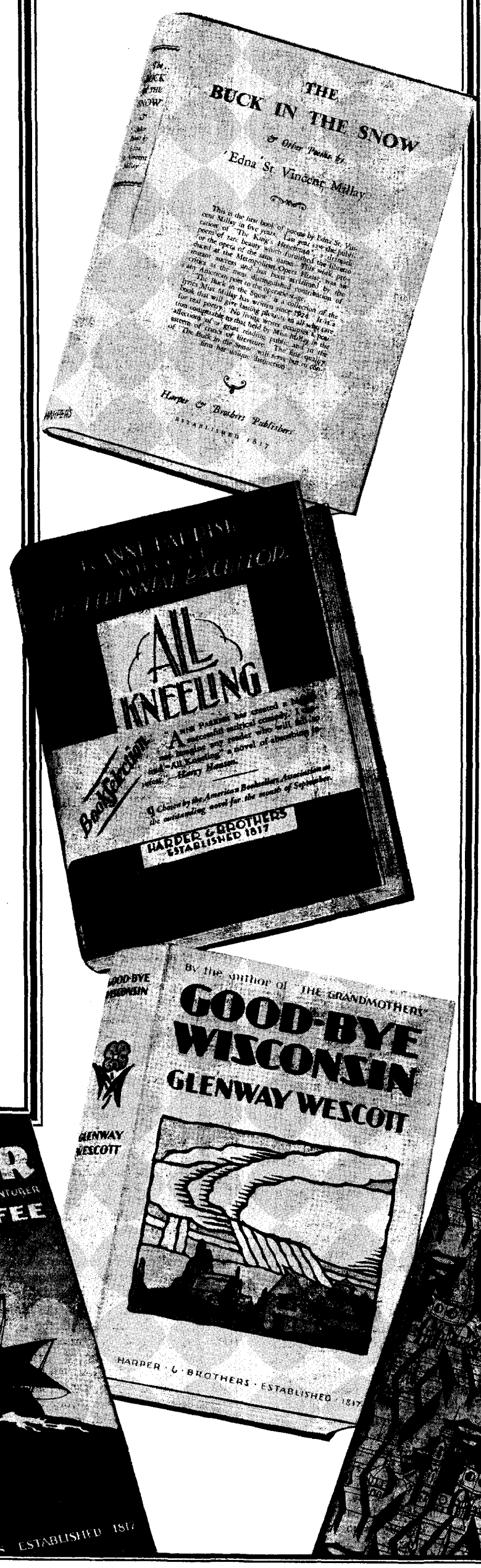

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Author of "The Perennial Bachelor"

"Exceptionally shrewd and amusing. *All Kneeling* puts under the microscope the vain, ruthless young lady who masquerades behind a front of gentle, spiritual, self-sacrificing charm."—*N. Y. Times*. Selected by The American Booksellers Association as the outstanding book for September.

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Poetry That Children Choose

By MARY AUSTIN

THE handicap which has to be discounted always in any consideration of children's choice, is the limitation imposed by parental indifference or parental concern on the varieties of poetry among which the children themselves are permitted to exercise that choice. In all but exceptional cases it comes down to the kind of poetry that children who are free to choose communicate to the less fortunate others. Even the child whose anxiously censored literary environment excludes all mention of Mother Goose, sooner or later picks up from his companions choice excerpts from that classic of English verse, and extends his repertory with the rhymes pertinent to singing games and the rhythm tunes of preferred plays. And if absolutely nothing expressive comes to him from his environment, the normal child will hop, skip, and jump himself into true poetic expression of what most interests him; as I heard two children not long ago skipping home from an excursion in the hills to the tune of "Saw a dead horse, saw a dead horse, saw a dead horse this morning." But as one who has purposefully devoted time and thought to the problem of the poetry children choose, when free to do so, I do not hesitate to affirm that the natural choice of uninhibited children is good. That is to say, they choose poetry that is good by the standards of poetics at the level of primitive culture which is native to the childhood of the race.

The earliest poetry consists chiefly of an affective rhythm tune, a rhythm which springs naturally out of pleasurable primitive activity, enhanced by harmonious vocables, and given definition with the fewest possible evocative words. By evocative words I mean words which reproduce and sustain in the child that unexpected widening of perception which is the heart of a poetic experience. That a dead horse, or a twinkling star, or a lady-bug may constitute for the child an explosion of apperceptive energy which takes rank as experience, is precisely what the parent is most likely to forget. An adult who has learned to rank the *sentiment* arising out of new perceptions, as superior to the perception itself, will try to impose sentimental poetry on the child, but the child left to himself makes no such mistake. He will coördinate his rhythm with his experience, rhythm perhaps being fundamental to perceptive experience, as naturally as a savage, and will syncopate both in precisely the savage manner. Compare, for example, the form and manner of "Blacksmith, blacksmith," . . .

Here a nail
And there a nail,
Tick . . . Tack . . . Too.

with the Navajo song accompanying a game of dice, in which the rhythm is of the two fingers picking up the counters, associated by imagery with the ground dove picking up seeds:

Glossy locks picks them up,
Red Moccasin picks them up,
The lucky ones
The winning ones
My . . . little . . . dove.

Glossy locks and red moccasin are descriptive names of the burnished, pink-legged dove which are less purposefully poetic to the Indian than to us; they are precisely those evocative phrases which the child adopts when he calls a locomotive a choo-choo, or an egg humpty-dumpty.

That children left to themselves will choose and communicate to each other the best of this type of poetry, can be so easily demonstrated that it seems unnecessary to do more than regret that there is so little good poetry available in this key for the modern child to choose from. What is not so well understood, what the writer learned with amazement in an effort sustained over a number of years to have children make suitable poetry for themselves, is that the child's appreciation moves on precisely as the poetic appreciation of the race moved on, and insists on another mode of expression for the later experiences, but a mode just as sharply defined of its kind. Anywhere from the age of five to seven, the child's attention moves out from the mere joy of appreciation to fix with some attention to detail on the object which excites it. Poetry at this age, in addition to being a statement of the object perceived, begins to be poetry *about* that object. *Not* about the sentiments it arouses or the moral lessons to be derived from it, but admitting further description and more or less definition of the relation of that object to the perceiver.

As this phase of child psychology corresponds to the level at which primitive man began to be interested in other animals and their relation to himself, it is not surprising to find that most children, even when brought up in a city, take avidly to what goes by the name of nature poetry; poetry about bears and rabbits, flowers, stars, insects; whatever pricks itself upon observation. Just how much poetry of motor cars, aeroplanes, dynamos, and sky-scrapers children would take at this age cannot positively be determined because of the total lack of good poetry for the young dealing with these subjects. There is, in fact, not a great deal of poetry for the young which is strictly applicable to the nature of the various regions of the United States. It was the total lack of anything of the kind in the Southwest which led to the experiments which resulted in the collection just published under the title "The Children Sing in the Far West." What was attempted was to have children in western schools compose their own songs about prairie dogs, antelope, and bob-owls to replace the English violets, Wordsworthian daffodills, and New England May-flowers which alone were available. The limitations of child expression in this direction can be discovered in "The Sand Hill Crane," "Rathers," "Grizzly Bear," which were actually produced in school out of actual observation by western children. The most interesting discovery was made by the teacher that the children voluntarily abandoned at from five to seven the rhythms of Mother Goose, which are nearly all body rhythms of hopping and skipping and walking, and preferred what might aptly be called *rhythms of attention.* They showed a fondness for poems in which the leading statement is repeated with slight verbal changes, usually of incremental progression, as

I'd like to be an antelope,
A prong horn antelope,
A bounding, bouncing antelope.

In other words, the next stage of poetic choice after Mother Goose, plainly indicated the progress of perception to interior levels, and expressed what might be going on in the object of the perception, as in the case of the antelope, mixed, increasingly, with ideas set in motion within the observer.

With most children the progression was toward more and more acute perception of what went on in the object, leading to descriptive amplification and to the story poem. Also from seven to ten there was growth of appreciation of rhythm. My pupils liked to have me read adult poetry to which they could beat out rhythmic accompaniments on their desks, and in this they showed appreciation of rhythmic complications far beyond their power to use in composition. The same was true of tonal and verbal patterns. Although tonal patterns were instinctively liked from the earliest, it was curious how many children never discovered the rule of rhyme until it was pointed out to them. And this notwithstanding that the poems in their school readers and in their songs were all in conventional rhyme. Many of the early original compositions of my pupils were quite definitely of the form now known as free verse, though at that time there was no such name for it.

Unfortunately my experiments did not go far enough to permit more than an inference as to when and by what precise processes, poetic content was enlarged to include emotional reactions. I do recall that I came positively to the conclusion that an early development of sentiment in children is a sign of the early retardation of objective perception, perhaps of intellectual development. I am quite certain that were I selecting poetry for grade school consumption I should include very little poetry of sentiment beyond the generalized, group sentiments of hero worship, patriotism, and awe; but I should be careful to include also a great deal of first class poetry the full meaning of which lay beyond their intellectual understanding of the children. This for the reasons that I have given, that appreciations of poetic quality, such as assonance, rhyme, tonal harmony, and rhythm far exceed the child's intelligence or ability to handle, and it is more important for the child's future relations to literature that this normal ratio of development should not be violated. There was also the reason easily demonstrated by experience, that the instinctive poetic choice of children is profoundly to be trusted. They like the best of the kind they are able to take in. There is, however, no fixed age at which the alteration of levels of choice occur. To avoid missing them, the only safe rule is to expose all children to good adult poetry at an early age. It is important that when the age of choice arrives, there should be the best available from which to choose.

Reviews

THE STORY OF YOUTH. By LOTHROP STODDARD. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. 1928. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEOFFREY PARSONS
Author of "The Stream of History"

THERE is a wealth of delightful material in this volume, assembled from many sources. Mr. Stoddard not only presents the doings of boys and girls from Babylonia forward to Colonial times in America; he gives a picture of the social background of each age so that the children of the Renaissance, for example, play and study against the color and allurement of those rich centuries.

It is a moving story. For sheer poignancy, there is no episode in all history to match the record of the Children's Crusade, and Mr. Stoddard tells it well. If there is anyone—whether he has read "Water Babies" or not—who does not breathe a little faster, from shame or pity, over the chimney-sweeps, his moral blood pressure deserves examination. The plain tale of child labor in factories seems sufficient reason for viewing all machinery with a suspicious eye till the end of time.

The pictures which Mr. Stoddard sketches of the several ages are admirable. The only doubts that arise touch his occasional efforts to compare the lot of children in different centuries. Here is meat for debate which can hardly end. Mr. Stoddard is generous to the Middle Ages in most respects, yet he cannot forbear a jeer at the uncleanliness of the period—"a thousand years without a bath," in the words of Voltaire. Yet the items that really matter in the making of a civilization are few, and soap and water are not among them. If the children of Edward I. had baths only four times a year, they were probably none the worse therefor and, judging by the congenital instincts of all children to-day, may have been much happier.

The important things in child life are their games, their education, and their treatment at their elders' hands. These facts Mr. Stoddard places before the reader so far as they are available. The difficulty is in estimating the value of the gains and losses from one period to another. No statistical method has yet been discovered for determining the index number of a nation's essential well-being, or even to measure such simple component parts as happiness, wisdom, faith, rectitude. The effect of social custom is a huge unknown in every period. If whipping is the rule in a community, children probably take it as a matter of course. At any rate, when people have become self-conscious about such a custom, or have put it far behind them, they have the greatest difficulty in imagining what it meant in the lives of a period that took it for granted. So it is possible to doubt whether the modern gentleness with children really marks as great a change as Mr. Stoddard's interesting account of flogging, fagging, and fighting might suggest.

Mr. Stoddard has it in for the Eighteenth Century, and the children of the well-born were unquestionably held at arm's length by their parents in this age of artifice. Yet, from the insistence by Rousseau that mothers nurse their own babies, some moderns have turned to the ingenious theory that the less parents have to do with their offspring, the better. Much in Mr. Stoddard's interesting volume suggests that there is a large measure of illusion in child progress as in every other aspect of man's endeavor. Mr. Stoddard shows his good sense in halting his tale in the early nineteenth century. It is a sad commentary on the reliability of historical judgments that the closer we are to a period and the more first-hand facts we possess regarding it, the less we really know about it.

NEW SONGS FOR NEW VOICES. Edited by LOUIS UNTERMEYER and CLARA and DAVID MANNES. With pen drawings by PEGGY BACON. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1928. $5.

Reviewed by DEEMS TAYLOR
Editor *Musical America*

JUST why the mind of an author or editor should go to pieces in the presence of a little child I have never been able to fathom; but certainly the average "juvenile" suggests not so much intellectual immaturity as a bad case of arrested development. Particularly is this true of song-books for children, which generally manage to offer a combination of lyric and melodic imbecility that can be relied upon to destroy any budding musical taste in the young reader.

"New Songs for New Voices" is consequently by way of being an oasis in an especially arid desert. Granted its almost inevitable shortcomings, it does present a collection of songs for children that has been edited by people who possess both taste and a knowledge of their subject.

Louis Untermeyer picked the words. One would hardly have to look at the title page, however, to know that a practicing poet had had a hand in the book's preparation. The authors represented in its pages—A. A. Milne, Carl Sandburg, Walter de la Mare, Edna Millay, Elinor Wylie, Witter Bynner, and Edith Sitwell, to say nothing of the more traditional Eugene Field, Lewis Carroll, and Mother Goose—are virtually a guarantee to the anxious parent that his offspring will derive from its perusal not only musical sustenance but a pretty thorough grounding in contemporary poetry as well. The musical table of contents, selected by Clara and David Mannes, offers a somewhat less sensational gallery of authors, but at least a solid and comforting one. The youngster who begins on Cecil Burleigh, Arthur Farwell, Abram Chasins, Daniel Gregory Mason, and John Alden Carpenter can graduate to Brahms, Beethoven, and all the other B's without too much of a wrench.

The book offers a hundred songs, most of them new, arranged in six sections, most of whose headings—"The Very Young World," "Outdoors," "The Zoo," "Day's End"—are self-explanatory. In the "Heart To Heart" section, sentiment rears its ugly head, but not annoyingly. The division entitled "I Hear America Singing" is one of the most successful in the book, and contains, instead of the usual patriotic negroid mélange, a really interesting American group comprising Kentucky mountaineer songs, two of Stephen Foster's, four spirituals, the Civil War Caisson Song, and the old cowboy ditty, "Whoopee Ti Yi Yo."

What weaknesses the book has are in the music. The words have been set painstakingly and always competently, but not always, to my mind, in such a manner as to make them easy for children to sing. Several of the songs go rather beyond the average child's vocal range, and several others are likely to prove, musically, a bit over its head. The most uniformly successful composer is May Strong, whose name seems unfamiliar; her settings are really tuneful, and possess the rhythmic simplicity and definiteness that children always like.

There are many pictures by Peggy Bacon, whose artlessness strikes one observer as a little too deliberate for comfort. She may prove, however, enormously popular with the children. The book as a whole undoubtedly will; and quite right, too.

THE CONQUEST OF MONTEZUMA'S EMPIRE. Edited by ANDREW LANG. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1928. $2.

Reviewed by HENRY S. CANBY

THIS book is a "reduced" and simplified version of Prescott's famous narrative, sponsored by Andrew Lang, and illustrated by James Daugherty, whose access to the new material from the Mayan discoveries has enabled him to make pictures that Prescott would have rejoiced in. Many of the masterpieces of the nineteenth century need "reduction," Prescott less than almost any other. But his gorgeous narrative, although now needing historical supplement from new knowledge of Mexican civilization, is one of the finest examples of chronicle in English, a story of incredible adventures, possible only once in a millenium. Children should read it in the original, but there may be no better way to get them to do so than to give them this little book first.

(*Continued on page* 248)

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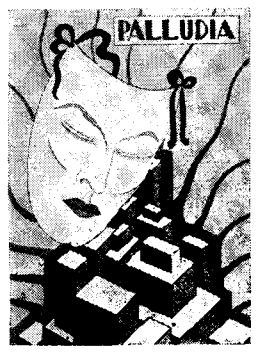

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Books of the Fall

(*Continued from page* 242)

(Knopf), to the volumes that have preceded it; Edna St. Vincent has just published a new collection of lyrics, "The Buck in the Snow" (Harpers); Robert Frost is shortly to bring out a book entitled "West Running Brook" (Holt), Harcourt, Brace has issued Carl Sandburg's latest verses under the title "Good Morning, America," and Macmillan has brought out the sonnets of Edwin Arlington Robinson and is shortly to publish Hardy's "Winter Words in Various Moods and Metres." Among other volumes of poetry of which mention should be made are Nathalia Crane's "The Invisible Venus" (Coward-McCann), "Sweet Water" (Harcourt, Brace), by Virginia Moore, "The Great Enlightenment" (Harpers), by Lee Wilson Dodd; "Travelling Standing Still" (Knopf), by Genevieve Taggard; "Cawdor" (Liveright), by Robinson Jeffers; Braithwaite's "Anthology of Magazine Verse" (Vinal); "Stone Dust" (Longmans, Green), by Frank Ernest Hill; "Time Importuned" (Viking), by Sylvia Townsend Warner; the collected works of William Ellery Leonard, issued under the title "A Son of Earth" (Viking), and "The Collected Poems of Richard Aldington" (Covici-Friede). Nor should Leonard Bacon's "The Legend of Quincibald" (Harpers), Alfred Kreymborg's "The Last Sail" (Coward-McCann), a diary in sonnet form, or Drayton Henderson's "The New Argonautica" (Macmillan) be forgotten.

In the field of drama appear a number of well-known names. Here is Edgar Lee Masters offering "Jack Kelso" (Appleton), a drama of the Lincoln country, Romain Rolland appearing with the prologue to a great projected drama of the French Revolution entitled "Palm Sunday" (Holt); "The Hamlet of A. McLeish" (Houghton Mifflin), by Archibald McLeish, "Six Plays," by David Belasco (Little, Brown); "Professor Bernhardi" (Simon & Schuster), now first translated into English though it was causing much discussion in Germany and Austria, especially in circles where its handling of the problem of anti-Semitism aroused interest, in 1913; and "The Angel That Travelled Waters and Other Plays" (Coward-McCann), by Thornton Wilder. George C. D. Odell, the first two volumes of whose exhaustive history of the theatre in New York appeared two years ago now has two more volumes of "Annals of the New York Stage" coming from the Columbia University Press, and the *Theatre Arts Monthly* is making a plunge into publishing with "Art of the Dance" by Isadora Duncan.

The essayists, like the poets and dramatists, have not been idle. Dr. Joseph Collins, who by this time has looked at a variety of things, is now turning his attention to matters that lie specifically within the field of his profession, and is presenting his findings on them in "The Doctor Looks at Marriage and Medicine" (Doubleday, Doran); Max Beerbohm writes of "A Variety of Things" (Knopf); R. L. Duffus of "The American Renaissance"; A Edward Newton of "The Book Collecting Game" (Little, Brown), and Elisha K. Kane of "Gongorism and the Golden Age" (University of North Carolina). In "The Treason of the Intellectuals" (Morrow) Julien Benda presents an interesting analysis of the failure of the "clerks" (in the Chaucerian sense) to range themselves with the protagonists of peace and harmony in international relations. Bertrand Russell, in "Sceptical Essays" (Norton), sets down for the first time for the general reader his philosophy of scepticism, while in "The Twilight of the American Mind" (Simon & Schuster), Walter B. Pitkin has some generalizations to make that will doubtless arouse scepticism in the minds of some of his readers. His book is a provocative one and has already called forth heated discussion. H. G. Wells sets forth his credo in "The Open Conspiracy" (Doubleday, Doran), and in "Shaping Men and Women" (Doubleday, Doran) is to be found some of the fine and pregnant literary criticism of the late Stuart Sherman. Other volumes in the field of *belles lettres* that deserve mention are Christopher Morley's "Off the Deep End" (Doubleday, Doran); J. B. Priestley's "Too Many People" (Harpers); The Philosophy of Fiction" (Appleton), by Grant Overton; "Books That Change the World" (Harpers), by Hilaire Belloc; "How to Criticize Books," (Norton), by Llewellyn Jones, the Literary Editor of the Chicago *Evening Post;* "Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Spaniards" (Oxford University Press), by Salvador de Madariaga, studies in national psychology; an inquiry into mob psychology, by André Maurois, entitled "The Next Chapter: The War against the Moon" (Dutton), and "Shehezerade, or "The Future of the English Novel" (Dutton), by John Carruthers.

And now there remains to us but a miscellaneous collection of books, and since in the main their titles speak for them we append them with but an occasional comment. We have grouped together, as you will see, a half dozen that bear upon the fads and cults that at various times have swept the American public. Here they are: "Hallelujah," by Duncan Aikman (Holt), a chronicle of strange religious cults in America; "Evangelized America," by Grover C. Loud (Dial); "The Stammering Century," by Gilbert Seldes (Day), a study of eccentricity and fanaticism in the U. S. in the nineteenth century; "Confusion of Tongues," by Charles W. Ferguson. (Doubleday, Doran), also an account of strange religious sects in America; "Lorenzo Dow: The Bearer of the Word," by Charles Coleman Sellers, a biography of a famous itinerant preacher (Minton, Balch); and "Witchcraft in Old and New England," by George Lyman Kittredge (Harvard University Press).

And here are the last of the books we're going to mention for you; several are very practical manuals. "The Story of the Gypsies," by Konrad Bercovici (Cosmopolitan); "Chinese-Japanese Mythology," by John C. Ferguson and Masaharu Anesahi (Marshall Jones); "From Magic to Science," by Dr. Charles Singer (Liveright); "Man the Miracle Maker," the story of inventions, by Hendrik Van Loon (Liveright); "A Short History of Medicine," by Charles Singer (Oxford); "Beneath Tropic Seas," by William Beck (Putnam); "To the Pure," by Morris L. Ernst and William Seagle (Viking); a study of obscenity and censorship; "A History of Printing," by John Clyde Oswald (Appleton); "The Spanish Pageantry," by Arthur Stanley Riggs (Bobbs-Merrill); "An Indian Journey, by Waldemar Bonsels (Boni); "Nights Aboard," by Konrad Bercovici (Century); "The Land of Gods and Earthquakes," by Douglas Haring (Columbia); "The Nearing North," by Lewis R. Freeman (Dodd, Mead); "Circling South America," by Mrs. Larz Anderson (Marshall Jones); "A Journey to the land of Eden," by William Byrd (Macy-Masius); "Flying the Arctic," by Captain George H. Wilkins (Putnams); "The World On One Leg," by Ellery Walter (Putnams); "The Life of Space," by Maurice Maeterlinck (Dodd, Mead); "Anthropology and Modern Life," by Franz Boas (Norton); "Prairie Smoke," by Melvin R. Gilmore (Columbia); "Catholicism and the American Mind," by Winfred Ernest Garrison (Willett, Clark & Colby) "Wanderers," by Mrs. Henry Cust (Coward-McCann), episodes from the travels of Lady Stuart-Wortley and her daughter; "Frontiers of Hope," by Horace M. Kallen (Liveright), and "Political Behavior," by Frank R. Kent (Morrow).

Alas, and alack! We are not done. Here are some titles we should have mentioned under Biography but failed to enumerate. We append them now with our blessing:

"Marie-Antoinette," by Marquis de Ségur (Dutton), "The Mad King," by Guy de Portalès (Holt), "Louis XIV," by Louis Bertrand (Longmans), "The Discoverer," by André de Hevesy (Macaulay), "My Friend Robespierre," by Henri Béraud (Macaulay), "The Mantle of Cæsar," by Friederich Zundolf (Macy-Masius), "Tamerlane, The Earth Shaker," by Harold Lamb (McBride), "The Amazing Life of John Law," by Georges Audard (Payson & Clarke), "John Wesley," by Abraham Lipsky (Simon & Schuster), "John Wesley," by Arnold Lunn (Dial), "The Devil and Cotton Mather," by Katherine Ann Porter (Liveright), "Voltaire," by Victor Thaddeus (Brentano), "The Correspondence of Spinoza," ed. by A. Wolf (Dial), "Cardinal Newman," by J. Lewis May (Dial), "Rabelais," by Anatole France (Holt), "Life and Letters of William Dean Howells" (Doubleday, Doran).

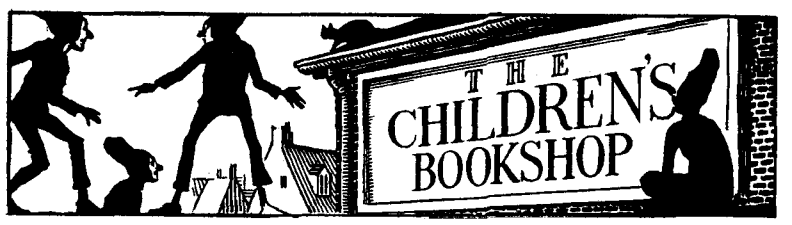
The New Books

Biography

(*Continued from page* 244)

woman of the eighteenth century," but of course every woman, good or bad, interesting or uninteresting, is representative of some phase of life or type of character. That does not make her a "representative woman."

Elizabeth Chudleigh, a maid of honor to that Princess of Wales, who was the mother of George III., was simply an adventuress in the grand manner. She loved money and social position, she had few scruples, she lived entirely for herself. But she had a determination and ruthlessness of character that show her to have been, within the narrow limits of her outlook, a remarkable person. Even so she would long since have been forgotten had she not been tried for bigamy by the House of Lords. And one can scarcely claim to be a "representative woman" on the strength of a scandalous career and a bitter self-will.



THE SOCIAL SCIENCE READERS: An Airplane Ride. A Story about Boats. Grandfather's Farm. An Engine's Story. By HELEN S. READ. Illustrated by ELEANOR LEE. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1928. 60 cents each.

Reviewed by LILA V. STOTT

THE new ideas in education are finding their way at last into children's literature. Here is a series of first readers produced by teachers out of their familiarity with children's interest and based on some of the most thrilling features of a child's own experience. One opens at random to a page of "An Engine's Story" for instance, to find framed in a wide margin the legend

"This is a dining car.
People eat in a dining car."

Opposite is a full page illustration rich in details of dining car service dear to the heart of every child traveler. And so it goes through all the familiar story of trains, boats, and airplanes, pigs, chickens, cows, and haymaking. No question here of a shift to a body of unrelated content for the child who has been absorbed in joyfully using his blocks and toys and other materials to recreate and vivify his experiences with this fascinating world of action. With such material as Miss Read and Miss Lee have given us, the well established drive carries over into an attack on the new technique of reading and the new technique in turn becomes a means of enriching and clarifying the familiar experiences.

The make-up of the book is as satisfactory as the content. Good print, wide margins, one line sentences making an easy eyeful for beginners and an alluring full-page illustration in color to every page of printed matter. Yet the books sell for sixty cents, an important item for schools.

Finally the series is sponsored by Miss Patty Hill and Miss Mary Reed of Teachers' College who have written an interesting foreword explaining the educational principles underlying the demand for this kind of material and giving the books their cordial endorsement.

Fiction

GETTIN' IN SOCIETY. By GEORGE BLAKE. New York: Harper Bros. 1928. $2.

WE are presented a neat problem in "Gettin' in Society." The novel never is quite so good as we expect it to be, and looking back over the book, once it has been finished, we find difficulty in saying just when, or how completely, it went to pieces. Without doubt, however, the real trouble is that Mr. Blake is working with a type of fiction too big for him. His novel is a family history, a chronicle that might well have been extended, deepened, and refined to something like the Clayhanger-Lessways saga. Perhaps that is what English reviewers of the novel (in Great Britain it was published as "Paper Money," a much better title) had in the back of their minds when the works of Bennett and Thackeray were mentioned as standards on which to measure Mr. Blake's accomplishment. This Scotch writer, however, is not conscious of his characters' deeps; he seems to be too near them. Nor does he carry off the plot in the grand manner of the best English fiction. And yet every once in a while we think that he is going to do that very thing. As a result, "Gettin' in Society" is a respectable novel that suffers because it invites comparison with the best.

Furthermore, Mr. Blake has dignified the work by tying it up with a social movement that has for ten years been annoying the solid British citizen. The New Rich, taking the country houses, the shooting lodges, the streams, the acres of the Old Rich that are now the New Poor—the up-thrusting of industrialists made prosperous by the War—this phenomenon is exhibited and commented upon in the rise of Matthew and Nell Faed from the cheapness of a Glasgow suburb to the financial dignity of an estate on a Highland loch. We have been conscious of many such transitions. But has it been the rule that all the transplanted Matthews and Nells have made such a tremendous failure of their material advancement? We doubt whether Mr. Blake has heightened the effectiveness of his novel by the extremes to which he has carried his protagonists' defeat. True enough, Nell was an empty-headed ambitious egotist, but her character is obviously due to Mr. Blake's desire to be emphatic rather than to his desire to picture the essential stupidity of the whole class that she represents. The novel is not meant to be a bitter caricature of the New Rich; it is, rather, a cool analysis of their problems. In cool analyses it is better to be moderate than to be emphatic if one's social comment is to take hold. Thus we see a second point at which Mr. Blake's implications and suggestions rise up to confound him.

But much of "Gettin' in Society" is no fit target for finicky criticism. The physical settings are solid and permanent, and the chief characters seem to exist independently of the particular situation in which we find them. Matthew Faed is the good citizen throughout the novel; he is presented to us splendidly. Nell Faed stands out as a brilliantly disagreeable characterization. The Faed boys and girls are not so successful; Mr. Blake went at them we are led to believe, with something less than a painstaking thoroughness. Aunt Latta is one of the best old people we have recently met in a novel. On these characters and against a setting that brings the wild, morose beauty of Scotland close to us, the narrative is built with considerable firmness. Judged by any standards but the very highest, "Gettin' in Society" is a competent, sound novel, and a social document of definite interest.

MYSTERY AT LYNDEN SANDS. By J. J. CONNINGTON. Little, Brown. 1928. $2.

The first of the three murder mysteries which here engage the attention of the police is that of an aged caretaker; the second that of a bigamous, blackmailing wastrel; the third that of a smooth gentleman who, unsuspected, has been robbing the estate of which he is custodian. All the crimes occur in the vicinity of Lynden Sands, a quiet, English seaside resort, and shrewd reasoning by Chief Constable Sir Clinton Driffield, investigating them while sojourning there on a bus-man's holiday, soon convinces him that the killings are the work of unknown conspirators bent upon rich, yet indefinable, spoils. Sir Clinton is an able, unspectacular, secretive sleuth who, though his mothods are somewhat prosaic and long-drawn-out, gives one an impression of plausibility far stronger than that conveyed by showier performers. The author has already published several other meritorious novels of this kind, which causes us to wonder why his excellent stories have not met with a warmer reception from devotees of detective tales.

SCARLET HEELS. By EDITH M. STERN. Liveright. 1928. $2.50.

Mrs. Stern has set out in a light, jocular vein to do popular romance. The result is a "Die Meistersinger" sort of book—a profound semi-human narrative. Her "Scarlet Heels" are a symbol—a personification of the tradition of aristocracy, via the epitome of the tradition, the "red heels" of Louis Quatorze.

The story has to do with an upshoot of

(*Continued on page* 250)

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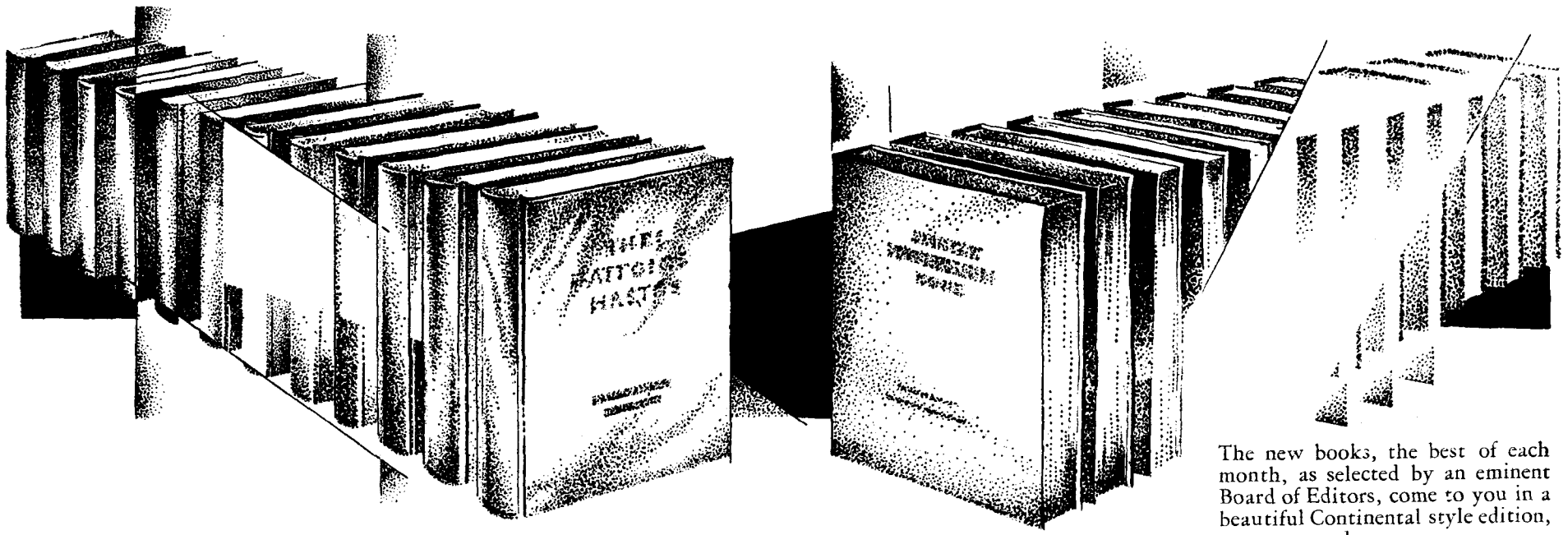

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The New Books

(*Continued from page* 248)

vicomte, accidental son of a *nouveau riche* American mother and a French prince, and nominal son of a French count, who jousts with the windmills of common sense and is exiled to an American Main Street. Mrs. Stern's forte, aside from evolving a unique setting, lies in her insight into the human issues of American democracy and European aristocracy, the foibles, the largeness, and the pathos of each. Her pictures of the French aristocrats, Comte and Vicomte, are portraits of epicures, polished in the philosophy of leisure and purple. The Comte is mellowed and philosophic in his tradition; the Vicomte stupid in his actions, an acolyte of the aristocratic tradition by reason of early conditioning.

Her pictures of the American types are, for the most part, of rough, good-hearted babbits and of flappers, as stupid in their way as the vicomte in his. They are sincere in their camaraderie and democratic mores, as the Frenchman in his aloofness, love of art, fine women, and the Divine Right of Kings. The outcome is of little matter. Mrs. Stern's psychological accuracy and elemental sympathy have tempered what would otherwise be a satirical romance into a thoroughly interesting novel of lucid social philosophy.

THE RED SCAR. By ANTHONY WYNNE. J. B. Lippincott. 1928.

This is a mystery story, and one of the major and unsolved mysteries is why Mr. Wynne elected so extraordinarily to name his characters. On the first four pages one meets Alaister Diarmid, Lionel Leyland, Raoul Featherstone, and Echo Wildermere. These are the main characters, but even the incidental ones are not too modestly cognomened. Of course it is not fair to tell anything about the plot of a mystery story, but this one, after indulging in the essential murder, hinges rather neatly upon the self-disappearence of the corpse. Almost all the persons in the story might have committed the crime and didn't. A feline head appears at the mouth of the bag several times, but Mr. Wynne hastily crams it back by injecting a little new plot each time and so escapes letting the whole cat out until the proper page. Even after you have guessed who did what you are not sure you have guessed right, and who asks more from a mystery story?

THE ETERNAL MOMENT. By E. M. FORSTER. Harcourt, Brace. 1928.

The way in which one's tastes and opinions differ from and sometimes coincide with what seem the prevalent tastes and opinions of one's fellow man may be a source of depression or complacency—preferably complacency for it is a happier frame of mind. Mr. Forster's "Howard's End" aroused our enthusiasm many years ago, when others seemed to know nothing about it; his "Passage to India" made him famous and did not interest us at all; there was a small and curiously interesting volume called "Pharos and Pharillon" published shortly before which was spoken of and then dropped; and here is a collection of short stories, fantasies like the previous collection called "The Celestial Omnibus," to remind one that Mr. Forster has become a personage in English letters, established and peculiar. He remarks in a preface that he is not likely to do any more like these, for the War has driven fantasy underground.

But fantasy in Mr. Forster's hands has gravity and intention. All the stories have a similar underlying moral, something to the effect that the eternal moments, the only ones that count, are always moments of fierce strain or intense desire, moments of ecstacy or pain. It is not the point that the road to hell is easy. The point is that easy roads lead to hell by virtue of their easiness. The grub becomes a lunar moth by desperately bursting loose. Salvation is seizing the chance of not remaining a grub. The story called "The Machine Stops" represents a society mechanically perfect and contented, and the only salvation was for the machinery to break down and drive men back to a world of doubts and pains and visions. "The Point of It" is perhaps the most artistically finished piece of work, the story and the allegory come around the turn and meet so accurately. "Mr. Andrews" and a Turk arrive at the gates of heaven together and are admitted, but, the only happiness they experienced was the moment at the gate when each hoped that the other would be let in. We are not sure what "The Story of a Siren" means. To meet a siren is an experience that revolutionizes one's whole nature. One should grasp one's eternal moments, but where the eternal moment consists in meeting a siren the value of it seems debatable.

Mr. Forster's definition of salvation is not the only possible one, but there is force in it.

HEAVENLY DISCOURSE. By CHARLES ERSKINE SCOTT WOOD. New York: Macy-Masius: The Vanguard Press. 1928. $2.

It is likely that historians some centuries hence will mark the end of the nineteenth and beginning of the twentieth century as the period in which Jewish-Christian traditions first definitely passed from the realm of history into that of mythology, thus converting them into free material for the artist to use in his own manner, as the Greek dramatists used the mythology of Greece. One thinks at once of Anatole France, Bernard Shaw, Andreiev, in Europe, and of Mark Twain, Cabell, and Erskine in America. To the same group belongs C. E. S. Wood, whose "Heavenly Discourse" in its earlier edition by the Vanguard Press last year is said to have sold 30,000 copies.

As a stylist, despite an almost Elizabethan gusto, he is probably the least of the group, but he is almost as witty as the best and is easily the most audacious and trenchant of them all. The setting for the forty dialogues which make up the volume is Heaven; the separate scenes shift among such spots as the Seventh Terrace of the Seventh Plane, the summer veranda of the universe, the Parapet of Celestial Light, or the extreme edge of space. The protagonist. God, a delightful, easy-going Epicurean deity, appears at the wheel of the universe, turning the stars; sunning himself on the bank of the River of Life; in his mossery, studying lichens and mosses; tossing up a baby angel and catching her; swinging a Cherub on his toe; sitting on a campstool surveying the cosmos; etc. Around him are the other characters, including, Jesus, Gautama, Lao-tze, St. Peter, Voltaire, Rabelais, and Mark Twain. The subjects of discussion range through free love, birth control, prohibition, prayers for rain, pacifism, imperialism, censorship, and many another theme. The stupidities of authoritarianism and suppression are held up to riotous satire. Perhaps most joyous of all are the attempted entrances into Heaven of Anthony Comstock, Billy Sunday, T. R., and Charles Evans Hughes "who visits Heaven without a passport and is deported."

The characterization throughout is consistent as far as the human *dramatis personæ* are concerned—particularly successful being the portrayal of Rabelais—but with the immortals Mr. Wood plays fast and loose with their knowledge of sublunary things, varying it in a distressing manner to suit the needs of each dialogue as it comes. A dialectician would also find much to which to object in his theories. Mr. Wood's anarchic defence of absolute liberty, for example, is difficult to reconcile with his contempt for the human race which seems, according to his view, inherently slavish. But underlying these logical incongruities, and far more important, is a real unity of spirit, bold and free and generous; in its insistence upon actual and not merely verbal goodness much more idealistic than are most professed idealists, in its devotion to peace on earth, goodwill to men, much more Christian than are most professed Christians.

IN THE WOOD. By NAOMI ROYDE-SMITH. Harpers. 1928. $2.50.

Is "The Constant Nymph" the mother of all the children that are coming out of English fiction today? For Sanger's Circus very surely demonstrated the charm of sharply individualized young personalities, the very antithesis of the bread-and butter children formerly used to fill the chinks of adult novels. At any rate, the unco young are with us, and Naomi Royde-Smith (Mrs. Ernest Milton) has added to her quota of convincing, flesh and blood boys and girls an eerie creature out of the wood; has, or has not, added her, according to how you interpret the story. The Vining children live in White Windows, an eighteenth century house fascinating in itself although rather emphatically described, where they lead the usual active life of children hot in the pursuit of games, inconsequent of grown up goods and evils. They are a normal, robust

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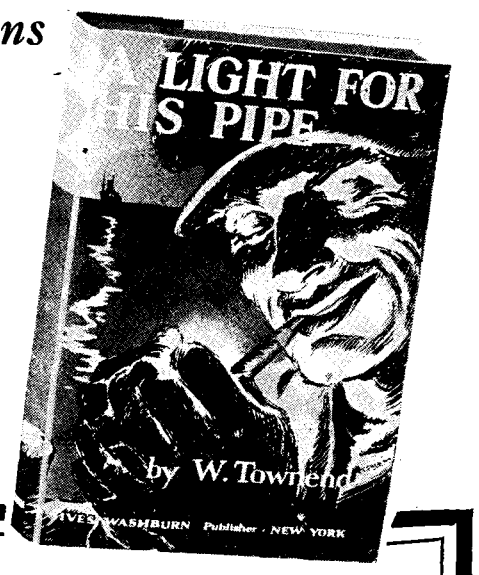

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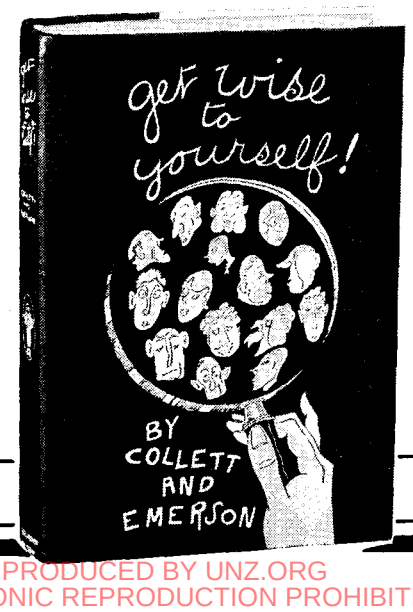

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crew, with the exception of the little Cilia. She hears things and sees beings that the others do not, and she plays with an invisible playmate. Cilia might so easily have been one of those wispy, moony children who are equally unbearable in life or literature, but the author has saved her from this by making her much like the other children in her relation to the ordinary events of life and by having her adhere to a sportsmanlike code of her own throughout the book. The Vining children grow up—one fears to have them do so—and meet war and love and death. The war halts everything, love banishes the invisible playmate, but death brings her back. Throughout the story Miss Royde-Smith has caught and held a mood that makes the transition from the actual to the imaginary almost imperceptible. The book shows occasional evidences of a deliberate attempt towards the wistful and whimsical, but for the most part it is an authentic excursion into one type of childhood.

LEST YE DIE. By CICELY HAMILTON. Scribner's. 1928.

"Thou shalt not eat of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge! Thou shalt not eat—lest ye die."

The above Biblical edict was the seed from which sprang Mr. Hamilton's book, a seed carefully nurtured and brought into full growth by the horrors and red ruin of the World War.

The story and plot structure, as such, is merely incidental. It serves as tangible illustration of the author's thesis, which is, succinctly, that knowledge is power of destruction—power of destruction too great for the human, the fallible, to wield. Man, because he fights, must deny himself knowledge—which is power over the forces of nature; the secrets of nature must be veiled from him by his own ignorance—lest, when the impulse to strife wells up in him, they serve him for infinite destruction.

There is no definite time element in the novel. It begins in a civilization exactly like that of the present time although somewhat more developed; at a time when the world is federated, and war is thought incredible. And yet there comes a war. And humanity crouches before the science it itself has perfected. Mechanical perfection, the work of men's hands, soars over its creators, spits down at their helplessness, and defaces them.

It is not the incidents of the war but the portent of the war which concerns the author. Through the eyes of the leading character we see the holocausts of war, more highly developed than the Great War. In the end we find only a handful left in a ravaged world. This has all been accomplished through a new method of strategic warfare known as "displacement of population"; a strategic device which reduces all combating nations to impotency and chaos.

As a story the novel is vividly treated and intensely interesting. It is well written, with admirable restraint. But, more than a mere story, the book is a splendid study of the destruction of civilization by man's scientific knowledge.

TO KISS THE CROCODILE. By ERNEST MILTON. Harpers. 1928. $2.50.

Ernest Milton's first novel, "To Kiss the Crocodile," falls into three parts and three manners. To anyone who likes the simplicity of the first part and admires more dispassionately the "Green Carnation" atmosphere of part two, the third section with its extravagant diablerie is going to be a sharp disappointment. Likewise, most readers who could enjoy the Odyssey of the closing chapters will find the first half of the book very little stimulating. But perhaps there are some who, like Mr. Milton himself, will find the triad equally interesting and actually enhanced in its parts by their juxtaposition.

The story opens in the plangent atmosphere of Canterbury. Here a boy is growing up in beauty and innocence, protected from all actual contact with life by a doting widowed mother. A life in Canterbury would perhaps have found him adequate, but at eighteen he is dropped down in London. He is sucked rapidly into tragedy and shame: his aloofness interests the gregarious and easy-going society people whom he meets, and, since he is different, an unsavory "different" group thinks he must be one of them. Exposed as a member of a homosexual house-party through a suicide that cuts him off from the one line of hope he has seen, he leaves London, his mother, his world, and plunges into a life of esoteric adventure and debauchery. What follows is a veritable sky-rocket of orientalism, dropping its charred stick in a long death in Provence. Mr. Milton's "divine lovely bastard" is more successful when showing mortal qualities than when he leans to the godlike.

HELEN. By GEORGETTE HEYER. Longmans, Green. 1928. $2.

This is a biographical novel from birth to marriage, or at least to "she sighed and let her head rest on his shoulder . . . she had come through storm and sorrow to a haven . . . and to happiness" as all good heroines—heroines as well behaved as Helen—deserve to do. The "storm" part of the book is surprisingly readable, the father and daughter complex smacking of the Elsie books, the style a little of "The Tree of Heaven," and the whole being as well cut and sewed together as a *Saturday Evening Post* story. Around the being who is Helen, as beautiful as she is moral, as excellent in sports as in novel writing, county life circulates with its horses and hounds and gentlemen, London with its fast cars and cocktails and, yes, the war and the "younger generation"! For Helen, alive in spite of her virtues, attracts to her unresponsive self artists, simps, older women, and bad ones.

THE MAN WHO KILLED FORTESCUE. By JOHN STEPHEN STRANGE. Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $2.

This tale gets off to a good start with the bus-top murder of a mystery-story writer who had learned, or guessed, too much about an earlier killing. Then the dead man's rooms are rifled and suspects begin appearing in large chunks. Van Dusen Ormsberry is the sleuth. He is nice enough personally, but only a dust-jacket-blurb writer would call him a great detective. Mr. Strange will have to ask his conscience whether he did or did not cheat in Chapter IX, and we can give him the name of a reader who was rather annoyed by the frequency with which he was dragged from place to place, from the interior of one character to the interior of another. But even these doubtless horrible authorial misdemeanors cannot damn "The Man Who Killed Fortescue" altogether. It is still a little better than average detective story.

THE FATAL KISS MYSTERY. By RUFUS KING. Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $2.

This book seems to have got into the Crime Club by hiding behind its misleading title. There are no crimes in it, and no mysteries. It is the story of what happened in a hidden ravine in the Adirondacks when a young scientist, aided by a boy friend and a girl friend, tried his hand at dissolving matter, in the excitement of kissing and being kissed dissolved the wrong matter, and had to dissolve a lot more before he got through. It is not nearly so funny as it was meant to be. Its burlesque super-scientific material was far too thin to be spread over two hundred and sixty-four pages, no matter how laboriously padded out with asthmatic wheezes and half-smart irrelevancies.

HURRYING FEET. By FREDERICK F. VAN DE WATER. Appleton. 1928. $2.

Old Warpath Debrett, "chief of the banking house of Debrett & Associates, before which nations not infrequently paid obeisance," kept a deformed chemical genius on his beautiful estate in upper New York. The chemist experimented with gases. The finance minister of a European country came to the Debrett estate. People began dying mysteriously. Debrett had a ward who was young and beautiful. He had a black sheep of a grandson who, after being cast off, stopped drinking and became a State Trooper. That is "Hurrying Feet." Mr. Van de Water does as well with the story as anyone else.

WILDERNESS HOUSE. By FOXHALL DAINGERFIELD. Appleton. 1928. $2.

Here is a story that deals with poverty, frustrated hopes, and crime in the modern wilderness of Virginia. The tale is filtered through the naive mind of crippled Beverly Reve, who understands much less than she conveys to the reader. Unfortunately there is much that she neither understands nor conveys, and the result is a somewhat thin and watery story. It is not that Mr. Daingerfield strikes any false notes: his method doesn't allow him to strike enough true ones. Stout figures were needed to carry this grim tragedy, and the two male Reves, seen through girlish eyes, are simply thin people in a book. Only black Harmonicum, the cook, comes through the filter alive. The simplicity of this enigmatic negress, whose loyalty withstood everything except her fear of dying with something on her conscience, gives her a size and a reality that in the end rub out the other characters and leaves the book hers. Mr. Daingerfield's rural Virginia is rural Virginia.

(*Continued on next page*)

SEARS' SOLILOQUIES

STATISTICS are sometimes deceiving, usually misleading, and invariably bubbling over with humor. Three people killed each day in New York City; $12,000,000 to elect a President; $415,000 for a so called "Seat" on the Stock Exchange, which permits its possessor to stand up all day every day and roar himself hoarse. In Germany, with one-third our population, they publish three times as many books each year as we do. In Denmark with 2,000,000 inhabitants a 40,000 sale for a novel is recorded many times a year. Fancy selling 120,000 copies of a book in New York City alone! We do not begin to read in this enlightened land of ours as much as the cow-milking Danes or the Freudian Germans.

But we are doing better as the years march along. In the days of the great New England literary era, when Emerson, Lowell, Longfellow, Dana and the rest were producing the best, The North American Review had a circulation of 500 copies per month and James Russell Lowell was its editor! *Mrs. Henrietta Dana Skinner,* daughter of "Two Years Before the Mast," was brought up as a little girl in daily intercourse with these Parnassan giants—the imposing Lowell, the gentle Longfellow, the somewhat terrifying Seward, the detached Emerson, moving about in their daily affairs. It is a charming recollection of these Great Americans that she has written in this *Echo from Parnassus.*

Longfellow, by the way, would have been interested to know that a man who was brought up to be a pickpocket, two generations later in Boston and who went on through the bank robbery stage to serve a term of years in Sing Sing, came first to see that there was something better in life when he happened to read "The Children's Hour." His next step was Oscar Wilde's "Ballad of Reading Gaol." Strange bed-fellows, Longfellow and Wilde—a queer team to draw *Jack Callahan* out of the mire and lead him to write his amazing life story, *Man's Grim Justice.* Ex-Governor Whitman, who as district attorney of New York convicted Becker, has written a preface for it.

It is a mysterious world. Things that are wrong here now have been right there then. Different times, different manners. *Robert Welles Ritchie* in his *Hell-Roarin' Forty-Niners* illustrates this graphically. In the gold camps of our West, less than a hundred years ago, a man who stole a horse was hung, while one who killed his fellow beings went free. It was a hard life, consisting mainly of alcohol, assignation and adventure which those prospectors and their scarlet women led. They had their troubles and their great moments, as we do, and as actors do, and as Pontius Pilate did two thousand years ago.

W. P. Crozier, editor of that huge British weekly, The Manchester Guardian, has drawn a picture of the Roman Governor's job in Palestine in his *Letters of Pontius Pilate,* that is as illuminating in its way as Ritchie's gold mining days book. The author, who is an authority on biblical history, by casting his story in the form of letters written by Pilate in Palestine to his friend Seneca in Rome, has given the reader today, in terms of today, a picture of what Pilate's problem really was. What would Governor General Stimson do if the same problem was presented to him in Manila today? What did the English do in India in the case of Ghandhi?

It is so modern, so intimate, that it brings home to us now what happened then; and so, too, does the ex-Kaiser's wife, *Hermine,* in her new book *An Empress in Exile,* bring home to us here in America the tragedy of the life at Doorn going on now day by day, of herself and her husband who once commanded millions of men and now commands a few servants. How are the mighty fallen!

Most of the mighty fall sooner or later; and some statistician has figured out how soon we shall all—mighty and unmighty alike—fall, if we do not find a way to kill rats, mosquitoes and disease bearing insects—something less than a thousand years will leave the world without a single human being in it—only rats and flying bugs. *Dr. Torrance—Arthur Torrance,* member of the Royal Society of Tropical Diseases in London, has written a remarkable account of his adventures in Siam, Cambodia, Sumatra, India and Central Africa during his search for the cause and cure of the plagues that spread thence over the world. He calls it, *Tracking Down the Enemies of Man.* It is a romance, an adventure greater than the tales of the buccaneers of old.

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

THE QUARTZ EYE. By HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER. Bobbs-Merrill. 1928. $2.

This tale is subtitled "A Mystery in Ultra Violet," and its amateur detective is a scientist, but the book is not, thank God, cluttered up with a lot of quaint machines, devilish rays, and pseudomillikanisms. The wonders of science are used with admirable restraint. The love interest—involving the scientist and the Follies' girl who came from her Rolls-Royce to rescue him when the front wheels of his flivver went into a street trench—is pretty thick, but not much drippier than it has to be. Linda was driving the Rolls-Royce, it seems, because her chauffeur, a reformed criminal, had mysteriously vanished. Other mysterious things had happened to her. Her apartment and her country house had been entered and violently searched. She had been held up in her vestibule and searched. She didn't know what it was all about. The scientist found out for her. He was neither so stupid about it as most amateur detectives are in literature, nor so brilliant as most scientists are. "The Quartz Eye" is easily one of the best of the recent detective stories.

ANOTHER COUNTRY. By H. DU COUDRAY. Sears. 1928. $2.50.

It was Macaulay who said, "prize poems are like prize sheep. The sheep only fit to make tallow candles; the poems to light them." Perhaps severe. But this is the day of overproduction of immaturity. If a young author breaks out with a volume which would be the better for long maturing in the depths of experience it is saluted with rapture and amazement. "Another Country" is as bitter as an unripe plum. One wonders whether the English critics who awarded a prize to its author really admired the book as a novel or merely as a precocious product. Already in its fourth edition, the book is clever and ugly. Mr. Pattee would class it with those cocksure shafts of Hyatacus which can bring down naked, bloody, revolting "truths" before public.

CRESCENDO. By HENRY BELLAMAN. Harcourt, Brace. 1928. $2.50.

The feeling left after the perusal of this well written novel is that life at best is only a choice between different forms of unhappiness. Why, then, not get all the fierce sting of pleasure the moment affords? The pendulum of modernity has swung back to the philosophy of Epicurus. Our talented writers incline to the baring of the most secret recesses of emotions and strive to penetrate even to the germs of moral and menial diseases which ripen into ironic disdain of social law. Here, we have a fine Scandinavian woman of genius, whose renunciation of her rights and privileges as a wife in favor of her husband's "love" is a sad acknowledgment of the inevitable defeat of the high and pure in a battle with passions. The artist hero cannot even attain happiness, since he keenly realizes the worth of what he threw away,—a wife worthy the deepest devotion. Before him lies a slimy path, but superficially covered with lotus flowers; and the girl he follows sinks with him, uttering a swan song at the instant she should be happy. A modern tragedy. But told with force and an artistic touch.

THE ROGUE'S MOON. By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS. Appleton. 1928. $2.

The veteran novelist here continues his lengthy sequence of eighteenth century, New World, historical novels in a bloodthirsty tale of the buccaneers who ravaged the southern colonial coasts in the early 1700's. A courageous girl, orphaned by pirate barbarity, now disguised as the indentured tap-boy of a North Carolina tavern, is the much abused heroine. She befriends a young British naval officer of noble birth when he is on the verge of joining the sea-rogues, thus insuring his continued loyalty to the King and his unselfish protection in the turmoil of perilous adventures which thereafter beset them. Many of the characters—Blackbeard, Governor Eden, Tom Cocklyn, Stede Bonnet, Mary Read, Anne Bonney, etc.—were actual figures of the time, and many of the incidents in which they take part, woven into the tale's fictional materials, are also authentic. But the story as a whole is so violent and puerile a concoction that it seems to be suitable diversion for imaginative adolescence rather than for its elders.

D'ARTAGNAN. By H. BEDFORD JONES. New York: Covici, Friede. 1928. $2.50.

ACCORDING TO THE CARDINAL. (The Rollicking Chronicles of Touchard-Lafosse.) Translated by G. S. TAYLOR. Philadelphia: Macrae-Smith. 1928. $3.50.

Both the above books are for lovers of Dumas, the first because it augments and incorporates an authenticated manuscript of Dumas which, so far as can be learned, has remained unpublished hitherto,—and deals with the famous Musketeers,—the second because G. Touchard-Lafosse's sources were in many cases the same as those of Dumas, because (like Dumas) he was "sensitive rather to dramatic value than to historical truth" and depicts Louis XIII., Anne of Austria, Richelieu, Buckingham, the Duchesse de Chevreuse, et al, with the raciness of novelized history. Both books display to us the machinations, passions, and frailties of the same historical characters. H. Bedford Jones has rounded out the fragmentary Dumas manuscript into a story full of action and fire and quite in the manner of the master of romance. The tale is founded upon a codicil to the Thounenin will, an actual old French document now in the possession of the publishers of this book. The will possibly suggested the story originally to Dumas. The child that the codicil concerns is that Vicomte de Bragelonne whom Athos adopted as his son. As we say, this is a good stirring story, with plenty of rapier-play, and, in the person of Helène de Sirle, we have a beautiful feminine intriguer fashioned after the manner of the famous Milady. The Duchesse de Chevreuse also plays an important and fascinating part. The novel is well worked out in detail, even though the progress of actual historical events in the background seems to us sketched with occasional clumsiness. Of course, d'Artagnan, Athos, Porthos, and Aramis are all here in full glory.

"According to the Cardinal" is a good book to read collaterally for the picturesqueness and pageantry of the time. Here again, as in "The Three Musketeers," is the story of Richelieu and the love-story of Anne of Austria and Buckingham. Touchard-Lafosse wrote more than a hundred novels, historical romances, memoirs and histories. The present book is one of the five volumes of "Chroniques de l'Oeil de Bœuf," now being republished in English as "The Rollicking Chronicles." The style is that of the usual mildly scandalous memoirs, a sort of upholstered journalism, but the schemes and emotions of the court of the time are conveyed vividly, the human frailty of the principal actors shrewdly depicted. The atmosphere created is theatrical, but fairly convincing. The story of the diamond shoulder-knot, that figures also in "The Three Musketeers," is told with relish.

In both these books the history of the time of Louis XIII. serves, one might say, as a basis for the concoction of rich confectionery, but the actual drama of intrigue of the period lends the richness. If history is seen across the footlights, there is still enough accuracy of detail to render the romance, on the whole, not misleading.

A DINNER OF HERBS. By MARJORIE BARTHOLOMEW PARADIS. Century. 1928. $2.

"Glossy" . . . "cute" . . . "merry" . . . "Melodious laugh" . . . of such is too much of Mrs. Paradis's story. But if you read through the first adolescent chapters—adolescent both for the heroine and the author—you will probably read to the end, in spite of the "cheeks like raspberry lollipops" which belong to the big, good man of the story, in spite of Jerry's *penchant* for petting with the toe of his oxford, in spite of the passages meant to portray Daphne's wit and humor. For the material is skilfully handled, and a swiftly moving narrative is made out of this grim-philosopher-from-Smith's discovery that except for the family and the tabloids there is little difference between agreeing to live with a man for four years and agreeing to live with him for life, that a philanderer is "an unfortunate" and not a spirit freed by Freud. There is some characterization in the book worthy of note and one bit, the summing up of Jerry and the Reverend Archibald Meeks, deserving of quotation: "Jerry moved with quick vitality, eager to complete one thing that he might start another, impatient at the shortness of life. Archie was placid and deliberate, ahead of him lay all eternity."

GREEN WILLOWS. By ETHEL MANNIN. Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $2.

Although this is another story of contemporary English life, it barely mentions the World War; and although it deals with realistic problems of modern youth, it has a romantic touch of phantasy.

Two young people, born of an idyllic marriage, carry with them through life the image of their mother, a woman deeply loved by her husband, incoherently yet extravagantly admired by her children. A parental tyranny is here—not the conscious, petty insistence of a family on minor details, but power gained through the creation of an ideal before whose imagined judgment the acts of daughter and son must be approved or discredited. Rebellion against this tyranny proves futile on the part of the daughter and tragic on the part of the son.

Miss Mannin seems to try to tell us that in a day when restraints, parental and otherwise, are ineffective, the appeal of loyalty to an ideal can still hold sway. She tells an interesting story, too, of the conflict of personalities and the change of ideas.

Weaknesses of style and structure mar her accomplishment, and a tendency toward the sentimental frequently appears, especially in the use of the willow tree. As an incarnate reminder of that for which the mother stood, the tree helps; however, though life does have its ideal or idealized mothers, it rarely has such knowing green willow trees.

CANADIAN SHORT STORIES. Edited by RAYMOND KNISTER. Toronto: Macmillan. 1928.

First, let it be said that Mr. Knister has done a commendable piece of editing in this volume. To the seventeen stories contained in this anthology he has prefixed an interesting critical survey of the short story in Canada; he has included an appendix of short stories and books of short stories by Canadian authors; and the publishers have issued it in a pleasing format.

It is hardly to be expected that all of the stories will be so artistically satisfying as Morley Callaghan's "Last Spring They Came Over," the story of two imperturbable young English brothers who came to Toronto to work on a newspaper, or Thomas Murtha's "Susie and Perch," a segment from the lives of an aimless young couple living aimlessly in a couple of rooms in the city. Mazo de la Roche's "The Cure" is a

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deft sketch of an old man who was "cured" of his predilection for liquor by a few hour's confinement in a sanatorium. "The Great Election in Missinaba County," by Stephen Leacock, adds a fine touch of humor to the collection, while "The Weather Breeder," by Merrill Denison, and "The Root House," by Leslie McFarlane, are worthy of mention. Harvey O'Higgins is represented by "Sir Watson Tyler" and Duncan Campbell Scott by "Labrie's Wife." Of the remaining stories most of them are simply good popular magazine stuff. Mr. Knister has done his work so well and so intelligently that it is to be hoped he will continue his "labor of love," as the publishers term it, in this field.

P. D. F. R. By INEZ HAYNES IRWIN. Harpers. 1928. $2.

Returning to New York after twenty-five years reluctantly spent in Africa, Margaret Rhodes found her New York had changed considerably. Her young niece, Una Bellamy, with whom she went to live at Sealbrook, a country estate, was different from the young girls of Margaret's generation, as were the other wealthy young neighbors to whom Una Bellamy's house was always open. But Margaret wanted to be fair to these youngsters and admitted to herself that in some ways they were superior to her own generation. That Gene Burt was not the man whom her niece ought to marry Mrs. Rhodes was sure. Just how she tried to make this beautiful, self-assured girl see her error is related in this rapidly moving tale of the fast young set of to-day.

The style is staccato, and none of the characters, with the exception of Margaret Rhodes and Una Bellamy, are really convincing, in spite of the innumerable highballs they lightly toss off, and their incessant, empty chatter. But in the characterization of Margaret Rhodes Mrs. Irwin has done a good piece of work. We recommend this novel to those readers who want an absorbing full-length story, but who care little about technique.

PERISHABLE GOODS. By DORNFORD YATES. Minton, Balch. 1928. $2.

If you like attacks, captures, rescues, and escapes on, in, and from ancient castles conventionally equipped with secret passages, sinking tables, and sliding panels, you will probably like "Perishable Goods." A desperado named Noble, not satisfied with having been frustrated in an earlier book, "Blind Corner," kidnaps beautiful Adele Pleydell and holds her for half a million pounds ransom. This happens in Austria. Three Englishmen and their servants go there to rescue her, while her husband lies abed with a broken leg. The villain is very villainous, the heroes very heroic. Lots of things happen. The book is written in a slightly stilted manner that goes agreeably with its matter and makes it quite readable.

TALES FROM GREENERY STREET. By DENIS MACKAIL. Houghton Mifflin. 1928. $2.50.

Greenery Street is everywhere, and nowhere. For Greenery Street is the dwelling-place of all those happy monarchs, the initiates in married life. It is the place where fancy is transformed into reality. And it is the reality that Mr. Mackail clothes with an irresistible charm and kindly humor.

The reader starts off with a sly peep into the home of the Cubitts, who have a "most interesting daughter"; and the "interesting daughter" is three years old, and quite the most wonderful thing that ever happened in the lives of either of her parents. So it is only natural that her proud mother should want to see her name in *The Nursery Times* as a puzzle prizewinner. And it is equally natural that Mr. Cubitt, though with some squirmings of conscience, should agree to send in the answer to the puzzle in his daughter's name; for after all, she certainly fills the requirement of being under fourteen, and it doesn't say that parents may not assist their children. But Mr. Cubitt has a deucedly hard time in finding the name of a port in Samoa. And after finding the answer to this absurd inquiry, and conquering his conscientious scruples, and even then sending in the answer with some misgivings, after all this, he learns that the best answer has been submitted by their neighbor's baby, Colin Dodd, a child a few weeks old! But then the Cubitts can be condescendingly tolerant of the Dodds, who have been married only a year, as compared with their four years.

There is the story of the Meikeljohns, of how they receive a letter in a good-luck chain, which they must not break. And there is the match-making Mrs. Poulton, whose husband cannot understand why she should try to force others into marriage, until she explains that she is so happy with him; and the outcome of her effort to make a match for her younger sister. And there is the story of the sartorial troubles of the Binghams. And—but what's the use? One could go on summarizing all twelve sketches, for they are all equally good, and then give vent to a regretful sigh because there are no more to tell about.

If you can resist the quiet humor that forms the background of these stories, you have forgotten how to smile. If you can resist the romantic glamor that hovers over the homes on Greenery Street, you are an incorrigible cynic. And if you can resist telling others of the delightful evening that awaits them with Mr. Mackail, you—but why be insulting?

HATE. By A. D. HOWDEN SMITH. Lippincott. 1928. $2.

Mr. Smith's story is laid against the background of the years of Madison's presidency when the newly organized United States Navy was contending with the British fleet for freedom of the seas. As is to be expected, hate is the dominant note. It rings through the pages of the novel with the irritating discordant clash of a riveting hammer in a boiler-shop. By the end of the book the word, through constant reiteration, has lost any significance it might have had and has become merely an ordered group of letters.

"Hate" is a melodramatic romance of the days of privateering. Lion Fellowes believes himself betrayed to his rival by the woman he loves. His love turns to hatred of her, and everyone related to her. All the other characters of the book conceive some definite hatred and the two groups at odds with each other get into respective boats and have it out on the high seas. Lion achieves his revenge and, immediately his conscience is subjected to uneasy qualms. After more than two hundred and fifty pages of outright hatred a sudden metamorphosis takes place and Lo! what was hate has turned to love on all hands. And, at the end of the book, we find everybody concerned either married or happy.

Considered purely from the angle of the writing, "Hate" is quite passable. But the intrinsic merit of a story of this type lies in its plot. Mr. Howden Smith's plot is noticeably threadbare and hackneyed (almost as trite as the term "hackneyed" is in criticism). His is a book for those who like their romance constructed according to a set standard with only enough alteration to differentiate one year's model from the last.

PILLAR MOUNTAIN. By MAX BRAND. Dodd, Mead. 1928. $2.

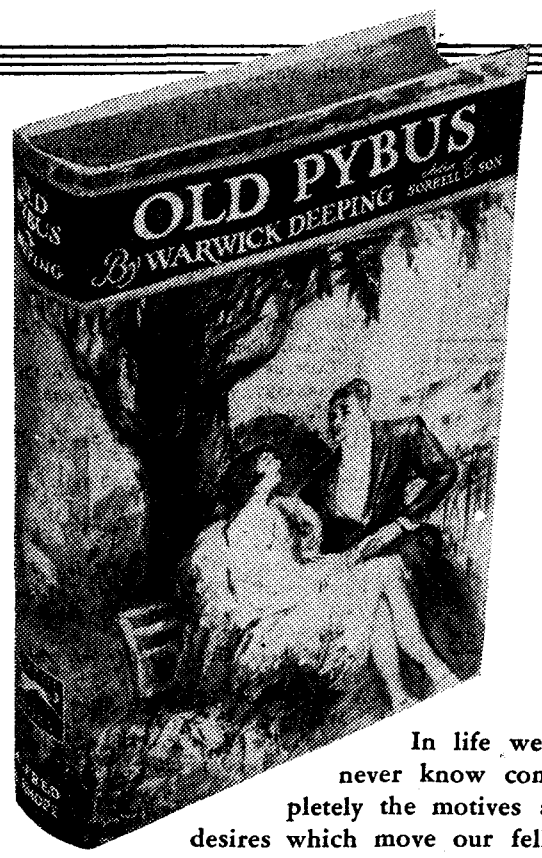
Mr. Max Brand is one of the ablest manufacturers of that somewhat standardized trade product, Western fiction. This one is a good Western and something more. Mr. Brand has injected a good deal of humor into it—an infusion which few other writers in this field manage successfully, with the noteworthy exception of W. C. Tuttle—and he has also endowed it with an atmosphere suggestive of some myth from the childhood of the race, a folk tale of Herakles or Siegfried. Like Siegfried, his hero Philip was reared by an old man in the wilderness aloof from humankind; and when this hero of gigantic strength and childlike innocence comes down among men his deeds are touched with just the right degree of fantastic exaggeration. It is a primitive saga hero who abolishes the annoying Chisholm brothers and takes up the defense of Maizie Delmar against the scoundrelly Purchass clan. And the climactic fight between Philip and the hero (in the saga sense of the word) who is known only as the Colonel brings in a motive dear to the first Greek and Teutonic story tellers—and it is handled with a skill and a power worthy of the theme. Westerns, when they are well done, are good entertainment; but Mr. Brand is of sufficient caliber to go hunting bigger game.

Since he does write Westerns, Western fans will note one flaw in this otherwise highly interesting and satisfactory book—once Philip's great fight is won Mr. Brand turns to the required minor theme of getting his hero into his heroine's arms, and lets his villains go more or less by default. We Western addicts are never wholly satisfied unless the semi-final page sees dead caitiffs stacked in gory windrows on the barroom floor. We do not like to take our corpses on trust.

YOUNG FAMILY. By ROBERT HYDE. Payson & Clarke, Ltd. 1928. $2.50.

Benjamin Upright, going to spend the week-end at Mildred Drexall's, just outside New York City, would undoubtedly have been surprised to know that he was to meet his future wife there. Between Benjamin and Louise there was an immediate mutual understanding. She listened respectfully to this assistant professor of economics, while he expounded some of his socialistic theories, which he was incorporating in a textbook. If Upright's preconceived ideas of life did not quite work out in his own married life, certainly there was no lack of diversity, what with Louise's three youngsters, a household of superior servants, and the numerous progeny of the servants. The book has qualities—spontaneous humor, delightful characters, considerable action—which should make it very popular.

(*Continued on next page*)



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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

DOMINANCE. By MADGE JENISON. Doubleday, Doran. 1928. $2.50.

The strange potent personality which, touching other personalities, leaves them changed, has a very definite appeal. "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" is still taking its turn in stock repertoire, one remembers the triumphant westward course of "The Servant in the House," and how many copies of "The Unearthly" did Mr. Hichens supply the public with eventually? Perhaps it is the hope of help from without that leads the self-locked introvert into these green pastures, the slender imaginative straw to grasp, that some time, somewhere, one may meet something, someone, that will make the world click into place. Madge Jenison has written her novel partially about such a character, but while he dominates the book he differs from the human savior type at every turn.

"Dominance" is beautifully and carefully written. It is full of seemingly trivial details, little sights, sounds, and colors, which in reality are selected with a very keen sense of their value for suggestion of character. There is only a slight vestigial plot: the concern of the book is with people, three people; a brother, a sister, and the brother's nurse. The brother is a young genius kept from work and rendered neurotic by an illness that must end in death; the sister, utterly devoted to him, is a spectator of life, an appreciator of the nuances of living, but reluctant of the arena; the nurse, a man, is a vivid, expressive character, interrupting the aloof perfection of the two whose weal he takes for a day. A subtle shifting of emphasis in character gives "Dominance" a rapidity of movement surprising in a novel of so little action. Effects that are well worth working for are worked for. The pattern of the book, the restraint, the delicacy of approach all point to Madge Jenison as one who considers exclusion as important as inclusion and craftsmanship as not beneath the notice of an artist. The title has several possible interpretations, of which the most obvious, the nurse's influence on his employers, is the least interesting.

TENTS OF WICKEDNESS. By *Mella Russell McCallum.* Century. $2.50.

A TALE OF ROSAMUND GRAY AND OLD BLIND MARGARET. By *Charles Lamb.* London: Golden Cockerel Press.

INFIDELITY. By *Arthur Weigall.* Brentanos. $2.50 net.

THE WAY IT WAS WITH THEM. By *Peadar O'Donnell.* Putnam.

COSTUMES BY EROS. By *Conrad Aiken.* Scribners. $2.

POINT COUNTER POINT. By *Aldous Huxley.*

FUMBLER. By *Phillips Russell.* Macaulay. $2.

THE BOY IN THE SUN. By *Paul Rosenfeld.* Macaulay. $2.

ROGUES FALL OUT. By *Herbert Adams.* Lippincott. $2.

A LIGHT FOR HIS PIPE. By *W. Townend.* Washburn. $2.

JEANNE. By *Theda Kenyon.* Washburn. $2.50.

THE SHADOW. By *Lillian Rogers.* Washburn. $2.

CAPTAIN JAVA. By *Louis Moresby.* Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

GREEN WILLOW. By *Ethel Mannin.* Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

THE SLIP-CARRIAGE MYSTERY. By *Lynn Brock.* Harpers. $2.

HEAD IN THE WIND. By *Lesley Storm.* Harpers. $2.

P. D. F. R. By *Inez Haynes Irwin.* Harpers. $2.

PRELUDE TO A ROPE FOR MYER. By *L. Steni.* Dial. $2.50.

THE SLYPE. By *Russell Thorndike.* Dial. $2.

THE ENGLISH MISS. By *R. H. Mottram.* Dial. $2.50.

TARZAN LORD OF THE JUNGLE. By *Edgar Rice Burroughs.* McClure.

YOUNG FAMILY. By *Robert Hyde.* Payson & Clarke. $2.50.

THE SHADOWY THING. By *H. B. Drake.* Macy-Masius. $2.

THE DOWNFALL OF TEMLAHAM. By *Marius Barbeau.* Macmillan.

CANADIAN SHORT STORIES. Edited by *Raymond Knister.* Macmillan.

MIDDLE FOLKS. By *Richard James Talbot.* Winston. $2.50.

MOSES. By *Louis Untermeyer.* Harcourt, Brace. $2.50.

THERESA. By *Arthur Schnitzler.* Simon & Schuster. $2.50.

D'ARTAGNAN. By *H. Bedford-Jones* and *Alexandre Dumas.* Covici, Friede. $2.50.

MURDER. By *Evelyn Johnson* and *Gretta Palmer.* Covici, Friede, $1.90.

JINGLING IN THE WIND. By *Elizabeth Madox Roberts.* Viking. $2.

NIGHTSEED. By *H. A. Manhood.* Viking. $2.50.

THE HERETIC. By *Dan Poling.* Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

GUYFORD OF WEARE. By *Jeffrey Farnol.* Little, Brown. $2.50 net.

PAN MICHAEL. By *Henry Sienkiewicz.* Little, Brown. $3 net.

WINGED SANDALS. By *Lucien Price.* Little, Brown. $3.50 net.

CO-GE-WE-A. By *Mourning Dove.* Four Seas. $2.50.

ASHES. By *Stefan Zeromski.* Knopf. 2 vols.

THE DEVIL'S SHADOW. By *Frank Theiss.* Knopf.

THE WOMAN AT THE PUMP. By *Knut Hamsun.* Knopf. $3.

GRIMMHAVEN. By *Robert Joyce Tasker.* Knopf.

A VARIETY OF THINGS. By *Max Beerbohm.* Knopf.

THE GREAT HORN SPOON. By *Eugene Wright.* Bobbs-Merrill. $4.

Juvenile

(*For Children's Bookshop see page 246*)

THE TRAIL OF THE LITTLE WAGON. By ALICE MACGOWAN. Stokes. 1928. $1.75.

The trail of the little wagon lies from Iowa to California, and in the year 1870. It is an accurate and picturesque account of the pioneer days, and while there are many difficult and even dangerous situations, they are all plausible. The emigrant trains, outlaws, Indians, and Mormons are all pictured by one who knows them well. The author gives us a sympathetic glimpse of Buffalo Bill, and a penetrating study of Brigham Young, with the conditions among the Mormons at that time.

The story takes Mark, his sister, Belinda, and their chum, Charlie, on the journey, and shows their spunk and courage in overcoming every obstacle. Belinda is particularly appealing in trying to combine her feminine instincts with the rough and ready manner suitable to boy's clothing, which she adopts for the journey.

The style is simple and natural, and the author takes us along the road with these three young people, whom we have all met in real life before.

The plot in itself is rather a tame affair. It is the atmosphere of courage and the persistent and dogged determination for freedom that is the best the book has to offer. The story is written for older boys and girls, and they will be interested and enlightened by this narrative of an important epoch of our country, here so vividly brought before them.

MATU THE IROQUOIS. By E. G. CHEYNEY. Little, Brown. 1928. $2.

When an author writes pure fiction for children, he has no responsibility except to become a child himself and simply write down how it feels. But when he undertakes to write historical fiction with a background that is native to every boy and girl among his readers, he has a responsibility in presenting it authentically. Our criticism of "Matu the Iroquois" is that it is not convincing. The mode of conversation is anachronistic. There was far more formality in the colonial days than this modern dialogue suggests. The adventures themselves are not breath-taking. There is one exception. The stampede of the buffaloes is gripping, and is the most robust writing in the book.

The plot itself invites interest. Matu goes to avenge the death of his father at the hands of an Ojibwa Indian, at the same time in which John MacKenzie starts from Scotland to find his father stolen by the Red Men. The story shuttles back and forth between Matu and John, coming to a dramatic conclusion.

On closing the book one regrets that Mr. Cheyney has not contributed more definitely to the increasingly important field of literature on the American Indian, by studying the times more carefully, and by making the story more even throughout.

OLD FABLES FOR YOU, AND PICTURES TOO. Told by ELSIE-JEAN. Pictured by ESTELLE DUVAL. Nelson. 1928.

Here is a book that should both amuse the very young child and exercise his memory and ingenuity. It is a series of familiar fables told in word and picture, the text stopping short where the illustration can supply the word, and the pictures being sufficiently frequently repeated to impress the objects they portray upon the mind. It is a gay little book, daintily conceived and executed, and should prove a welcome gift for toddlers.

MORE ABOUT ELLIE. By ELEANOR VERDERY SLOAN. Dutton. 1928. $2.

This is a pleasing story for the smaller children concerning two small children and how they spent one summer. It is a sequel to "About Ellie at Sandacre." It is tersely presented in big type, and both text and pictures are charming. Edna Potter is the illustrator. It can be read aloud to very young youngsters with effect, we should think. It contains just those simple and easily-grasped episodes of corn-roasts, swimming parties, and picnics that they

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THE STORY OF THE HARBOR. By *Ernestine Evans.* Harpers. $1.25.
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SONS OF THE MOUNTED POLICE. By *T. Morris Longstreth.* Century. $2.
BUCKSKIN AND ERMINE. By *Amelia Mae Millan Lambkin.* Cedar Rapids: Torch Press.
DOCTOR DOLITTLE IN THE MOON. By *Hugh Lofting.* Stokes. $2.50.
MODEL AIRPLANES. By *Elmer L. Allen.* Stokes. $3.50.
ABDALLAH AND THE DONKEY. By *Kos.* Macmillan. $2.
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KNIGHTS OF CHARLEMAGNE. By *Ula W. Echols.* Longmans, Green. $3.
A QUART OF MOONLIGHT. By *James Woodward Sherman.* Little, Brown. $1.50 net.
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CORNELIA'S CUSTOMERS. By *Jane Winters.* Century. $1.75.
STOWAWAY. Edited by *Wilhelmina Harper.* Little, Brown. $2 net.
MAGIC GOLD. By *Marion Lansing.* Little, Brown. $2 net.
THE DERELICT. By *Charles Nordhoff.* Little, Brown. $2 net.
WONDER TALES FROM BALTIC WIZARDS. By *Frances Jenkins Olcott.* Longmans, Green. $2.
THE PRINCE FROM NOWHERE. By *Eva March Tappan.* Houghton Mifflin. $1.75.

Miscellaneous

DRAGONS AND DRAGON LORE. By ERNEST INGERSOLL. Payson & Clarke, Ltd. 1928. $3.50.

This adventure of a naturalist into unnatural history has resulted in a book as charmingly written as it is atractively made. Rejecting the hypothesis that something like a dragon once actually existed and was vaguely remembered, Mr. Ingersoll rightly credits the human imagination with the invention of this most versatile of monsters of the mind. Starting in Chaldea as a water genius, and always properly that, the dragon becomes, as he changes time or place, and as religious convenience demands, either a malign or a beneficent spirit. In China and Japan he is a cosmic watersprite, but with a curiously materialistic habit of interbreeding with goats and elephants. In the Christian West his rôle dwindles. He is a sort of superhound of hell, but after all readily brought to heel by any Christian champion. In the Dark Ages he retains something of his watery functions, guarding treasure under water or at least in dank caves. Later he goes dry, becomes the fire drake of Beowulf and later medieval romance. As faith in him fades, he loses his traditional, grandiose form as a skyey monster and is represented in diminished guise as any sort of a flying reptile, and even, losing his wings, as a mere crocodile. But as he goes out as a thing believed in, heraldry provides for him a merely formal survival in the West. In the Far East he still maintains a feeble survival with diminishing returns of a faith crumbling under the impact of nationalism and Bolshevism. If ever man again recovers the old capacity for belief, he will presumably return. Mr. Ingersoll's book is excellently illustrated and rich in citation from religious folklore of all ages. An iconographer might wish that he had pushed his researches further. Is a wyvern(a two-legged dragon) a real dragon, and how and when came he to be short of his forelegs? Do crocodile dragons abound, and when? There is an enticing one on a sheet of German music in the University Museum of Princeton, date about 1500. But such niceties might have overloaded the popular treatise which Mr. Ingersoll intended and has achieved delightfully.

SEVEN HUNDRED SANDWICHES. By FLORENCE A. COWLES. Little, Brown. 1928. $1.75 net.

The housewife who finds the sandwich a useful means of supplying variety and substantial food value for her Sunday evening supper, the mother who has resort to it for the school lunch basket, the hostess who makes it the staple of her tea table, and the summer vacationist who relies on it for the picnic lunch will one and all find in this book recipes for its manufacture in delectable wise. The sandwiches here described call for ingredients easy to obtain and yet range a broad field. Miss Cowles's book should be a welcome addition to the kitchen bookshelf.

MAN-SIZED MEALS FROM THE KITCHENETTE. By MARGARET PRATT ALLEN and IDA ORAM HUTTON. Macy-Masius. The Vanguard Press. 1928. $1.60.

Most of us have been brought up with ample space in which to cook, with coal ranges and step-wasting kitchens, with families of at least six demanding steam puddings and legs of lamb, with Sunday dinners of roastbeef and Yorkshire, and with all bread baked in the house. Or so it seems to the kitchenette cook when she reads the standard cookbook and tries desperately to divide a recipe by six or eight, or wonders how she can ever get supper when it should "simmer two hours."

Even chafing dish cookbooks, relics of the '90's, are of little use—"half a cup of diced chicken, a cup of sherry, and a half pint of cream"—when one is living on fifty cents a meal and one gas burner. It is, then, a delight to find a cookbook made especially for limited quarters, and made so entertainingly.

"Man-Sized Meals" is full of really practical help—such as paper baking cups, short cuts to cream sauce, and how to cook steak without oven or broiler. Perhaps the authors take it too much for granted that one knows the technique of cookery (what does "fold in" mean anyway?) but this is a minor criticism, and is counterbalanced by

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

Miscellaneous

(*Continued from preceding page*)

the excellent commonsense in evidence not only in the writing, but in the oil cloth format and workable index. For those of us who come in hungry on a wet winter night, and have only a hot plate and a window icebox and a little skill, this book is worth all the cans on the shelf.

$PORT$, HEROICS AND HYSTERICS. By JOHN TUNIS. Drawings by JOHAN BULL. Introduction by GRANTLAND RICE. Day. 1928. $2.50.

The pregnant, gloomy rumblings of discontent that have been audible in the last few years within and around the body of amateur sport at last have produced a book dealing with the trouble openly. Fortunately the author is a man with a sense of humor.

"Sports"—we need not repeat the typesetter's wretched pun—is a highly-amusing, highly-instructive paroxism of feeling from the engaging pen of the *Evening Post's* tennis expert. Its aim is to lay bare what goes on in the locker-rooms at Olympic Games and Tennis Tournaments. Is something rotten in amateur sport? Are those who sit on sports committees men of dark and difficult character? Are champions venal? Mr. Tunis evidently suspects the worst and makes no bones about saying so. And this reviewer wishes to number himself among the many readers who will feel that Mr. Tunis has done a good job in airing his views.

The book has faults, but the faults certainly are not lack of sincerity, or lack of vigor, or pusillanimity, or lack of information; the outstanding trouble with it is that at times Mr. Tunis talks his information so rapidly and shouts so vigorously that neither he nor the reader is able to hear himself think. The horrors of the situation are flung out in a merciless bombardment; and the resulting effect, although diverting always, is frequently confusing. In the maelstrom the reader is tempted to take shelter by saying: "Oh, Olympic Games can't really be as bad as this!" It would seem that Mr. Grantland Rice felt the impulse to take shelter when he wrote so cautiously in his introduction, "No one can say just how many of Mr. Tunis's conclusions are correct. But in the main they are sound."

In spite of the confusion, however, the book carries conviction. It is, of course, not a book for those who look for literature in their reading. It is rather for the reader who reads sports or plays sports or who has children who do those things. For such people Mr. Tunis's cruel and amusing outburst against the present equivocal state of amateur sport could not possibly be a waste of time. If you want to know the worst about your heroes, says Tunis, here it is. We may add that anyone who honestly believes that Tilden, Cochet, Red Grange, and Devereaux Milburn will go to Olympus when they die will hate the book.

Honorable mention may be made of Johan Bull's clever black and white drawings.

CURIOUS TRIALS AND CRIMINAL CASES. By EDWARD HALE BIERSTADT. Coward-McCann, Inc. 1928.

The sub-title of Mr. Bierstadt's book (probably supplied by the ingenious publishers), "From Socrates to Scopes," gives a just idea of its plan. Such comprehensiveness is a little dizzying to the old-fashioned reader. To be sure, there is an affinity between the trials of Socrates in 399 B.C. and young John Thomas Scopes of Dayton, Tennessee, in 1925 A.D., but what comes between ranges all over the map of human emotions. There is nothing common to the component parts except that each comes to a head in a trial. We have here martyrs, adulterers, a would-be regicide, abductors, and murderers of every degree—each act laid in a different time and place. In its way it is a brave show; the difficulty of conveying a single impression of it is extreme.

For those who like short pieces the book is strongly to be recommended. Mr. Bierstadt's plan being what it is, his book is very well done indeed. He has a *flair* for the curious and strange. He gives you his amazing stories straight without any attempt to fictionize them. He relishes the real better than cooked-up effects. Though he exploits criminals, his own heart is in the right place. He makes everything clear without obtruding himself, and his own restrained sly comment on the scene is often delightful. In fact, the only objection that can be raised to the book is that there is too much in it. The different rich courses are whisked on and off the table before one has been able fully to savor them.

However, there are two stories which seem to this reader to have been fully told—and well told. Both deal with the American *milieu;* the trial of the Hon. Daniel E. Sickles in 1859, and the Scopes trial. After reading these accounts one feels that one has been told everything necessary. One can completely enter into what happened. Both cases are highly characteristic. Some of those who are old enough to remember the doughty one-legged General swinging in and out of his carriage on lower Fifth Avenue may be surprised to learn that he pumped a son of Francis Scott Key full of lead in Lafayette Square, Washington. He did and he got away with it, too. Like Niobe, the Hon. Daniel E. was all tears. Mr. Bierstadt is rightly indignant, still it is hard to see what else could have happened, popular opinion being what it was. As for the Dayton trial, it has passed into our consciousness; however, it is a very good thing to be reminded of. Ridiculous as it was, it marked a milestone in the road of human progress. All honor to the men who provoked it. At the time it seemed as if the cause of enlightenment was defeated, but upon reading it over in cold blood it becomes plain that this was not so. Particularly in the sequel. It is extraordinarily funny—and significant, too. One might wish that the champion of truth had kept his temper better, but it was *very* hot in the courtroom.

THIS ADVERTISING BUSINESS. By *Roy L. Durstine.* Scribners. $3.

A BOOK OF WORDS. By *Rudyard Kipling.* Doubleday, Doran.

A MAP OF NEW YORK IN THE AIR. By *Mélanie Elizabeth Leonard.* Coward-McCann.

LETTERS. By *S. R. S. Stauffer.* Minneapolis: S. R. Stauffer, 601 Wilmac Building.

PIRATES OLD AND NEW. By *Joseph Gollomb.* $2.50.

SOCIAL WORK AND THE TRAINING OF SOCIAL WORKERS. By *Sydnor H. Walker.* University of North Carolina. $2.

SOVIET UNION YEAR-BOOK. 1928. London: Allen & Unwin.

SPY AND COUNTER-SPY. By *Richard Wilmer Rowan.* Viking. $3.50.

THE MARRIAGE CRISIS. By *Ernest R. Groves.* Longmans. $2.

THE ROSICRUCIANS. By *Hargrave Jennings.* Dutton. $4.

SHIPS AND SAILORS. By *Stanley Rogers.* Little, Brown. $2.50 net.

THE SCRAP BOOK: European; American. Wise. 2 vols.

THE REMAKING OF MODERN ARMIES. By *Capt. B. H. Liddell Hart.* Little, Brown. $3.50 net.

GOOD AMERICAN SPEECH. By *Margaret Prendergast McLean.* Dutton. $2.

OUR ORAL WORD. By *W. E. DeWitt.* Dutton. $2.25.

AL. SMITH, THE POPE AND THE PRESIDENCY. By *Theodore Schroder.* Published by the author, 18 East 10th St., New York.

Philosophy

COLORED THINKING AND OTHER STUDIES IN SCIENCE AND LITERATURE. By D. F. FRASER-HARRIS. Brentano. 1928. $2.50.

If you like to browse, this is a good book for your bedside table. The author is versatile, as his personal titles as well as those of his chapters show. His main interest is in spreading the gospel of the place of science in the scheme of life; and he does it well, by that meaning judiciously, interestingly, not always deeply. The title essay is just a summary of the well-known fact that some persons get color-impressions when they hear tones, and others associate colors with days of the week, vowels, numbers, months, and what you will. It is just an excursion into a fanciful chapter in psychology with nothing much in the way of a clue. "Childishness in Adult Life" and "From Thoughts to Things" are good samples of Dr. Fraser-Harris's ability to invest an inviting theme with an interesting setting of facts and principles. Or you can take up "Joy in Discovery," "Poetry and Science," or "Biology in Shakespeare," and still have half-a-dozen other essays for more browsings when the mood is on.

THE BASIS OF MEMORY. By W. R. BOUSFIELD. (The New Science Series.) Norton. 1928. $1.

The reader will readily understand the data which make remembering and forgetting a puzzle, but not so readily share the satisfaction which one or another psychologist finds in conjecturing an "engram" or a "psychogram" as an explanation of the difficulty. The "engram" theory is that it is impressed on the brain-cells; the theory

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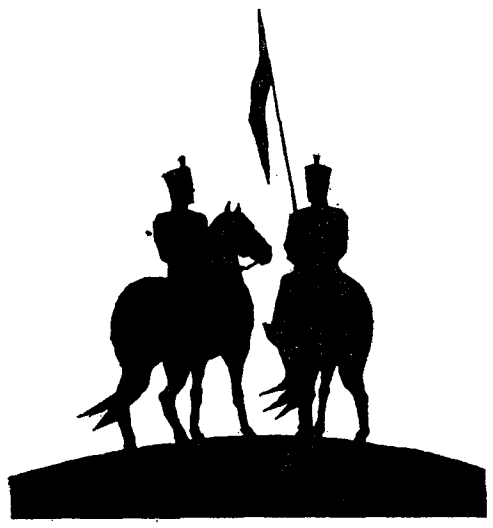

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of psychic structure or disposition is that it is a matter of organization. Mr. Bousfield holds the latter and makes a strong case for it, yet thinks he gets back to earth—or at least to something as real as ether—when he supposes that there is an actual substance which he calls "psychoplasm" on the basis of which the whole process works. All this is an attempt to go down below the surface in answering the question: What is Memory? and the ordinary reader gets beyond his depth in the submerged area.

But he is definitely interested in such facts as these: When you read a paragraph, you don't remember the words but only their meaning; if the words are jumbled you remember nothing; the sermon strikes your ear, but your attention is elsewhere, and there is no impression; one thing calls up so many things that the problem what it may call up, or of how to retrace a lost name when you are trying all sorts of clues, leaves you without a solution; emotion, like the hypnotized mind, fixes things in memory; in a fall from a horse the physical shock may blot out the memories of the preceding week; according to Freud, you forget the unpleasant, and much of the supposedly forgotten is buried in the subconscious, but may be resurrected; learning a speech by heart may cause a breakdown because you put your mind on the words and not on the ideas; and so on through the highways and by-ways of memory, making of it a maze with a plan, but never a complete one; and "engrams" and "psychograms" are only psychologists' guesses to serve for lack of a better clue. We must be content to organize our memories to do our business in ignorance of the precise nature in brain-terms or mind-terms, of what we are organizing,—judging only by results.

PHILOSOPHY TODAY. Essays on Recent Developments in the Field of Philosophy. Collected and edited by EDWARD LEROY SCHAUB. The Open Court. 1928. $3.75.

Philosophy, however much its followers may have fallen into particular groups dominated by racial viewpoints, has always profited almost as much as science from an international exchange of ideas. Just prior to the world war this interchange of thought was particularly fruitful and full of promise for the future. During and immediately after the struggle, British and American philosophy kept in touch, but contact with the Continent was largely lost. The remarkably successful Sixth International Congress at Harvard in 1926, however, definitely marked the resumption of relations on a pre-war scale, and now comes "Philosophy Today" as a further reknitting of the war-torn web. A number of the thirty articles composing this volume were previously published in the *Monist*, beginning in 1926, but their appearance in book form should give them a larger circulation. Arranged according to locality, Anglo-American philosophy is represented by eight articles, France by ten, Germany by nine, while Russia, Scandinavia, and South America are allotted one each. The most serious defect in the volume is the lack of inclusion of Italy, for which, however, the editor was not responsible. In all the countries represented, even in Germany, there is a general drift away from Kantianism and epistemology towards ontology, an effort to formulate a theory of reality as prior to a theory of knowledge. While this effort takes many forms, there is everywhere a tendency—first emphasized as long ago as Frege and Husserl—to reinstate Platonic realism, along with a further endeavor to establish a synthesis of science, logic, ethics, and, less universally, religion. Naturally, the articles in "Philosophy Today" are of very diverse value; probably the ablest are "Current Realism," by Roy Sellars, and "Logic and Epistemology," by Paul F. Linke. There is, however, one extraordinary contribution which is certainly either the most important or the most foolish thing in the book; this is "Metapsychics and Philosophy" by Eugene Osty, in which the author gravely maintains that telepathy, clairvoyance, and the foretelling of the future are facts already established by laboratory experiment.

RACE AND CIVILIZATION. By *Felix Hertz*. Macmillan. $7.50.

THE GLANDS REGULATING PERSONALITY. By *Louis Berman*. Macmillan. $3.50.

INFANCY AND HUMAN GROWTH. By *Arnold Gesell*. Macmillan.

Poetry

THE ANSWERING VOICE. New Edition. With a Foreword and Fifty Recent Poems Added. Selected by SARA TEASDALE. Macmillan. 1928.

The first section of "The Answering Voice" (originally published in 1917) is a cruel instance of literary archæology. It seems incredible that the passage of eleven years could "date" so many of the poems; it is equally hard to believe that Miss Teasdale should wish to preserve the moist sentimentalities of Edna Wahlert McCourt, Julia C. R. Dorr, Grace Fallow Norton, Josephine Preston Peabody, Florence Earle Coates, and a dozen other more or less nameable names. It is still more perturbing to find that Miss Teasdale has kept her first errors in proportion, which led her to include only two brief examples of Emily Dickinson against three of Edith M. Thomas, the same number by Zoë Akins, and four by A. Mary F. Robinson! That Miss Teasdale herself realizes these changes of taste as well as mood is evident from Part Two of her collection, where the difference of tone is so striking.

What this collection needed—and still needs—is not a mere addendum but a drastic revision. The two parts, as they stand, do not really represent Yesterday and Today, since there is considerable overlapping in period and authors. Nor has Miss Teasdale applied her critical faculty to the greater portion of the volume—she is even inaccurate in her statement that "those in the first part who also appear in the second, I have regretfully restricted to one poem each." (In the case of Edna St. Vincent Millay, at least, this inaccuracy is a fortunate error.) But Miss Teasdale, who knows that this collection expresses neither her nor her times, should not have been content with a compromise that is scarcely more than a makeshift. She should have rearranged her material, ruthlessly rejected much of Part One, decided on new and logical divisions or none at all. A lesser poet might offer "The Answering Voice" in its present form, but not one from whom readers have a right to expect more.

This is not to say the collection is either flat or unprofitable. Within the self-imposed limitations of "love lyrics by women" there are a handful that bear the breath of permanence. Among these are Emily Dickinson's much-quoted but magnificent "Choice," Léonie Adam's illuminated "Twilight Revelation," Anna Wickham's terse "The Tired Woman," Adelaide Crapsey's "Dirge," the two sonnets by Edna Millay, Louise Bogan's "Men Loved Beyond Wisdom," Charlotte Mew's unforgettable agony, Jean Untermeyer's concluding "Lake Song." For these, at least, we should be thankful. And when, eleven years from now, Miss Teasdale re-revises her collection, one hopes it will contain still more of her selective quality—and something by Sara Teasdale.

THE TINKER'S ROAD. By MARION ANGUS. London: Gowan's & Grey. 1928.

SUN AND CANDLELIGHT. By MARION ANGUS. Edinburgh: Porpoise Press.

Miss Marion Angus's volumes give poetry matured under Scotch mists, stout emotions, and eerie fancies, arrestingly held out from the heart of a woman peculiarly sensitized for folk articulation. Miss Angus is infallibly the poet of her own idiom—light words sing deeply her locality. In this period of self-conscious sophisticated poetry, these two distinctive volumes will come home to many natural poetry lovers.

POEMS. By *S. R. Lysaght*. Macmillan.

THE TURQUOISE TRAIL. By *Alice Corbin Henderson*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.25.

LA FONTAINE'S FABLES. By *Radcliffe Carter*. Oxford University Press. $1.50.

THE MASTER NATION AND OTHER POEMS. By *Arthur Orison Dillon*. Dillon Book Co., 102½ West A Street, Ontario, Calif.

KEATS AND MARY TIGHE. Edited by *Earle Vonard Weller*. Century. $3.50.

ENGLISH VERSE. Chosen and arranged by *W. Peacock*. Vol. I (World's Classics). Oxford University Press. 80 cents.

NOCTURNES AND AUTUMNALS. By *David Morton*. Putnam. $1.75.

BHIKSFUGITA *or* THE MENDICANT'S SONG. Translated by *Justin E. Abbott*.

TRAVELING STANDING STILL. By *Genevieve Taggard*. Knopf. $2.

CURSORY RHYMES. By *Humbert Wolfe*. Doubleday, Doran. $2 net.

FRENCH POETRY. Edited by *Frances R. Angus*. Scribners. $1.25.

STONE DUST. By *Frank Ernest Hill*. Longmans, Green. $2.

A SECOND BOOK OF POEMS INVOLVING LOVE. By *S. H. Samuels*. Published by the author.

THE LOST LYRIST. By *Elizabeth Hollister Frost*. Harpers. $2.

HAFIZ. Translated by *Clarence K. Seit*. Viking. $2.

RETREAT. By *Edmund Blunden*. Doubleday, Doran. $1.75.

THE TRAVELLER'S BOOK OF VERSE. Edited by *Frederick E. Simmons*. Holt.

MAY HARVEST. By *William Wharton*. St. Louis, 551 Paul Brown Building.

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, published weekly, at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1928.

State of New York } ss:
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Noble A. Cathcart, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of *The Saturday Review Co., Inc.*, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher The Saturday Review Co., Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York City; Editor, Henry S. Canby, 25 West 45th Street, New York City; Managing Editor, Amy Loveman, 25 West 45th Street, New York City; Business Manager, Noble A. Cathcart, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Saturday Review Company, 25 West 45th Street, New York City. Stockholders are as follows: William R. Benét, 25 West 45th Street, New York City; Noble A. Cathcart, 25 West 45th Street, New York City; Henry S. Canby, 25 West 45th Street, New York City; E. T. Sanders, 23 Wall Street, New York City; Amy Loveman, 25 West 45th Street, New York City; Christopher Morley, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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(Signed) NOBLE A. CATHCART,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 6th day of October, 1928. Charles B. Frasca, Notary Public, New York County. New York County Clerk's No. 275, New York Register's No. 9121. (My commission expires March 30, 1929).

The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

Poetry

THE POETS' PROTEST. By *Angelo de Luca.* Harrison.

THE GRUB STREET BOOK OF VERSE 1928. Edited by *Henry Harrison.* Harrison, 19 Stuyvesant St., N. Y.

THE SCALES OF THE SILVER FISH. By *Gretchen Krohn* and *John Morton Johnson.* Bobbs-Merrill.

DREAMS OF LOVE AND LIFE. By *John W. Boldyreff.* Stratford. $1.50.

APHRODITE AND OTHER POEMS. By *Wallace Gould.* Macaulay. $2.50.

SONGS OF EVENTIDE. By *William Dudley Foulke.* Bobbs-Merrill.

Religion

THE PRAYER BOOK CRISIS. By SIR WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS. Putnam's. 1928.

AT the close of the English reformation the Church of England reached a settlement satisfactory neither to the Roman Church, which at last excommunicated Anglicans, nor to Protestants, who left the Establishment for non-conformity. What was left was a reformed Catholicism. Afterwards the Church of England became respectable, Erastian, and spiritually dormant, a convenient prop to the State. Within the last seventy-five years it has increasingly taken religion seriously. More and more has grown the determination to reassert its ancient Catholic character. The people who have demanded this are known today as Anglo-Catholics. They are today a very large fraction of the Church—about a third of it—and greatly in earnest. The driving force of English religion they are furnishing. The older sort of respectable placidities of sung Mattins are patronized usually by sparse congregations, mostly elderly ladies. The Anglo-Catholic parish churches on the other hand, are crowded, and their congregations include many of the most eminent intellectual and political people in the realm. Their services are definitely Catholic. To satisfy them and prevent a schism in the Church, an attempt was made last year to revise the Prayer Book. The Church's own assemblies overwhelmingly approved the changes desired. But the Church of England is government-controlled and Parliament has to approve Prayer Book changes. Parliament refused, chiefly because Presbyterians and other nonconformists voted against the wishes of those who alone were to use the volume, the priests and people of the Church.

The leader in the opposition was a Churchman, the Rt. Hon. Sir William Joynson-Hicks, Home Secretary in the Baldwin Government. He explains in this volume why he did it. Boiled down, his reason seems to be that it is naughty of the Church to wish to be too religious. Sir William is a thorough-going Erastian in religion just as he is a reactionary diehard in politics. It is interesting to follow the movements of his mind. Only, he had better be careful. If his will prevails, disestablishment is certain. No Church is going to remain content when it finds its own councils impotent and its own earnest religious aspirations politically thwarted. And it is quite plain that Sir William does not wish disestablishment a little bit. In fact that seems to be in his opinion the only important thing about the Church of England.

CHRISTIANITY AND SOCIAL ADVENTURING. By various authors. Edited by JEROME DAVIS. Century. 1927. $2.50.

Twenty-two people have contributed the brief, and somewhat on the surface, discussions of the relationship between religion and what used to be called "social service," which Professor Davis has brought together with a preface and a concluding article of his own. In the midst of a good deal of rather dull repetition of old truisms one or two chapters stand out: Graham Taylor's thoughtful paper on the relationship rightly existing between a social settlement and a church and the difference between them and between their respective fields, a discussion which might have been read with profit by some of the other authors; and a revamped sermon by Harry Emerson Fosdick, which is rather more penetrating than much of his more recent work. With the exception of F. E. Johnson's presentation of what the churches are doing and might do to relate Christianity to the industrial problem, there is little in the volume that faces the basic causes of social evils, and even that paper seems to get cautious about half-way through. International problems are ignored, especially competitive capitalistic nationalism. This book will add no names to the black-list of the D. A. R.

STRAIGHT ANSWERS. By *Copeland Smith.* Willett, Clarke & Colby. $1.50.

THE VARIETIES OF RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE. By *William James.* Longmans, Green. $2.

CHRIST AND SOCIETY. By *Charles Gore.* Scribners. $2.

PREACHING ON CHURCH AND COMMUNITY OCCASIONS. By *Ozora S. Davis.* University of Chicago Press. $2.50.

THE IMPATIENCE OF A LAYMAN. By *Ruth A. Studdert Kennedy.*

THE GOLDEN GOSPEL. By *Gabriel Scott.* Macy-Masius. $2.50.

CHRISTIANITY AND SUCCESS. By *Edwin Holt Hughes.* Cokesbury Press.

THE RELIGION OF JESUS. By *Walter E. Bundy.* Bobbs-Merrill. $3.50.

THE GOSPEL FOR ASIA. By *Kenneth Saunders.* Macmillan. $2.50.

Travel

A PARIS ROUNDABOUT. By JAN GORDON. Dodd, Mead. 1927. $5.

This is a fat volume written and illustrated by Jan Gordon, who, with Cora J. Gordon, has already given us a number of vagabonding travel books. Here is an account of their studio and of resorts and sights and scenes within its vicinity. As he says, "My pin is our studio, the length of the string is the distance of street which separated us from the Restaurant Landru." Here you may read of the Piplette, Landru the ferocious rabbit, Cæsar the wolf-dog, and of many others. This is the Paris that the tourist never sees. Many are the extraordinary characters. The writing is full of lively anecdote. The drawings are bold and interesting. Anyone who is suffering from nostalgia for "that divine Paris" can renew sight, scent, and sound of her, through an artist's senses, and encounter a group of most human and in the main lovable denizens,—can saturate himself again in the comedy and tragedy of her average life, by mounting this "Paris Roundabout." The very first chapter leads off with a delightful title, "Epicures in Indigence," which sets the keynote of the book.

SAUNTERINGS IN LONDON. By LEOPOLD WAGNER. Houghton Mifflin. 1928. $4.

This delightful book is not altogether to be recommended for general reading. The author is so deeply versed in his subject as to have become a little abstruse. It is not the book to take on one's first visit to London—unless it is to be a long and leisurely one; but for subsequent visits there could scarcely be a better book. It is a sort of advanced reader for the lover of London; an *entremets* for the London epicure.

The author's aim is to point out those interesting features that are omitted from the usual guide books, and it is astonishing how much he has dug up. The book is literally packed with good matter. "Saunterings" a dilettant word, does not express it at all; "delvings" would be better. It puts to shame one who flattered himself that he already knew London rather well for an American. For one who makes a business of keeping his eyes open what a lot he missed in walking through the streets! He can scarcely wait until there is an opportunity to go back and verify it all, and he cannot imagine a greater pleasure than to follow in the footsteps of Mr. Wagner with a finger marking the place in his book.

In London as in all great cities when the old ceases to pay interest on the investment it must instantly give place to the new. But in London they have a feeling for the old and they do not let it go without regret. Very often an interesting memento of the old building will be preserved in the new, such as a quaint architectural ornament, an ancient sign, a charming doorway, and so on. In some cases a part of the façade of the old building has been incorporated in the new. This is the sort of thing that Mr. Wagner lovingly collects for his kindred spirits; this and taverns! He actually seems to be familiar with every interesting tavern in London—not only in respect to its romantic history, but as to the quality of entertainment it supplies nowadays as well. What a delightful specialty to adopt!

THE VOYAGES, TRAFFIQUES AND DISCOVERIES OF FOREIGN VOYAGERS. By *Richard Hakluyt.* Vols. IX and X. Dutton. $3 each.

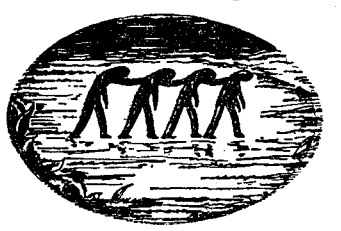
THE SWISS FAMILY O'MALLEY. By *Frank Ward O'Malley.* Doubleday, Doran. $2.50 net.

ROUND ABOUT ANDORRA. By *Bernard Newman.* Houghton Mifflin.

A JOURNEY TO THE LAND OF EDEN. By *William Byrd.* Macy-Masius. $2.50.

A-RAFTING ON THE MISSISSIPPI. By *Charles Edward Russell.* Century. $3.50.

THE MAGIC LAND OF THE MAYA. By *W. Lavallin Puxley.* Dodd, Mead.



BEHIND PRISON BARS the men society has put away spin out their lives. What do they do there, how live, these outcasts? What is their attitude to each other, to the prison officials, to the world which has condemned them? At last a prisoner, who is still a prisoner, has written from his cell to tell the outside world the truth. His book is grim, dramatic, and—we cannot escape the phrase—a human document. Here is Harry Hansen's appraisal of it in *The New York World:* "A notable book, a keen and intensely moving account of what happens to a man in prison... Deliberately, grimly, Robert Joyce Tasker has chosen to analyze himself, his feeling toward the world and the prison, and to write about what goes on there. He does not treat of abnormalities. It is the fact that he writes about average prison life that makes his story so terrible. ... The adjustment of a normal, healthy man to prison life is the story of this unusual book." 'This unusual book' is published by Alfred A. Knopf, and may be obtained at all bookstores, price $3.00. Its author, who is still in San Quentin, is Robert Joyce Tasker. Its title is

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The Reader's Guide

CONDUCTED BY MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

P. D. B., American University, Beirut, Syria, asks for a textbook suitable for a course in dramatics to be offered to students there for the first time. He wishes a sort of survey textbook of the theatre, to cover its history, the theatre movement of the day, the principles of acting, directing, and staging, characterization, and make-up.

I KNOW of no one book that puts all this between covers, but there is a new history of the stage that includes more of these matters than any one book I know. This is "The Story of the Theatre," by Glenn Hughes, of the University of Wisconsin (French), whose taste and opportunities for scholarly research have been reinforced by a happy manner of expression. The result is a book that if it does not exactly cover its immense subject, certainly spreads over a good part of it, and encourages anyone at all interested to read for himself along the lines it opens. It begins with primitive theatricals, and goes through the theatre of India, Java, China, and Japan, to the Greek, Roman, and medieval stage, traces the theatre of the Renaissance through Italy, France, Spain, England, and other European countries, and its subsequent development in the centuries since the seventeenth. The theatre in America has a separate section, beginning with the eighteenth century and including movements of the present day like the Theatre Guild and the various experimental theatres. As the text approaches the present in each country it goes more into detail and introduces more personal references, so that there is much information about actors, stage-directors, and other theatrical personalities about whom information is often desired. Altogether it is one of the best of the popular surveys of a wide field, and for this class's purposes I should think it would be just the thing. It is not a history of the drama; for this there is a new rapid survey, "A Short History of the Drama," by Martha Fletcher Bellinger (Holt), which goes from Greece to the present time and makes a good introduction to further study, while as a popular reference work it will no doubt find a place in many public libraries. It was originally a series of lectures. Barrett Clark's "A Study of the Modern Drama" (Appleton) is the most thorough and scholarly treatment of its subject for class use or home study, but it includes only the last fifty years; this, however, is the period in which most of the world is most interested. Stage lighting is a subject that should have special treatment, in view of the high importance it is now taking in all modern productions, and I am glad to see that a book is promised for October by Little, Brown,—"Stage Lighting," by Theodore Fuchs, a practical worker and authority in this special field. It is said that it will prepare the way for a real understanding of the philosophy of light and explain the sig-significant part it plays in the modern theatre.

C. M., Brooklyn, N. Y., asks for novels with scenes laid in Paris, Rome, and London; three sets, that is, not novels each about all three cities.

MANY novels about Paris written by English or American writers keep within the boundaries of artist-life; Americans in particular find it as hard in books as they do in experience to settle far from the Boul' Miche. Nancy Hoyt's "Roundabout" (Knopf) takes its name from one of the carrousels that figure in the street fairs of the less fashionable quarters. Wyndham Lewis's "Tarr" (Knopf), reprinted in honor of its merits, is a novel of artist life. It is surprising how little outmoded Du Maurier's "Trilby" is; naturally you couldn't find many of the places in the Paris of all these new shop-fronts that began in the year after the Exposition of Decorative Arts and have just emerged in all their elegance from their wooden cocoons. But I would advise anyone intending to visit the City of Light to read "Trilby" beforehand—as I advise them to bring along Watson White's "The Paris that is Paris" (Scribner) and use freely the best guidebook to the Marais, the Ile-Saint-Louis, and other ancient quarters, that I have ever seen. I have just spent a Sunday in this neighborhood, and because I had this book's recommendations at the back of my memory, I came upon three priceless places I would never have found otherwise.

"The Lingering Faun," by Mabel Wood Martin (Stokes), "These Frantic Years," by James Warner Bellah (Appleton), "Pilgrims," by Ethel Mannin (Doran), and "The Gay Dreamers," by Roger De Vigme (Stokes), are recent novels with scenes in Paris; the last-named takes place on the crest of Montmartre and has five street-vendors of toys as heroes of a modern fairy-tale, fantastic and pleasant. "The Innocents of Paris," by C. E. Andrews (Appleton), take their name from the Place des Innocentes, not from any inherent lamblikeness in their natures, which are those of Apaches, ladies of the pavement, junk-shop men, hotel-keepers of a sort, and other citizens of the Republic who love their *métiers.* It is composed of short stories, with every evidence of truth. Princess Bibesco's "Catherine de Paris" (Harcourt, Brace) has the breath of the old city, especially of the islands in the Seine; its very color seems the soft gray of the houses on the left bank. Jean Giraudoux's "Bella" (Knopf) is said to take several of its characters from contemporary political life. "Lady in Marble," by Robert McClure (Doubleday, Doran) takes place in fashionable circles, such as Auteuil, the rue de la Paix, and the elegant restaurants. Romain Rolland's "The Soul Enchanted" (Holt), which has now reached its third volume, "Mother and Son," has almost as broad a canvas as "Jean Christophe" and is in a way the feminine counterpart to this famous novel. Its Paris is that of a working woman. The action of Elswyth Thane's new "His Elizabeth" (Stokes) begins with an encounter on the rue de la Paix. Most of these novels are of recent issue, for there is a chapter of Paris fiction in "A Reader's Guide Book" along with one for London, but no such list of books could leave out Arnold Bennett's "Old Wives' Tale" (Doran) with its incomparable account of the Siege of Paris.

Arnold Bennett's novel of London in the depths of warsickness, "The Pretty Lady" (Doran), carries over from the first list, for its heroine is a most convincing Frenchwoman. Walpole's London is never quite so living as his cathedral town, but when it appears in "Wintersmoon" or "The Duchess of Wrexe" (Doubleday, Doran), it is a world of its own. The concluding volume of the Forsyte Saga, Galsworthy's "Swan Song" (Scribner), takes place for the most part in and near London, and its scenes appear through the musing eyes of an old man who has long loved them. Take, for instance, what he has to say about the "view" from the top of Richmond Hill. Tomlinson's "Gallion's Reach" (Harper) begins on the waterfront—this is the name of the last bend in the river before the Atlantic Transport Line draws into its dock. The priceless heroine of E. F. Benson's "Queen Lucia" inherits a house on Brompton Square and in "Lucia in London" (Doubleday, Doran) sets out to conquer the metropolis by the same methods that won her the crown of Riseholm; it looks to me as if Benson had grafted a different variety on to the original tree, but whatever it is it is almost as engrossing as the first Lucia book. "Young Felix," Swinnerton's history of a boy in a hard-up family, working through a London young manhood, begins several steps up the ladder from the scene of Thomas Burke's "The Wind and the Rain"—an autobiography I prefer to almost any of his novels—and Clare Cameron's "Rustle of Spring" (Doran) is a sort of milder companion to it, showing how life may be not unhappy in mean streets. But the most promising book to come lately from the slums of London is Katherine Woodward's "Jipping Street" (Harper). This is the life itself, in spirit and detail. Jeffery Jeffery's "An Octave" (Little, Brown) is a publisher's life for one crowded week, and there is a publisher in Rose Macaulay's "Crewe Train" (Boni & Liveright). Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes introduces night-club life in "The Story of Ivy" (Doubleday, Doran), and Naomi Royde-Smith's "The Tortoiseshell Cat" (Boni & Liveright) takes place in the district around Victoria. So many of the new novels take place in London, however, that I am including only such as impress one with their fidelity to the spirit of place: "The Holiday," by C. Lenanton (Appleton), is true to that of time as well, for it begins in the London of the holidays, in the August interregnum, when all the Londoners go out

(*Continued on next page*)

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Reader's Guide

(*Continued from preceding page*)

and the Americans come in. This is a most agreeable little book, to be read quickly and with a smile: Patrick Hamilton's "Twopence Coloured" (Little, Brown) is another with a happy manner, though there is a middle layer of heartache. This story has to do with theatrical life, and not with that of its upper circles either: the first theatre introduced is the King's in Hammersmith, in a district corresponding to 125th Street —where, by the way, I saw every seat taken within twenty-four hours for a week's engagement of the Doyley Carte Opera Company in Gilbert and Sullivan. Mr. Hamilton's style is as near as may be to De Morgan's, even to the trick of conversation without quotation marks and the nouns in capitals.

For books about Rome, or anything about Italy, get the Italian Bibliography, compiled with great care and with the coöperation and encouragement of a number of authorities, by Thomas W. Huntington, Jr., of the Italiana Literary Service (Brentano). This has arranged under six subject classifications books relating to Italian life and letters "which can be recommended to the layman who can handle only works written in the English language." That there are enough of these—even keeping to modern Italy and putting aside the Roman and medieval period—to make a book of fifty pages in double columns and closely printed, may surprise one who has not realized how large a part Italy has taken in the lives of English-speaking writers. This is a valuable American library-help, especially since the political recrudescence of the peninsula.

Mr. Huntington has just collaborated with Frederick E. Emmons, director of the American Institute of Educational Travel, in the "Traveler's Book of Verse" (Holt), a compact book of poems to be taken on a trip abroad. Mr. Emmons has been reading these and others of like nature to groups of tourists "on the spot," and has found that such a volume is not only needed but wanted. The poems are all by famous writers, inspired by the scenes to which they are here attached. There are plenty of photographs also. For people who cannot easily carry poetry in their heads and wish to carry it in their pockets, it will be a convenient companion. There are poems in Grace Gaige's "A Log for Sea and Land" (Appleton), but only incidentally; this is a combination of note-book, information manual, and general scrap-bag for a first trip abroad. The "Traveller's Book of Verse" is one of the collections of poems of places for which I am often asked; its feature is that it follows the line of a typical tour.

H. D. L., Lees Creek, Ohio, is looking for literary shrines in America.

IF I had had with me in Chelsea, where I wrote this, my copy of Paul Paine's "Map of Good Stories" (Bowker), which sets down some of the places of literary interest as well as those where famous books are supposed to have taken place, I could no doubt have provided more material in this reply for laying out routes of literary pilgrimages. There is the Poe Shrine in Richmond, Va., one of the few really kept up with pious care; there is the house of Walt Whitman at Huntington, L. I., and the one at Camden, N. J.; there is Payne's cottage for "Home Sweet Home" on Long Island; there is the celebrated "Poe Cottage" at Fordham, N. Y. City, with a raven painted on the wall—at least the raven was there the last time I saw the place. There is Longfellow's house at Cambridge, and the house at Portsmouth, N. H., made famous by Thomas Bailey Aldrich in "The Story of a Bad Boy" and now preserved to his memory. There are "The House With the Seven Gables" and "The Wayside Inn"; the citizens of Indianapolis point out to a visitor the house of James Whitcomb Riley and show you the real-estate development that figures in "The Magnificent Ambersons." If you look toward the preservation of your home for the future reader in New York, see that it now stands in a park, like Poe's Cottage of the Jumel Mansion, else it will share the fate that has overtaken all the literary shrines named in Hemstreet's book about "Literary New York." The old house that figures in Stark Young's novel "The Torches Flare" (Scribner) surely should have some claim on posterity's care; it began as Aaron Burr's town house (Thomas Paine's house is not far away, in good repair) and has sheltered not a few celebrities since it was turned into an apartment—Mr. Young himself, Eugene O'Neill, and others for longer or shorter periods.

But what has posterity to do for shrines of this sort, now that we are rapidly approaching the day when natal tablets will be placed only on hospitals, and one will have to spy far up the cliffside of an apartment house to read, on a tablet affixed to the fifteenth story, the statement that the famous poet John Doe died in this house. They order these matters better in France, where Alphonse Daudet was born in the palace built for the daughter of Diane de Poitiers, the magnificent Hotel d'Angoulème, then become an apartment; Victor Hugo lived in a house on the corner of the Place des Vosges, assured of protection by the memory of Henry Quatre. Even in London, where old houses tumble down oftener than they do across the channel, one may read in crowded Knightsbridge a tablet on a fine house stating that Charles Reade lived there. Whether anyone lays flowers on it for that reason I do not know. Perhaps they are all saved to put on the statue of the author of Eikon Basiliké in Whitehall on White Rose Day.

The same inquirer asks what houses in America are likely to become literary shrines of the future. This is far too delicate a question to answer in public, if I intend ever to go to tea-parties and meet authors not included in the list. But I believe it safe to say that Mary Austin's house in Santa Fé, New Mexico, "Casa Querida," has as good a chance of any for this sort of immortality. It has lately added to its chances by having "Death Comes for the Archbishop" begun in it.

F. *J. S., International Association of Arts and Letters, Washington, D. C.*, sends a complete list of the writings of Frederick A. Ober, lately called for by this department on behalf of E. O. J., Mills College, Cal. (whose initials she recognized, having been at one time editor of the *Overland Magazine* that Bret Harte started). They include ten biographies of Spanish explorers and navigators, published by Harper; several popular histories, biographies, and travel-books that have reached Burt, Altemus, and various reprints; juveniles published by Dutton, Doran, Appleton, Harper, and others, and in general a remarkable list of popular books on the Spanish-American countries. The list will be sent to anyone else who is interested; it is too long for printing here. "I always felt," says F. J. S., "that Mr. Ober's accurate information of Latin lands of the Americas ought to make his books better known, and I am so glad to hear of one who really feels still that he wrote interestingly. Mr. Ober's sister is now, and has been for over twenty years, head of the Spanish Department of the University of Washington, Seattle."

Interest continues in the work of Gerard Manley Hopkins, and *G. C., University of Pittsburgh*, adds to its documentation not only Katherine Brégy's "The Poet's Chantrey" already advised by readers, but says that there are a number of suggestions in George N. Shuster's "The Catholic Spirit in Modern English Literature" (Macmillan) that will prove illuminating, in addition to Robert Bridges's preface.

R. B. E., University of Virginia, asks for books in preparation for a trip to Alaska.

"ALASKA, an Empire in the Making," by John J. Underwood (Dodd, Mead), describes scenery and resources of the country, with a view to informing tourists and intending settlers. Another book of this sort is "Alaska, the Great Country," by Ella R. Higginson (Macmillan), with an added chapter rounding out a lively account of several expeditions with the latest information on commercial mining and farming development. Agnes R. Burr's "Alaska, Our Beautiful Northland of Opportunity" (Page) has uncommonly good illustrations. The illustrations in Rockwell Kent's "Wilderness" (Putnam), however, touch highwater mark for this part of the world: the woodcuts in this noble volume are like no other pictures of "quiet adventure." A. W. Greeley's "Handbook of Alaska" (Scribner), now in its third edition, is a comprehensive survey of history, geography, ethnology, travel-routes and what may be seen upon them, and commercial and mining development. It has maps and illustrations, and is a one-volume cyclopedia of the subject. For actual field-use, there is Baedeker's "Dominion of Canada" (Scribner), which has an excursion to Alaska. The history of its administration, exploitation, and development for the first fifty years of United States rule is told in J. P. Nichols's "Alaska" (Clark).

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Random House Catalogue

RANDOM HOUSE catalogue for 1928-29 is a feast for lovers of modern printing of the better sort. The list includes Random House publications, the issues of Crosby Gaige, Golden Cockerel Press, Peter Davies, James Tregasis, Haslewood, Fleuron, and Black Manikin (Edward Titus), as well as a beautifully printed Nonesuch Press "Prospectus."

We cannot here attempt to list the various titles announced, but the catalogue shows the catholic scope of modern fine printing, in the variety of typographic treatments suggested, the numerous skilled typographers named, and the variety and interest of the titles. The time seems to be coming when almost any worth-while book may be had in appropriate dress; although the prices, due to modern methods of pricing, are frequently high and sometimes fantastic. On the whole, the Nonesuch Press seems to have retained more sanity in this respect than some others.

The catalogue itself is beautifully printed by the Pynson Printers, and one perusing it may well murmur Eugene Field's prayer—

I need protecting care to-day,
My purse is light, my flesh is weak!

The Same Old Story

WHETHER there was labor trouble when the first edition of the Code of Hammurabi was being got out I don't know, but if the work was being done by paid labor for enterprising employers, it is safe to suppose that there was. It is one of the conditions of production by employer and employé. That there can ever be permanent peace between the two groups is imposible by the very terms of the equation. Every employer must accept the possibility of warfare, open or clandestine, between his interests and those of his employee, interests which, despite the sentimental, are not at all identical.

So Mr. Douglas C. McMurtrie's latest contribution to the details of typographic history simply tells a story of the perennial squabble between masters and men. In this case—"The Pacific Typographical Society and the California Gold Rush of 1849," (Chicago, The Ludlow Typograph Co., 1928)—the story concerns printing conditions in San Francisco when the rush to the gold fields had carried off men from the printing offices, and wages rose to fantastic heights. When the boom collapsed, there was trouble in bringing wages down again, and the story from the employer's side is told, fairly enough, in this reprint from the *Alta California* of October 28, 1851.

The book is very decently printed and bound.

Is This a New Gag?

THE foolishness of "signed copies" is settling down to its proper commercial level, as is evidenced by a letter just at hand from one of the largest publishing houses offering me a copy of a forthcoming book of verse. In the best approved advertising style, reminiscent of similar offers of suitcases, handkerchiefs, and spurious *de luxe* volumes, the publishers write, in a highly personalized, rubber-stamp-signature letter: "Your name appears on a short list of persons whose copies of ——— ——— the author has offered to sign. In order to secure your signed copy will you sign this letter as your order and mail to ourselves at ——— ———. The price per copy is $1.85, including delivery charge." The price apparently hasn't been inflated on the basis of the signature, anyway!

The Lay of the One Fishball

FASHIONS in verses and breakfasts come and go, but, once heard, the haunting, devastating refrain—"We don't give bread with one fish-ball"—takes permanent possession of one corner of the mind where dwell also "Punch, conductor, punch with care," and "There was no joy in Mudville, mighty Casey had struck out." If you don't like fishballs for breakfast (not the soggy restaurant kind, but the crumply kind fried in deep fat), you will not like the "Lay"—perhaps after all New England is as much a taste as a state of mind—but is part of our heritage, emerging, as has been said, from the conflict of the Civil War as a part of its literary outcropping. It was written (apparently about 1860) by Professor Lane of Harvard, that "genial and eminent professor of Latin," and records in not too veracious words an experience which befell him in a Cambridge restaurant—in the days before Harvard Square knew the cafeteria!

The *Harvard Library Notes* records the publication by the John Barnard Associates, of "The first separate edition of 'The Lay of the Line [*sic*] Fish-Ball' . . . in broadside ballad form . . . dedicated to William Coolidge Lane, '81." The title as given in the *Notes* and as given by the late Professor Norton do not agree; the original title apparently had "One" in place of "Lone." The editions of the Associates are extremely limited, and we have not seen a copy, but it is to be assumed that the complete version has been printed, and not the shorter form as usually given—as for instance in a note in the usually accurate *Boston Transcript* some years ago, which is not accurate.

It is pleasant to linger over this *jeu d'esprit*, as over coffee and fishballs, but already the commentary outruns the text. It remains only to suggest to admirers of Professor Lane's poem the diminutive opera "Il Pesceballo," the Italian written by Professor Child, and the English version by James Russell Lowell, which went through three editions in 1862, and received fittingly definitive form at the hands of the Caxton Club in 1899, when an edition was printed on hand-made paper with an introduction by Charles Eliot Norton.

Peter Schoeffer's Type

A CHARMINGLY sane bit of printing comes from the Pleiad Press, entitled "The Silver Book of English Sonnets, a selection of less-known sonnets with an introduction by Robert Lynd." The book is a thin quarto, simply set, the only bit of decoration being the two-line initial letters. It is difficult to achieve any distinction in printing poetry unless a lovely type is at hand; the books of verse set in hideous or lack-lustre type, such as practically every current book of verse, are examples of how necessary it is to have good type to use. The present volume is evidence on the affirmative side. Besides being good in itself, and very handsome for the purpose, it has the added interest of being perhaps the oldest type which is available in its original form. The colophon tells the story: "It is a fifteenth century roman letter of Peter Schoeffer von Gernsheim (Gutenberg's son-in-law) and came into the possession of Joh. Enschedé on August 26, 1768. Prior to that date it belonged to Jacobus Schoeffer, descendant of Peter Schoeffer, and printer at Bois-le-Duc." It is to be presumed that what actually came into possession of the Enschedé foundry, where this book was printed, were Schoeffer's punches and matrices, not type. The design of the present book is by Frederic Warde, and Harper & Bros. are the American distributors, at the modest price of $7.

An Old Bookshop Celebrates

THE bicentenary of what claims to be the oldest bookshop in London, Ellis's in New Bondstreet, is being celebrated. The shop, founded by John Brindley in 1728, has remained practically unchanged. Brindley was one of the best English bookbinders of the eighteenth century, but he was chiefly noted for his dainty edition of the classics. He was one of the booksellers to whom the Society for the Encouragement of Learning applied when about to make arrangements for the sale of its publications. In his reply he styled his shop "The Feathers," a sign he assumed in compliment to his patron, Frederick, Prince of Wales. On his death in 1759 Brindley was succeeded by his apprentice, James Robson, a

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Cumberland youth, who became recognized as one of the most cultivated booksellers of his age. Robson, with James Edwards, of Pall Mall, and Peter Molini, purchased the whole of the famous Pinelli library at Venice. Nornaville and Fell succeeded Robson in 1806, and were followed in 1830 by T. and W. Boone, who were succeeded by Mr. F. S. Ellis and Mr. David White. The two present partners, Mr. J. J. Holdsworth and Mr. George Smith, were brought up in the best of the Ellis traditions. The old bookshop has been the haunt of many notable men and women, among them Pope, Dr. Johnson, Mrs. Piozzi, and Sir Walter Scott, while in later times Morris, Rossetti, Tennyson, Gladstone, and Burne-Jones were frequent visitors. (From the *Times Weekly*.)

"Some surprise seems to have been aroused by Rudyard Kipling's visit to Balmoral," says the *Manchester Guardian*, "perhaps only because literary men are somewhat rare birds at Court. But the King's interest in Mr. Kipling goes far back, and he has long been a reader of his works. The old story that the Royal Family harbored the feeling that the 'Widow at Windsor' was disrespectful was not founded on fact. The King made Mr. Kipling's acquaintance a long time ago, and in later years Kipling has been termed in Court quarters 'the King's literary adviser.' It is known that the King has consulted him on books to read and on questions of literary form."

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ILLUSTRATION FROM *The Friend of Jesus.*

The Inner Sanctum has been re-reading *The Friend of Jesus* and, breathless with adoration, has set down typical passages from this tone-poem-in-prose by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES:

[JUDAS' TESTIMONY OF JESUS] *He was a buckler of strength unto the weak, and unto the poor he was a tower of joy.*

They were like oxen beneath the yoke, they lay like worms upon the ground; he made them to run like young colts in the pasture, he sent their spirits on errands through the sky.

Or this:

BEHOLD, *when ye shall look upon the stars of heaven as though ye had never witnessed them before, and the rising of the moon shall seem a miracle to you.*

WHEN *the sunlight glancing upon a puddle shall move your hearts to song; when your whole soul shall cling about a single almond blossom in the spring time;*

WHEN *one breath of air from the snow fields shall fill your body from the crown of your head to the soles of your feet; and when ye shall behold something new in every man whom ye pass by, and in every worm that ye tread into the ground:*

THEN, *and not until then, will ye become as little children.*

BUT *the disciples said, Judas, also speaketh things hard to understand, and they returned to their babbling among themselves.*

Theresa, The Chronicle of a Woman's Life, ARTHUR SCHNITZLER's first full-length novel in twenty years, is out of stock immediately on publication, and while the printers and binders, already joyfully harassed with impatient re-orders for *Bambi* and *Show Girl*, are rushing through a second edition, *The Inner Sanctum* resumes its endlessly enchanting contemplation of the variables and unpredictables of the noun-and-adjective racket.

Consider this: *Theresa* is a big book, a solid performance, infinitely more sombre and decidedly more expensive than many of the novelettes of *Schnitzler*. The Inner Sanctum therefore passed the word along to the sales staff to go to the limit in its traditional policy of restraint and under-statement in promotion and canvassing. But SCHNITZLER is still SCHNITZLER, and the pent-up interest of two decades without a full-size SCHNITZLER novel, could not be denied, and OUR BIGGEST CUSTOMER, who wanted 1,000 copies of *Theresa*, had to be content with 250.

Then along came the first review—from BRUCE GOULD of the *New York Evening Post*, announcing that "In *Theresa*, ARTHUR SCHNITZLER has surpassed himself" . . . . and the clamor of the book-buyers began in earnest.

Repeated assaults on the innermost citadels of *The Inner Sanctum* for further information about the forthcoming publication of *The Technique of the Love Affair* by *A Gentlewoman* have been futile. The publishers refuse to disclose the identity of the author, and as to the release date of the book (rumored to be October 18th) they only repeat their dark and aromatic hint: "*It won't be long now!*"

—ESSANDESS

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THE PHOENIX NEST

RECENTLY several artists have been having a crack at illustrating *Oscar Wilde's* "Ballad of Reading Gaol." There is, for instance, *John Vassos*, a young Greek artist, who has also illustrated Wilde's "Salome." At the Art Center, 65 East 56th Street, up until the seventeenth of October, you can scan Vassos's conceptions of that little tent of blue which prisoners call the sky, and so on. E. P. Dutton & Company are bringing out an edition of "Reading Gaol" with his illustrations there shown. . . .

"The Whisper of a Name," by *Marie Le Franc*, won *le prix femina* in France, a money prize awarded by the French magazine, *Femina*, to the writer of the best first novel of the year. In France the title of "The Whisper of a Name" is really "Grand-Louis Innocent." It has gone into its thirty-eighth edition. Now *George* and *Hilda Shively* have translated it and the Bobbs-Merrill Company is bringing it out over here. . . . .

We became quite peevish recently after receiving a brochure from Dodd, Mead concerning *R. Austin Freeman*, the creator of the Dr. Thorndyke detective stories. Someone connected with that firm once told us that it was our enthusiastic mention some seven years ago of the gifts of Austin Freeman that caused these American publishers to "go after" him. However that may be, we were sounding about "The Singing Bone," and so on, for ages and ages. Which is probably the reason why we are not even mentioned among the listed "Friends of Dr. Thorndyke" on the last page of the brochure. What's that old stuff concerning the fishers-up of murexes? As a matter of fact we were originally tipped off to Austin Freeman by *Elinor Wylie*, who, it may interest her readers to learn, has read more detective, mystery and horror stories in her life than any ten ordinary readers and picks her winners unerringly. Another tip of hers, a writer who has never been properly made known to America, and who has been writing fine horror stuff for years, is *William Hope Hodgson*, author of "Carnacki the Ghost Finder," "The House on the Borderland," et cetera. Everyone who prides him- or herself upon familiarity with fiction exploiting detection and terror should have read "Carnacki." . . . .

We are, owing to the above, in a mood to sympathize with *Edwin Valentine Mitchell*, Bookseller and Publisher Extraordinary of Hartford, Connecticut, when he demurs that in the recent *Saturday Review* appraisal of *D. B. Wyndham Lewis's* "François Villon," he should have been given credit as joint publisher of the book with Coward-McCann. The reviewer of the book, by the way, got the two extant Wyndham Lewises more badly confused than has anyone to date. . . . .

The late *Robert Keable* died in Tahiti. We quote the following from a letter sent by him to *T. P.'s Weekly*, giving the reasons why he cut himself off from civilization when his novels began to sell. If we ever wrote books that began to sell, we think we should follow his idea. The life sounds soothing and sensible:

I live in what is regarded down here as *something of a palace*. I have a large and very lovely library, a beautiful garden, a car, and a motor-launch, electric light and plumbing, and an excellent cook. I have also, from my patio, with its fountain and water-lilies, a view of mountain and reef and lagoon which, if it might be equalled in North Italy or Southern Ireland, certainly cannot be excelled this side of Paradise. I have also my worries, and I should not advise anyone to try the islands on less than a thousand a year—allowing for the return ticket via San Francisco!

But I can dress as I please and work as I please. I do not have to read the newspapers or go to the cinema or pay income tax. I get up with the sun and am usually in bed by eight o'clock. My last purchase of excellent table wine cost me 8¼d. a litre bottle. I smoke more Melia cigarettes at threepence for twenty than is good for me. Despite your omniscient critics of my South Sea novel, there is in my house neither dirt nor dust nor mosquito, and if there are sharks in the bay, they do not bite, and have not done so since the Maori fleet left here for New Zealand in 1346.

I live practically without interesting vices of any sort. I work from eight in the morning till midday in my study; I eat, and read till three; I then take tea and work in the garden or swim or boat or motor and see friends or am lazy till dinner at sundown; I sleep the sleep of those whose conscience is under control. As a result of these things my critics appear to see in me a dangerous man. I hope that I am. I am afraid I do feel a bit explosive on the subject of modern life, conventional morality, and traditional religion. You see, in most respects the date down here is A.D. 2000 in the chronology of Mr. H. G. Wells.

Our pests are scientific expeditions (which rob us of our small remaining wild life), cinema companies (who are compelled to dress up white ladies to get "real" native life), and stray authors (who write us up and down thoroughly).

I find it easy enough to work here, for it is not so hot as people imagine in England. There is a steady trade wind blowing in most mornings through my study windows, and it comes express from the region of the South Pole. The difficulty is, however, to write the sort of thing the public wants. We have time to read down here, and time to think, and it is hard to get back in imagination to the places where one has time for neither. . . . .

Anyway, we are very kindly given credit by *Christopher Morley* in his preface to "The Bastable Children" for having touted for years the tales of "*E. Nesbit.*" It amazes us, to find, in one of his multitudinous books, so cultivated a writer as *Humbert Wolfe* rendering her poetic tribute and at the same time misspelling her name. This writer was never *Mrs. Nesbitt*. She was Mrs. *Bland*. She never spelt Nesbit with two Ts. Something is wrong about an enthusiasm that cannot correctly spell the idol's name. But to return to "The Bastable Children," this is a large, stout volume, including between one set of covers "The Treasure Seekers," "The Would-Be-Goods," and "The New Treasure Seekers." Coward-McCann have had the initiative to bring it out. The stories naturally concern English children, but they are prime. Even primer was "E. Nesbit" when she entered more imaginative regions and wrote of Psammeads and Oriental palaces. And one early and ardent admirer of and voracious reader of her works at the age of nine or ten was, we recall, *Stephen Vincent Benét*, the author of "John Brown's Body." He was always letter-perfect in his "E. Nesbit." Mrs. Bland's work should continue to tour on down the ages and enchant constantly new generations of children. . . . .

A cheer or two for the fact that Horace Liveright has brought out with a bang *Frank Sullivan's* "Innocent Bystanding" and that *Chuck Thorndike* has done an admirably bemused sketch of Frank himself on the jacket. One of the best things about the book is Mr. Sullivan's foreword, wherein he remarks,

A word concerning the paper and typography of the book might not be amiss. It is printed on paper the pulp for which was specially chewed by the author from special spruce trees grown in the Canadian forests. This "labor of love" occupied three full years, or two years, eleven months and twenty-odd days longer than the day in which Rome was not built by Romulus and Remus, 752 B.C.

The paper is white. The ink used is a special new color which we are tentatively calling "black," until a better name can be found. Black is a little harsh to the ear. . . . .

The two most recent additions to the *Modern Library* are *Professor Donald Douglas's* intelligent condensation of *Rabelais*, and *Anatole France's* "Revolt of the Angels." The offices of the Modern Library are now at 20 East 57th Street. And, speaking of these "libraries," *The Sun Dial Library*, published by the Garden City Publishing Company, binds and jackets its small volumes delightfully. Here are many old and new classics and some sprightly stories. From *Kenneth Grahame's* "Dream Days" and "The Golden Age," with "The Island of Dr. Moreau" by *Wells*, *Conrad's* "Lord Jim," *Bram Stoker's* "Dracula," *Hardy's* "Under the Greenwood Tree" and *Chesterton's* "Orthodoxy," are included such comparatively modern titles as *Huxley's* "Antic Hay" and *Nancy Hoyt's* "Roundabout." In this series you will also find *Christopher Morley's* "The Haunted Bookshop," *Katharine Mansfield's* "The Garden Party," *Walpole's* "Jeremy," and, delving into the 'nineties, even *Le Gallienne's* "Quest of the Golden Girl." Altogether a very attractive collection. Here one can enjoy a forgotten classic such as *Frankfort Moore's* "The Jessamy Bride," renew one's memories of "Van Bibber" and "The Pines of Lory," or be fairly down to date with *McFee's* "Command" or *Tom Beer's* "Sandoval." And the books are pocket size. . . . .

STOKES BOOKS

THE FINGER POST

WE are excited . . . In Lord and Taylor's window, under "The Six Best Sellers of the Day," we spotted the brave orange jacket of **THE STRANGE CASE OF MISS ANNIE SPRAGG, *by Louis Bromfield*** . . . and we're watching it leap to the head of every best-seller list in the country . . .

We're *more* excited by huzzas like these: "His best novel thus far."—*N. Y. Sun.*

"The finest of his list . . . An exhilarating, intelligent, often brilliant book."—*The Nation.*

"A very unusual, original and fascinating novel." — *Louise Maunsell Field* . . .

But we're *most* excited by the story itself . . . If we could we'd chant right into your ear . . . "Here's a novel that probes into the twin mysteries of love and religion and the confusion that lies between—rich, haunting, deeply human, big with the sweep and mystery of life itself" . . .

It isn't every book that sets this jaded enthusiasm at fever pitch . . . but if, in our modest way, we can beg, bully, cajole or lure, *you*—as well as the rest of the country—into reading **THE STRANGE CASE OF MISS ANNIE SPRAGG** . . . we believe you'll thank us . . .

OUR chief cause of great rejoicing at the moment is that we were *not* a feminist in 1848 . . . (or anything else, for that matter!) . . . Our blood, though apathetic about many things, boils occasionally as we read **SUSAN B. ANTHONY: The Woman Who Changed the Mind of a Nation *by Rheta Childe Dorr*** . . . Nevertheless, we are greatly entertained by this biography and doff our hat to Mrs. Dorr for writing it in such a way that no one—man or woman—can fail to find it fascinating . . .

CONFUCIUS and his hobby of "mutual hospitality" gave ***Clayton Sedgwick Cooper*** the idea for his very readable new book, **UNDERSTANDING SPAIN** . . . Here he pictures, from first-hand knowledge, the outstanding traits of this romantic, picturesque country that is becoming inevitably and daily more closely related to the United States . . . By the author of "Understanding Italy," etc.

ASK us another . . . What novel of a great love is tender, frank, beautiful, best-selling since June and a best-seller *now?* . . . We know we don't have to tell you, but in case anyone should have just landed from Zanzibar, the novel is **BROOK EVANS *by Susan Glaspell*** . . .

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